Mar. 15, 1969

THE NEW YORKER

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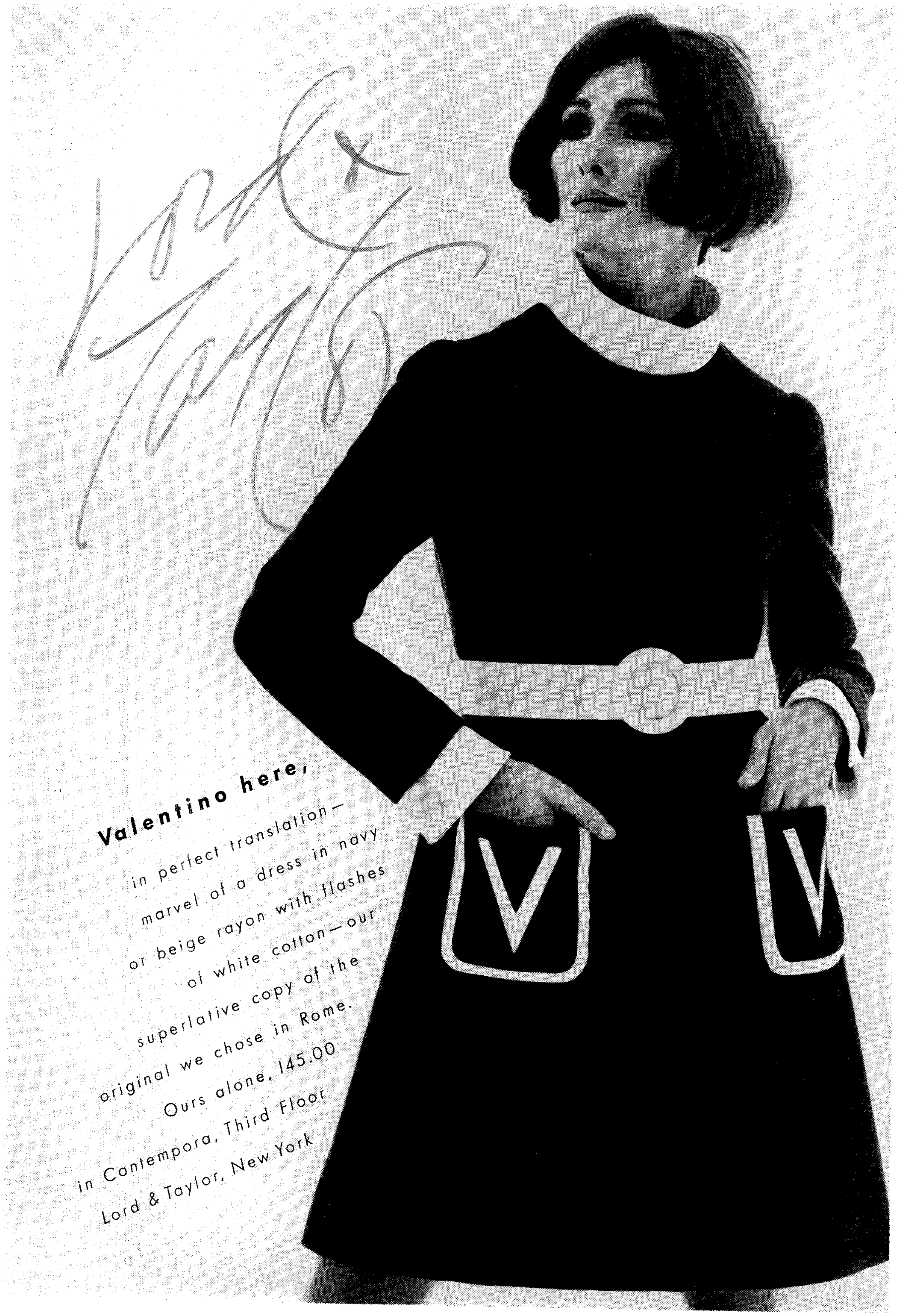

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Adaptation and **Next**—Two one-acters (the first by Elaine May, the second by Terrence McNally, and both directed by Miss May) that together make the funniest evening imaginable. Gabriel Dell and James Coco are the respective stars. Highly recommended. (Greenwich Mews, 141 W. 13th St. 243-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

APA Repertory Company—Shakespeare's **hamlet:** Thursday, March 13, at 8:30; Saturday, March 15, at 2:30 and 8:30; and Sunday, March 16, at 2:30. . . . ¶ Molière's **the misanthrope** (Richard Wilbur's adaptation): Friday, March 14, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Sean O'Casey's **cock-a-doodle dandy:** Monday and Tuesday, *March 17-18, at 8:30; Wednesday, March 19,* at 2 and 8:30; Thursday and Friday, March 20-21, at 8:30; and Saturday, March 22, at 2:30 and 8:30. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3877.)

Big Time Buck White—Dick Williams gives a remarkable performance as Buck White, the leader of a black-militant organization, and everyone else is very good, too. (Village South Theatre, 15 Vandam St. 989-7736. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 6.)

Boy on the Straight-Back Chair—A play by Ronald Tavel. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 423 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Mondays at 7 and Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, March 22.)

Does a Tiger Wear a Necktie?—An imperfect play, made interesting by virtuoso acting, especially by Al Pacino and Lauren Jones. (Belasco, 44th St., E. 586-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Dozens—A comedy by Laird Koenig, with a Negro cast made up of Al Freeman, Jr., Paula Kelly, and Morgan Freeman. Directed by Edward Parone. Opens Thursday, March 13. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:15. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

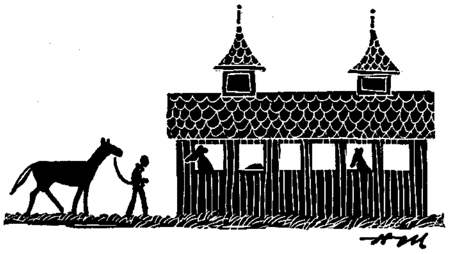
Forty Carats—Adapted by Jay Allen from a French farce, and given a brassy local polish by the director, Abe Burrows, this mindless trifle provides an occasion for Julie Harris, Marco St. John, Murray Hamilton, and a number of other superlative actors to show off their skills. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Frank Gagliano's "City Scene"—A brace of plays, "Paradise Gardens East" and "Conerico Was Here to Stay," by Mr. Gagliano. (Fortune, 62 E. 4th St. 777-0030. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:15. Matinées Sundays at 4.)

Geese—A twin bill by Gus Weill. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Great White Hope—James Earl Jones turns in a superb performance in this long, noisy, pageant-like play, loosely based on the life of the Negro prizefighter Jack Johnson. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Hadrian VII—The bizarre career of a real-life scamp named Baron Corvo provides a juicy role for Alec McCowen, who takes full advantage of it. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Special matinée for the Actors' Fund Sunday, March 16, at 3.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22

Invitation to a Beheading—A dramatization by Russell McGrath of Vladimir Nabokov's novel. The final winter production of the New York Shakespeare Festival. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 9; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 5 and Sundays at 3.)

Jimmy Shine—A ramshackle comedy by Murray Schisgal about a wistful little loser who keeps on losing. Dustin Hoffman is the whole show. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40.)

Little Murders—A revival of Jules Feiffer's black farce about violence—indoors and out—in New York. Alan Arkin, its new director, has made a hit out of this Broadway flop of a couple of years ago. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Man in the Glass Booth—Robert Shaw has taken the Eichmann case out of history and into melodrama, and it makes for an exciting if preposterous couple of hours. Donald Pleasence acts his tireless head off in the only part that matters. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Millionairess—There is a surprising amount of fun as well as foolishness in this revival (under Philip Minor's spirited direction) of a comedy that Shaw wrote at seventy-nine. Barbara Caruso is fine as the tempestuous heroine, and she is well supported by all concerned, especially so by Nicholas Kepros and Maria Lennard. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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Play It Again, Sam—A comedy by Woody Allen, starring Woody Allen. The play is not up to Mr. Allen's gifts, but it makes a pleasant enough evening, and the many girls in it are young and warm and full of promise. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—**in the matter of j. robert oppenheimer,** a brilliant play by Heinar Kipphardt, given a remarkably fine production by a company that boasts, at the moment and among other *distinguished* actors, Joseph Wiseman, Herbert Berghof, Tony van Bridge, and Charles Cioffi. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Spitting Image—Colin Spencer's comic fantasy about a pair of male homosexuals who have a baby. Wisely done as a knockabout farce in the Mack Sennett manner by an expert company. With Sam Waterston, Phil Bruns, Walter McGinn, and Barbara Cason. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Tango—A Polish play, by Slawomir Mrozek, which deals with such abstract matters as art, liberty, coercion, and totalitarianism. The play is interesting, but it is badly served by a dim production. (Pocket, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Thursday and Friday at 8:30; Saturday at 7 and 10:15; and Sunday at 8. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, March 16.)

Tea Party and **The Basement**—The components of these fascinating one-act entries by Harold Pinter are, as should be expected, threat, suspicion, mischief, and wildly original comedy. (Eastside Playhouse, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Thursday and Friday at 8:30; Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, March 16.)

To Be Young, Gifted and Black—A selection from the letters and diaries and a sprinkling of scenes from the plays of the late Lorraine Hansberry, as recited and performed by a cast of eight. Somehow, the show is not as affecting as it might be, but it has stirring and poignant moments all the same. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, *and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednes*days at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

The Watering Place—Shirley Knight, Ralph Waite, Vivian Nathan, and William Devane are the entire cast of this play by Lyle Kessler, directed by Alan Schneider. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**the boys in the band:** A comedy about a birthday party at which the host and at least seven of his eight guests are homosexuals. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **plaza suite:** Three skits by Neil Simon. Barbara Baxley and Dan Dailey are the stars. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **scuba duba:** Bruce Jay Friedman's first play is about an American in the South of France whose wife has run off with, he thinks, a Negro skin diver. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30,

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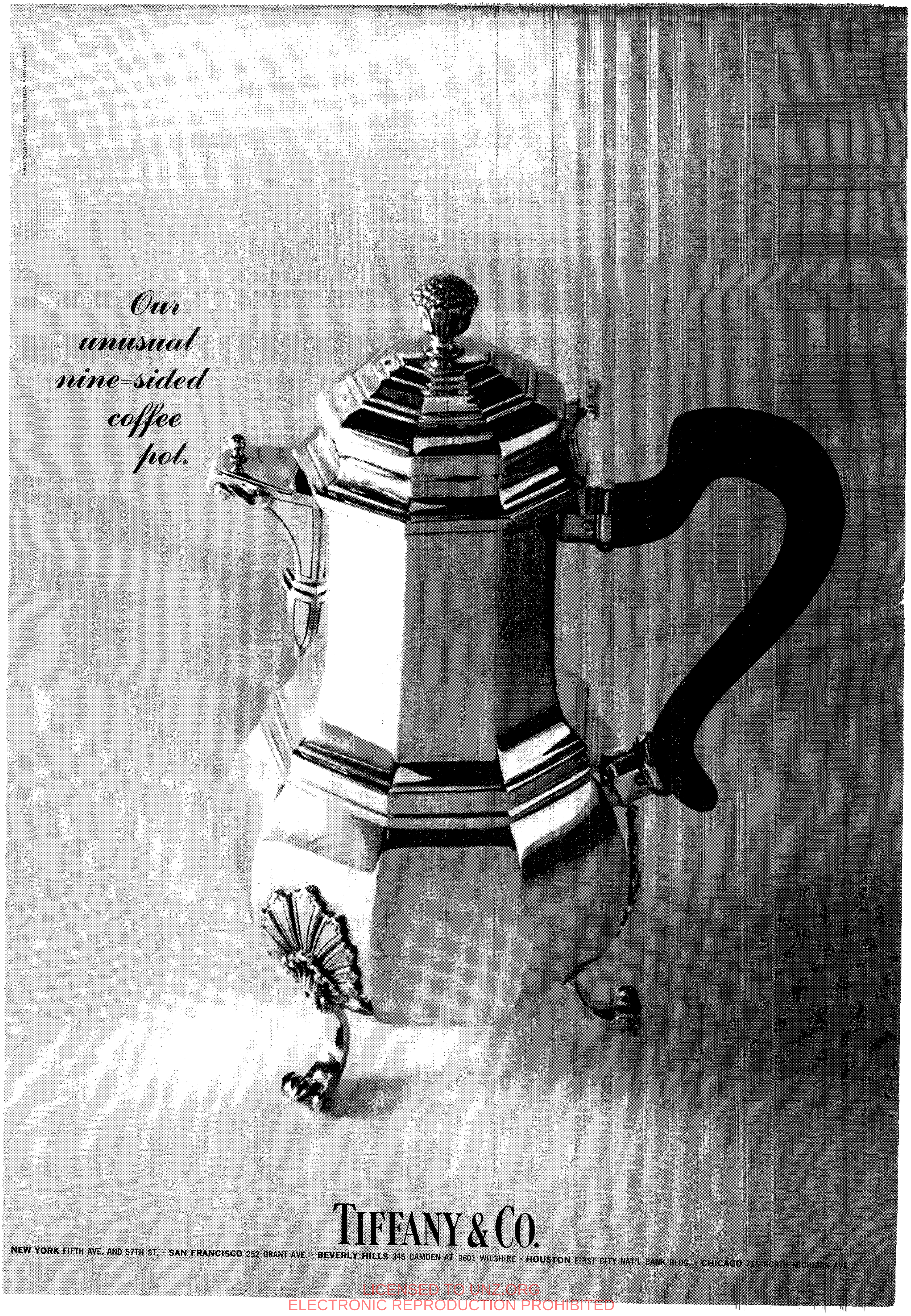
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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				13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22

and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MUSICALS

Canterbury Tales—A falsely jaunty betrayal of the great poet, with silly music and amateurish acting. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Celebration—A musical by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, with four pleasing performers—Susan Watson, Ted Thurston, Keith Charles, and Michael Glenn-Smith—and several very singable songs. The time is out of time, and the place is no place. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Come Summer—Ray Bolger in a musical based on Esther Forbes' novel "Rainbow on the Road." Will Holt wrote the book and lyrics, and David Baker the score. Staged by Agnes de Mille. Previews through Monday, March 17. Opens officially on Tuesday, March 18. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Dames at Sea—An entertaining takeoff on musical movies of the thirties, with a suitable score by Jim Wise, suitable book and lyrics by George Haimsohn and Robin Miller, and a delightful performance by Bernadette Peters, as a dancer named Ruby who loves a boy named Dick and is befriended by a chorine named Joan. (Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at 2nd St. 674-6060. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Dear World—A big, soft sofa-cushion of a musical, appealing more to the eye than to the ear, and redeemed by the gallant trouping of Angela Lansbury. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

An Evening with Max Morath—A one-man show to cheer the heart. Mr. Morath, at the piano and on his feet, reintroduces us to some of the foolish popular songs that prevailed at the turn of this century, and to the intrusion of cheeky, wonderful ragtime. His words may sag a bit occasionally, but his music is always stylish, bracing, and merry. (Jan Hus, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 4.)

Of Thee I Sing—A feeble revival of the Gershwin-Kaufman-Ryskind 1931 musical. (New Anderson, 66 Second Ave., at 4th St. AL 4-4430. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Peace—Aristophanes' funny satire on war, brought up to date and turned into a musical, with songs by Al Carmines and words by Tim Reynolds. Mr. Reynolds' words are good enough, but it is Mr. Carmines' score, along with his dynamic presence at the piano, that makes the show the delight it is. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

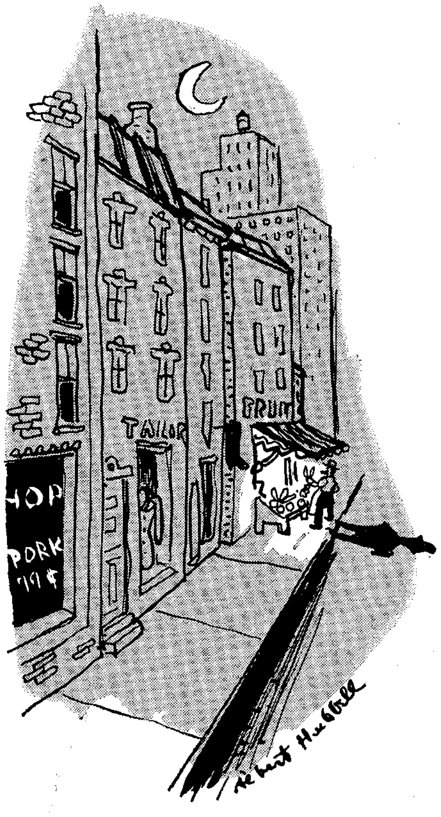
Promises, Promises—Jerry Orbach and Jill O'Hara may spend the next twenty years in this breezy adaptation of the movie "The Apartment." Book by Neil Simon, music by Burt Bacharach, and lyrics by Hal David. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

1776—A musical with music and lyrics by Sherman Edwards, book by Peter Stone, and a cast that includes William Daniels, Howard Da Silva, Paul Hecht, Clifford David, and Roy Poole. Directed by Peter Hunt. Previews through Saturday, March 15. Opens officially on Sunday, March 16. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Walk Down Mah Street!—The second of two performances of last summer's Off Broadway revue by Norman and Patricia Taylor Curtis. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Saturday, March 15, at 2:30.)

Zorba—An old-fashioned, all-purpose musical, which pretends to be Greek but whose true country is Broadway. With Herschel Bernardi and Maria Karnilova. Book by Joseph Stein, music by John Kander, and lyrics by Fred Ebb. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS:** A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 7:45; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CABARET:** Germany just before the Nazis took control. Lotte Lenya and George Voskovec are among those in the cast. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **CURLEY MCDIMPLE:** A lampoon of musical movies of the nineteen-thirties. (Bert Wheeler, 250 W. 43rd St. 524-2323. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** He peered sideways up and gave a long low whistle of call then paused awhile in rapt attention, his even white teeth glistening here and there with gold points. Chrysostomos. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 9:45. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Harry Goz in a saga derived from some Sholom Aleichem tales. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **GEORGE M!:** A sketchy account of a great performer who appears to have been singularly unlikable in private life. With Joel Grey as Cohan. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **HAIR:** Lots of clatter in lots of clutter, and the sooner your mind gives way the happier you will be. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Now with an all-Negro cast headed by Pearl Bailey and Cab Calloway. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **MAME:** A musical interpretation of the Patrick Dennis novel about an antic aunt and an orphaned nephew committed to her care. Jane Morgan is the lady in question. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** Robert Wright plays the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator in this musical by Dale Wasserman. The music is by Mitch Leigh. David Holliday substitutes for Mr. Wright at the matinée performances. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN:** Peanuts to music. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **YOUR OWN THING:** As this rock musical goes its merry way, its path often crosses that of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)



BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

City Center Joffrey Ballet—Thursday, March 13, at 8:30: "A Light Fantastic," "Animus," "Fanfarita," and "The Clowns.". . . ¶ Friday, March 14, at 8:30: A new unnamed ballet, "Elegy," "Pas de Trois," and "Façade.". . . ¶ Saturday, March 15, at 2:30: "Pas de Dix," "Elegy," "Fanfarita," and "A Light Fantastic.". . . ¶ Saturday, March 15, at 8:30: "Gamelan," "Animus," and "Façade.". . . ¶ Sunday, March 16, at 2:30: "Konservatoriet," "Elegy," and the unnamed ballet. . . . ¶ Sunday, March 16, at 8: "Gamelan," "Animus," and "Astarte.". . . ¶ Tuesday, March 18, at 8:30: "Pas de Dix," "Animus," and "Façade.". . . ¶ Wednesday, March 19, at 8:30: "Konservatoriet," the unnamed ballet, and "Astarte.". . . ¶ Thursday, March 20, at 8:30: "Scotch Symphony," "Opus 65," "Secret Places," and the unnamed ballet. . . . ¶ Friday, March 21, at 8:30: "Gamelan," "Pas des Déesses," and "Astarte.". . . ¶ Saturday, March 22, at 2:30: "Scotch Symphony," "Opus 65," and the unnamed ballet. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 22, at 8:30: "Cello Concerto," "Animus," "Fanfarita," and "Façade." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Through Sunday, March 23.)

Juilliard Dance Ensemble—A benefit program of works by Anna Sokolow, José Limón, and Michael Uthoff, performed by students and faculty of the Juilliard dance department, with the Juilliard Repertory Orchestra conducted by Dennis Russell Davies. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Thursday through Saturday, March 20-22, at 8:15. For tickets, call MO 3-7200, Ext. 35.)

Helen McGehee—In a dance recital. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 348-1500. Wednesday, March 19, at 8:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

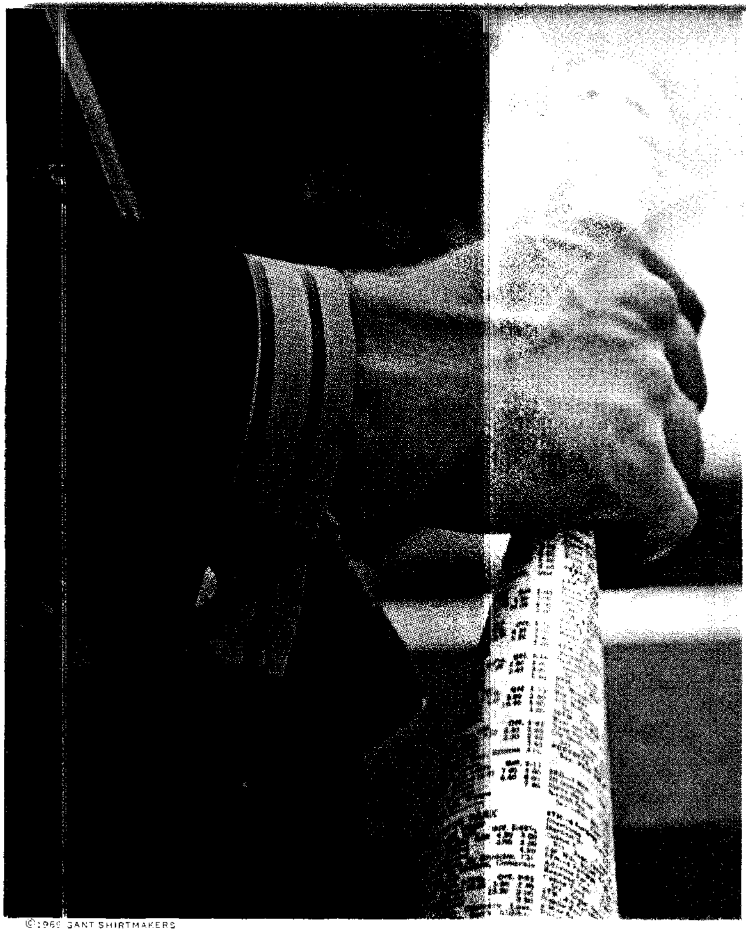
(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Coffee and cider are representative of the drinks, and the quarters are cramped, but the entertainment sometimes overshadows the wooden benches. Through Monday, March 17, the evening will be apportioned between the folk songs of Don Crawford and the vocal eccentricities of the Times Square Two. Shows begin at nine-thirty. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting performers.

Café Au Go Go, 152 Bleecker St. (777-4530)—



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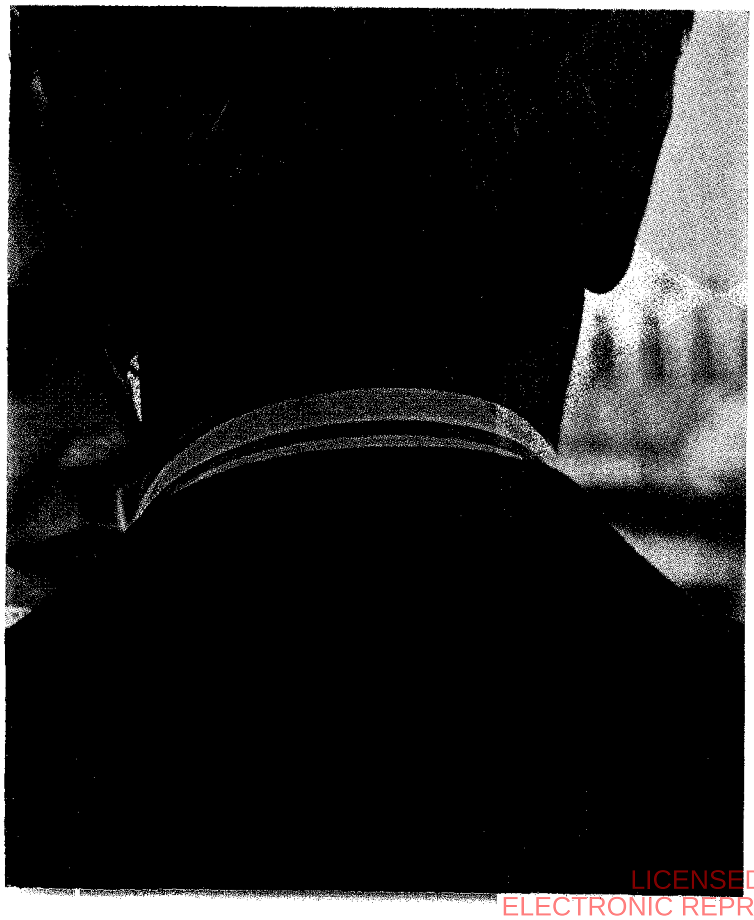

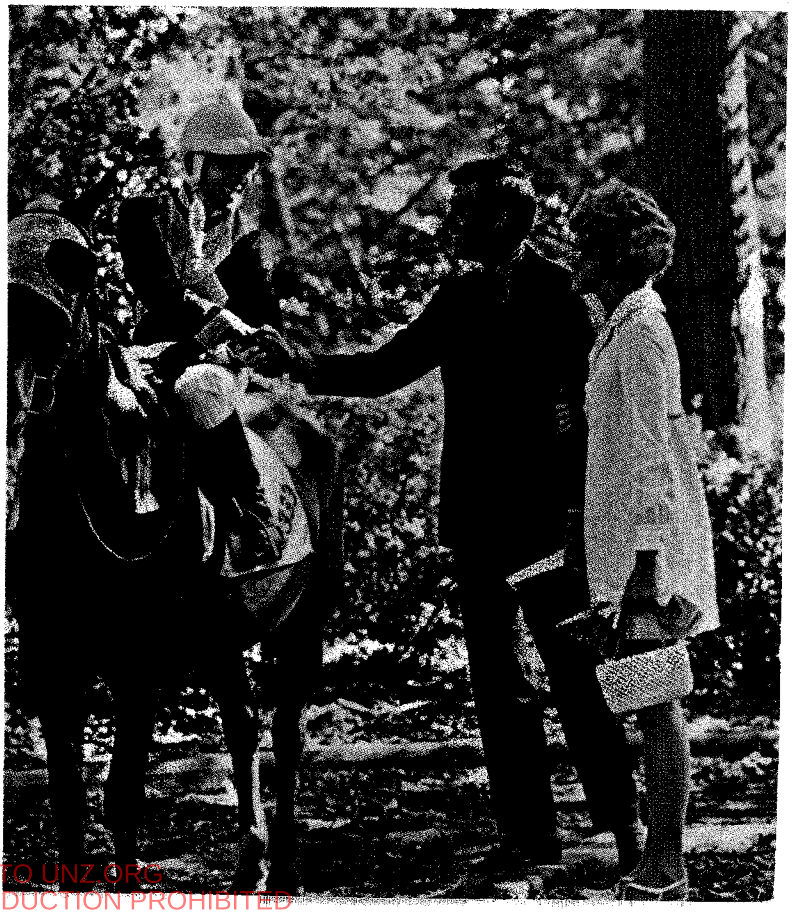

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Dim, congenial, and sometimes a groove. Danny Kalb, a singer and guitarist who once led the old Blues Project, will be around through Sunday, March 16. Monday through Wednesday, March 17-19, Earth Opera will be on the bill. The following night, folk singers Ian and Sylvia will take over. Ice cream is served in very large dishes. Performances at eight and eleven-thirty.

Casey's, 142 W. 10th St. (989-8925)—Some fairly provocative jazz from eleven to one—on piano and bass, with horns sitting in occasionally—as well as dining and drinking in a serene, red-brick setting. No live music Sundays.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—No strain. It's an easeful spot, currently made even more easeful by singer Anita O'Day and a quintet led by Roy Eldridge and Richie Kamuca. The bandstand is in the middle of the bar, which is in the middle of the room, which is large enough for tables and a dance floor. Some light Italian dishes are served. Closed Mondays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—An honest kind of place for traditional listening, where the patrons seem as much at home as the musicians—Freddy Moore, Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Bob Pratt, and Marshall Brown. They play a confident, hale Dixieland from nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—Eighteen-nineties rinky-dink, complete with fire engine, but the banjo band is above average, and has even been known to come up with its own alluvial arrangements of some Top-Forty tunes, for what they're worth. Old movies are shown from time to time. Closed Mondays.

Red Onion, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—Another ode to the banjo—a small, neighborly place where people can buy straw hats and frilly garters and commune with their ancestors. The three-man band twangs from nine to three or four. The peanuts are free.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—It's a trip getting to this spectral part of town, and wheels may be needed to get back, but the clientele knows pretty much where it's at. Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers play most nights from nine to four. On Tuesday, March 18, the McCoy Tyner quintet will arrive. On Saturday, March 15, from five to nine, the Al Dreares trio and singer Marge Eliot will perform before the regular session, and on Sunday, March 16, Sonny Brown's octet will do the same. Mondays, from nine, are devoted to the *bizarreries* of Sun Ra and his Solar-Earth orchestra.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—In the rustic upstairs you can drink or dine while listening to the Gary Burton quartet and the pianist Toshiko. Beginning Tuesday, March 18, singer Marion Taylor and the Dave Akins trio will alternate with New Orleans blues singer Cousin Joe. On Mondays, the regulars are off, and new talent is auditioned. . . . ¶ Downstairs: Fridays and Saturdays, March 14-15 and March 21-22, the stage will be given over to a revue assembled by rhythm-and-blues man Joe Tex. Mondays, from eight-thirty, are conglomerate evenings allotted to a variety of soul and rock musicians.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—A subsurface box with a bent for jazz. Thursday through Saturday, March 13-15, singer Novella Nelson and the Tony Williams quartet will share the bandstand. Thursday through Saturday, March 20-22, the Sonny Rollins quartet will trade sets with Miss Nelson. On Sundays, from six to eleven-thirty, Duke Pearson's sixteen-piece band performs. Mondays are reserved for the loud sounds of the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band. Closed Tuesdays and Wednesdays.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—On a quiet corner in an empty area, where you wouldn't expect to find much of anything. The jazz, swingingly subdued, is on piano and bass; Nat Jones and Herman Wright play Monday through Wednesday, and Lance Hayward and Bill Lee play Thursday through Sunday, from eight-thirty to two. Sawdust is on the floor, and collard greens and black-eyed peas are on the menu.

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Your Father's Mustache, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630)—Gosh, gang, here's *another* one of those places where you can put on boaters and listen to a banjo band and drink beer from mugs. On Sundays, from four-thirty to nine, a Dixieland band plays before the evening fun begins.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

Arthur, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420)—A faintly Britannic, Plasticine scene for people who like to be thought of as swingers. Tiny tables, a minimal light show, and rampant recorded rock that shifts to rampant live rock and back again several times during the evening. Dining is possible. Closed Mondays.

Aux Puces, 70 E. 55th St. (688-2920)—A small restaurant-discothèque whose advantages manage to outweigh its pretensions. Waiters glide about discreetly, and the trappings—lacquered cabinets, Teutonic chandeliers, gilded griffins, and the like—are for sale. The clientele looks imperturbable, and the dinners are distinctive, if slight. Dancing to records from ten until three or four every night.

Directoire, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—Pin-striped wallpaper, red velvet draperies, and moody, muted murals are reminiscent of the years 1795-99, when France wasn't quite making it. The cuisine—dinner and supper—is good, and a generally svelte-looking crowd dances to records on a small dance floor from ten to three or four. Closed Sundays.

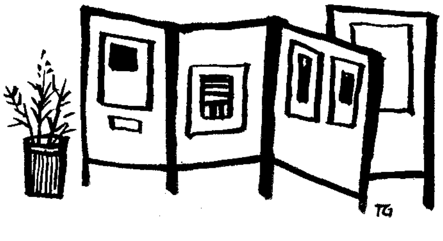
L'Interdit, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—A fairly low-keyed, dressy establishment with Ivy overtones, where the lights are dim and the music is less than urgent. Table reservations are recommended on weekends. Without them, you can stand at the minuscule bar. The supper menu is sturdy enough. Closed Sundays.

Salvation Too, 30 Central Park S. (PL 2-4365)—Limited in size but rife with light and sound, including a Day-Glo floor, strobe lights, and recorded music that owes much of its vitality to Stax-Volt. The view is magnificent. Things run till three or four each night.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Ceiling fans turn, and a sphinx guards the door. Is it the Nile? Musically speaking, it's the Mersey, Lake Michigan, or sometimes (oh, wow!) the Danube. Between record sets, some people known as Ruby and the Romantics come out and sing. On Monday, March 17, R. & the Rs. will be replaced by the New Zealand Trading Company, a four-man group from the Southern Hemisphere. A substantial dinner menu. Closed Sundays.

Wednesday's, 210 E. 86th St. (535-8500)—An indoor street of sorts, with many aspects of an outdoor one—trees, lampposts, a bar, café tables, and shops. Dancing on the pavement to records, from six to three every night but Saturday, when the doors open at eight. The whole thing sounds contrived, but it works.

Wheels, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—Trafalgar Square has been crossed with a barn dance, updated, and Modified—see how it runs. The place moves, and so do the folk, whose dress is casual and whose look is knowledgeable. The Detroit Wheels alternate with records, which are mostly contemporary juke. On Monday, March 17, E Pluribus Unum will move in. Closed Mondays.



Yellowfinger's, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—Paisley walls in a burnished underground cave, with music that comes on big and stays there disc after disc. Action nightly from nine-thirty to three-thirty. Reservations—which may or may not be honored at the door—are a good idea on weekends. Crêpes and other light fare are available at street level. All the comely people—where do they all come from?

OTHER DANCING

(Dining, too, unless noted.)

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000): A handsome reward is offered to all who enter upon the little kingdom of the Café Pierre. The jaunty music is supplied by Phil Wayne's band Mondays and Tuesdays, by Stanley Worth's band Wednesdays through Sundays; Ellen Harwicke, whose specialty is song with piano, fills in the chinks between the Worth sets. . . . **El Morocco,** 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-2960): Beneath the current frippery, beneath the zebra-striped sea, one may discern the outlines of earlier civilizations—Nineveh, Tyre, Little Old New York. The music plays on, of course, for auld lang syne—some of it people (Lester Lanin) music, some of it pre-packed. Closed Sundays. . . . **Delmonico's,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The ways and miens of the restaurant are decorous, even when Ernie Warren's small band gets the dancers out on the floor. Eight to one in midweek, eight to two Saturdays, not at all Sundays and Mondays. . . . **The Riverboat,** Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. (759-2444): Bobby Hackett's horn (high-calorie sweet and high-calorie lowdown) leads his troops into action at eight-thirty, and Teddi King, a *rara avis* (nightingale, of course) these nights, sings out her small but true-blue heart. Urbie Green's band checks in at six-thirty. They all move out on Saturday, March 15. A new cast reports on Monday, March 17. The dining is, by the way, sort of boarding-house.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Downstairs at the Upstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—A house divided, but never against itself. To wit: Monday and Tuesday each week, advice for the lovelorn, from the mere beginners to the walking wounded, in the songs (brevity, soul, and wit) of Mabel Mercer, supported by the perfectionist piano of Buddy Barnes; Wednesday through Saturday, advice to the American housewife, from the m.b. to the w.w., by Joan Rivers, whose words are not sweet-tooth but serpent's-tooth. Closed Sundays.

El Avram, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661)—An international friendship club, practically all Mediterranean. Among the many councillors: Avram Grobard, joker; Yakov Uriel, trumpeter; George Mgrdichian, oudist; Jasmine, *ventriste;* and Itamar, a real Yemeni cricket. Dancing for the listeners, too, and good home cooking. Closed Mondays.

Upstairs at the Downstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—Boys and girls together (three of each) in "Free Fall," a revue that does its best to keep its eye on all the news that's fit to print. Nine-thirty and midnight; closed Sundays.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and a show.)

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—The most dulcet of nothings are elevated to top rank when someone like Buddy Greco, who believes in the words he sings, takes charge. He shares the dinner and supper hours in the Royal Box with George Carlin, whose parody of a world haunted by television is too good not to be true. The Lee Evans orchestra remains a pillar of its profession. Closed Sundays.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—Sweet are the uses (the Portuguese ones, anyway) of adversity when the fado songs of Amalia Rodrigues ponder them, and New York is a Nova Lisbôa while she sings. Madrileños abound, too, and bound; *they* are all flamencans. The stint is dinner and supper during the week, and thrice on

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Saturdays. . . . ¶ In the much smaller Flamenco Room, life goes on, likewise on a no-nights-off basis, enhanced with guitar from five o'clock on, and voice after nine-thirty. Neither of them stops until way past bedtime.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—Connie Francis, who toys with a set of songs every night, is a fine, upstanding Rover Girl and a not at all serious taker of things. . . . ¶ In the lounge, the chords that course through the instruments blow in from Miami and Las Vegas. From ten on and on, every night.

Downbeat, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (889-5100)—The lower deck of this particular Longchamps in a new state of mind—living, breathing music from six-thirty until two every night but Sunday, though solely for listening. The World's Greatest Jazz Band, the main bout, involves the likes of Billy Butterfield, Bob Haggart, Bud Freeman, Lou McGarity, Yank Lawson, Ralph Sutton, and Bob Wilber. Maxine Sullivan lends her cool voice to the proceedings. Do not ask for anything more.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—John Gary, who has youth and good looks batting for him whenever he sings (dinner and supper in the Persian Room), withdraws on the night of Tuesday, March 18, in favor of Tony Martin, one of the deftest and least explosive of the old pros. He sings at ten-fifteen on opening night—Wednesday, March 19—and then gets into the dinner-and-supper pattern. The bands of Burt Farber and Mark Monte will keep on lowing o'er the luxurious lea. Everything quiet on Sundays. . . . ¶ It's another matter entirely in **plaza 9—and all that jazz,** where Oscar Peterson's trio, the core of which is Mr. P.'s driving piano, does listening music. Mousie Alexander's threesome does the dance tunes. Dinner is sufficient, supper is fragmentary, Mondays are dark. Events begin at eight. . . . ¶ The Edwardian Room offers, from seven to nine, dinner music—Sandu Marcu's fiddle and a piano—every evening but Sunday. . . . ¶ Palm Court, we love thy templed hills! No rock, but rill music begins with the Marcu teatime duets (four-thirty to six-thirty every day) and ends with another set of violin (almost always Gunnar Hansen's) and piano (eight to one, except Sundays).

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—The walls of Jericho are again imperilled as Jonah Jones, the great leveller, takes up his horn at the head of his dance crew on this topless tower. The spokesman of the occasion is Gene Baylos, who has come up (sixty-five stories) the hard way. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette, a celebrated groaning board, becomes a sounding board twice a night for Jana Mason, who has a few arias to expatiate upon. She bows out on Saturday, March 15. The evening becomes Elektra on Tuesday, March 18, when the soprano of that name succeeds Mlle. Mason. George Cort's orchestra and Quintero's Latinos are in charge of the consumers' footwork. Closed Sundays and Monday, March 17. . . . ¶ Tranquillity and rectitude are the two graces of La Boite, across the way from the Maisonette. Ernest Schoen's Mitteleuropa fiddle and Jules Kuti's piano are paired off in calm interludes of music. Closed Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Jimmie Rodgers, a real country boy (maybe Nashville, from the sound of him), comes into the Empire Room on a wing and a prayer (country style, too). Dinner and supper are his occasions. Dance tunes flow freely, the best of them from the Re Vells, who are Op as well as Pop. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In Peacock Alley, a rather industrious (almost industrial) trio issues dance tunes from eight until one or so, and dinner and supper are on the hob (but not the house). This happens Tuesday through Saturday each week; a piano works out in the bar from four through eight every night but Saturday and Sunday.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

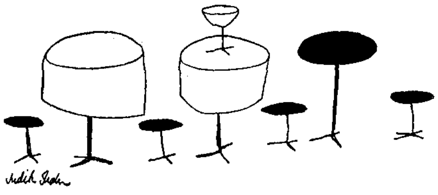
(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

goldie's new york, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): The two-piano recitals, which have the vigor of the two-platoon system, begin at eight, and, though they lapse to two-hand recitals for a while, resume full force after the theatre. The hands belong to Goldie Hawkins, the millionaire clubman, and Wayne Sanders. This gallant show of hands does not abate before early morning. Closed Sundays. . . . **café carlyle,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Where the niceties of life after dark are considered the necessities. The ways of life trod by both the idle and the idyllic rich are the concern of the lyrics sung by Bobby Short, whose background is his own piano and his idyllic sidemen, Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan. Not before nine-thirty, and not on Sundays. . . . **jamaica arms,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): The Jamaica rum blends with the dishes and the decoration, both (like the rum) indigenous; the Jamaica ginger is made on the spot by the carolling, peripatetic singers. Listening begins between eight and nine during the week, and ends between one and two. Closed Sundays; no music Mondays. . . . **drake room,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Ship of state, and a shipshape one—a rarity in these times. Dick Hankinson addresses his piano off and on from six until one; Sundays, someone fills in for him. . . . **chucks' composite,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): The fish-and-game laws are rigidly enforced, because many of the denizens are barely old enough to be out without their mothers. Chuck Wayne's pensive but persuasive triad intersperses the conversation pieces until late at night. No music Sundays. . . . **grenadier,** 863 First Ave., at 48th St. (753-2960): It's not quite the Ivy, though it offers resemblances to that London retreat, but it *is* sort of Ivy League. No Ivy, though, on the brow of Lynn Richards, who sings, loud and clear and Manhattan, at her piano in the bar from nine until two, except on Sundays and Mondays. . . . **la chansonnette,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): She would have been named Fifi or Mimi in Paris when it sizzled, but in the twentieth-century New World she is Rita Dimitri, an open bottle of champagne on a piano top. She sings at nine-thirty during the week and nine-thirty and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. There is dance music, too, quite subdued, from eight o'clock on. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **chardas,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Act I, Scene I of a Hungarian operetta in rehearsal. Tibor Rakossy is host, tenor, and local nobleman; Béla Babai's band is thoroughly Hungarian. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **asti,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Asti, yes, implies the sort of menu and wine card, but La Scala at audition time is the attitude of the irrepressible waiters. Closed Mondays. . . . **the apartment,** 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): Most everything on Second Avenue is, as it should be, off limits; exception can be made for Charles De Forest, who, though he must spend his nights in a piano bar, sings distinctly non-piano-bar songs all night long. Marian McPartland's threesome, which never loses the melodic line of the jazz she loves so well, is his boon companion. All are off duty Sundays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

château henri iv, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The majesty of the Loire, so to speak. Within, the violin of Norbert Faconi awaits the weary traveller until late at night. He and his faithful pianist, Herman Arminski, begin their week's work on Tuesday and end it on Saturday. All is quiet Sundays, and on Mondays the piano of Victor del Monte goes it alone. . . . **roma di notte,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Rome by night indeed, though not in a Gray Line bus. The musicians, both vocal and instrumental, lap up the evening with soft Lydian airs. They are usually present from seven-thirty until two. Closed every Sunday. . . . **sign of the dove,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): The bar, where a piano gets to perform from six to midnight, except Sundays, is quite New York, but the great outback is an opulent villa in the Alban Hills. . . . **salum sanctorum,** 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9492): Is this upstairs suite Ottoman Empire, a hanging garden of Babylon, or just plain Camp (both High and Kill Kare)? The piano music in one room is American for sure, though. Closed Sundays. . . . **sherry-netherland,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): *Supra dig.* is how the bar-restaurant operates. Piano every night, five-thirty to eight and nine to twelve-thirty. . . . **café renaissance,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Decorators' delight. The accent is Andalusian, especially when Rogelio Reguera picks up his guitar, which happens between seven-thirty and eight. He does not cease until somewhat past midnight. No music Sundays. . . . **rembrandt room,** in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): Queen Victoria would have approved. George Feyer, whose manner is pillar of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, is at the piano from eight-thirty until half past one. Closed Sundays. . . . **monsignore,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Herman Honigsberg's strolling players (fiddles and music boxes) have returned to the scene of their prime, and they do help make the scene. From seven until curfew, except Sundays. . . . **essex house,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): The Casino-on-the-Park, neat and as expansive as the playing fields of Eton, affords well-put-together piano by Bob Kail from six-thirty until one, except Sundays and Mondays. . . . **polo bar,** in the Westbury Hotel, Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): Far from the madding crowd, and therefore lost (but not least) in calm and contentment, Joe Miles conducts the piano from nine-thirty until one. He has Sundays and Mondays to himself. . . . **four seasons,** 99 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-4300): After the captains and the kings of commerce have departed, this seemly estate belongs to Jimmy Lyons, whose threesome made the reverenced Blue Angel sound so good so many years. His piano, now a-cappella, discourses from ten to one every night but Saturday and Sunday. . . . **umberto,** 13 E. 53rd St. (688-3344): Time is measured here in Roman numerals, and the architecture is Roman candles. In the midst of it all, Franco Pagani serves as ambient and articulate minstrel, from seven until midnight. Closed Sundays.



ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Horst Antes—Landscapes containing the artist's curiously curtailed Expressionist figures; through March 29. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Avigdor Arikha—A widely exhibited Israeli artist's paintings, gouaches, and collages; through April 6. (Gallery of Israeli Art, 4 E. 54th St. Closed Saturdays; open Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Fletcher Benton—Kinetic sculptures of aluminum and Formica, some of which open and close to reveal lights; through April 5. (Bonino, 7 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

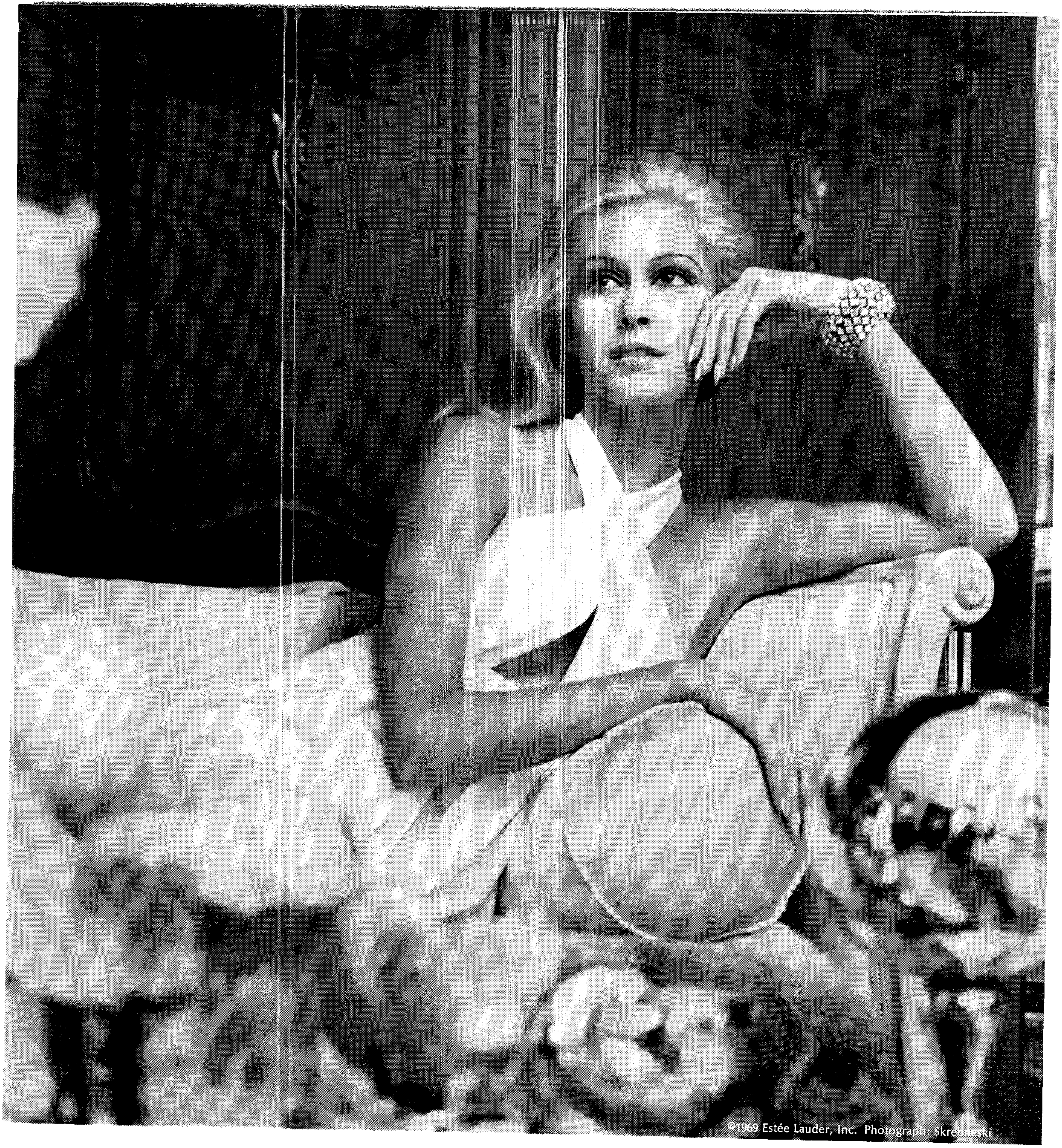
Aaron Bohrod—Paintings by a veteran artist with a preference for fantasy; through Saturday, March 22. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St.)

Camille Bombois—Thirty-six paintings of women and girls by the celebrated French primitive; through April 5. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Colleen Browning—Scenes and impressions, mainly of Morocco and Corsica; through March 29. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Minna Citron—An artist long known in New York has turned to the subject of "Dials;" starting Tuesday, March 18. (Spectrum, 1043 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Leonard Creo—Paintings by an artist who pre-



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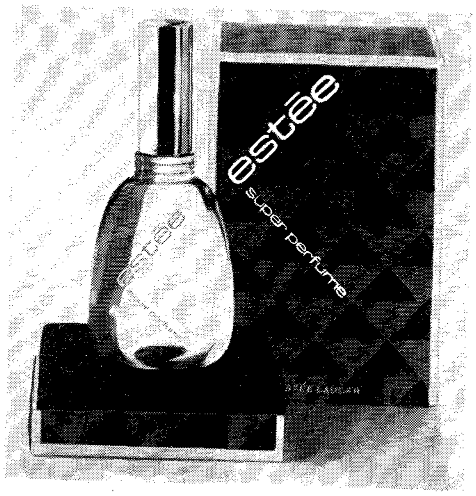
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

fers the theme of children; through March 29. (ACA, 63 E. 57th St.)

Willem de Kooning—An exhibition of forty oils and twenty-four charcoal drawings running concurrently with the artist's retrospective at the Museum of Modern Art; through Saturday, March 22. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

Paul Delvaux—Paintings by a Belgian Surrealist who favors mesmerized nudes in unexpected settings; through March 29. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Oyvind Fahlström—Recent works in assorted mediums, including shoals of cutout images adrift in a tank of water; through March 29. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

Arnold Friedman (1874-1946)—Landscapes with an Abstract, personal quality; through Saturday, March 22. (Egan, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays and Saturday mornings.)

Nancy Grossman and Martin Carey—Leather-covered wooden heads by the former, and ink drawings by the latter; through April 12. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

Joseph Hirsch—A social realist and symbolist exhibits thirty recent paintings and fifteen drawings, including portraits of such contemporaries as Peter Blume, Chaim Gross, Ben Shahn, and Raphael Soyer; starting Tuesday, March 18. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Alexej von Jawlensky (1864-1941)—Fifteen oils, plus drawings and watercolors, by a leading Russian modernist; starting Friday, March 14. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Paul Jenkins—The latest versions of this artist's luminous, transparent color shapes floating on canvas; through Saturday, March 22. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Also at the artist's studio, 831 Broadway, at 13th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

Lila Katzen and Stephen Edlich—A combination of lights, forms, vinyl sheets, coal crystals, liquids, and other materials constituting nothing less than "the universe as environment" by the former, and fifteen reliefs and free-standing sculptures in sheets of acrylic and bronze by the latter; through April 7. (Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and La-Guardia Pl. Weekdays, 8 A.M. to 11 P.M.)

Frank Kupka (1871-1957)—Twenty-five oils, drawings, and gouaches from all periods; through March 29. (Stein, 998 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Gaston Lachaise (1882-1935)—Thirty-six bronzes and twenty oils; through April 3. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Richard Long—Photographs of earth-and-rock "sculptures;" through Friday, March 21. (Gibson, 27 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Morris Louis *(1913-62)—Stripe paintings from* 1961-62; through March 29. (Rubin, 49 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

David Lund—Fifteen Abstract landscapes; through March 28. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Richard A. Miller—Bronze female nudes in geometrical constructions; through April 5. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Tad Miyashita—Abstract paintings and collages; through Thursday, March 20. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Paul Mogensen—Multi-sectioned shaped canvases, mostly broken rectangles; through March 26. (Bykert, 24 E. 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Morris—Agglomerations of different materials by a leading experimentalist; through Saturday, March 22. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Also at Castelli, 103 W. 108th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

Picasso—Paintings and drawings, 1967-68; through Saturday, March 22. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Otto Piene—Eight sculptures produced by inflation, heat, and light, some created in collaboration with M.I.T. engineers, by a founder of the German "Group Zero;" through April 5. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jackson Pollock (1912-56)—Twenty-three black-and-white paintings, plus drawings, serigraphs, and etchings; through March 29. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Henry V. Poor—Twelve representational paintings and thirty ceramics; through March 29. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

David Porter—White plastic boxes or blocks of variously shaped parts; through April 30. (American Institute of Architects, 20 W. 40th St. Closed Saturdays.)

Charles Prendergast (1863-1948)—Panels (with decorative birds, animals, dancing girls, and horseback riders), watercolors, sculptures, and cabinetwork by the brother of the American Impressionist Maurice Prendergast; through Saturday, March 22. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Richard K. Randell—Blue-and-white fibre-glass-and-aluminum structures with corrugated surfaces; through March 29. (Marks, 19 E. 71st St. Closed Mondays.)

Charles Ross—Three large oil-filled prisms of Plexiglas that reflect and distort light; through March 26. (Dwan, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Miriam Schapiro—Geometric paintings emphasizing color; starting Saturday, March 15. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jason Seley—Works by a sculptor who has brought fame to the automobile bumper; through March 27. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Albert Tucker—Symbolic landscapes featuring masks and strange birds; starting Saturday, March 15. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Neil Welliver—Maine landscapes with figures; through March 27. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Mahonri M. Young (1877-1957)—Sculptures, oils, watercolors, and drawings by an artist prominent in the early part of the century; through April 12. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

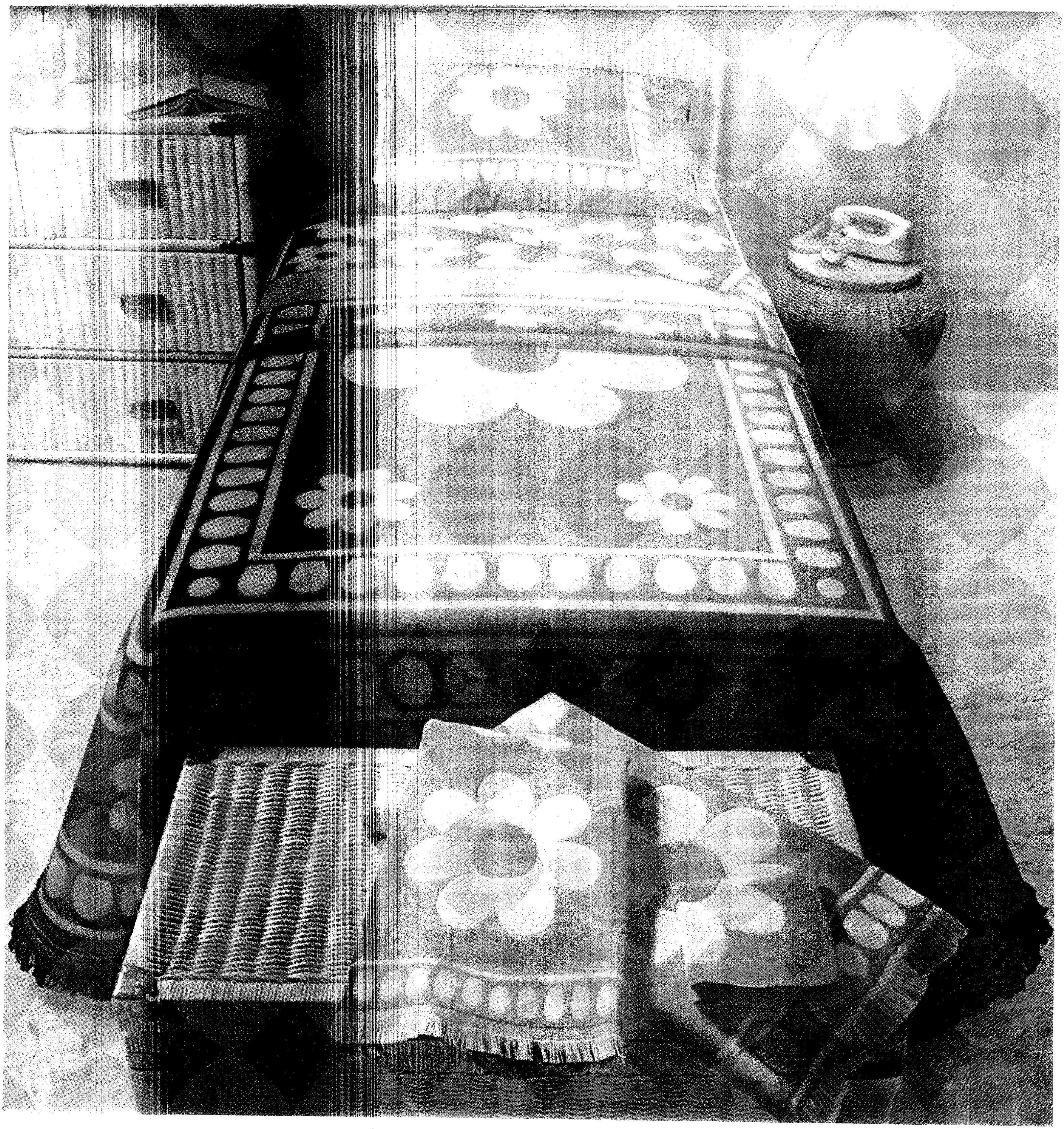
Claire Zeisler—Sculptures in the form of weavings by a Chicago artist who is a leader in this medium; through Friday, March 21. (Feigen, 141 Greene St., at Houston St. Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

Group Shows—At **la boetie**, 1042 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: American, Israeli, and European paintings by Man Ray, Shahn, Hundertwasser, Lam, Manessier, Marini, da Silva, Zao Wou-ki, and others; through Saturday, March 15. . . . **byron**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Merkin, Sonenberg, Meadmore, and other gallery artists; through April 2. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **500 park avenue**, at 59th St.: Masters of modern Italian art, among them the great Futurists Severini, Balla, Carrà, and Boccioni; through April 5. . . . **frumkin**, 41 E. 57th St.: Early twentieth-century German drawings *and watercolors comprising items from such* movements as Die Brücke, Der Blaue Reiter, and the New Objectivity. Among the artists are Klee, Beckmann, Corinth, Dix, Pechstein, Grosz, Nolde, and Feininger. Through March 28. . . . **graham**, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Flower still-lifes in various mediums by, for example, Benton, Carles, Dash, Dickinson, Glackens, Hartley, and Kuhn; through March 29. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **midtown**, 11 E. 57th St.: Oils, sculptures, and watercolors by such gallery artists as Isabel Bishop, Paul Cadmus, Waldo Peirce, Doris Rosenthal, Roy Moyer, and Fred Meyer; through March 29. (Closed Mondays.). . . **doris wiener**, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Seventy Indian miniature paintings from 1500 through the eighteenth century; through April 30. (Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Harlem on My Mind," the show that has been causing all the noise. Photographs, slides, captions, voices, sound, and music, going back sixty years, from which Harlem emerges as the capital of urban black culture in the United States; through April 6. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A large retrospective, previously shown in Amsterdam and London, of Willem de Kooning's paintings, drawings, and pastels from the mid-thirties to 1967; through April 27. . . . ¶ An impressive exhibit of approximately



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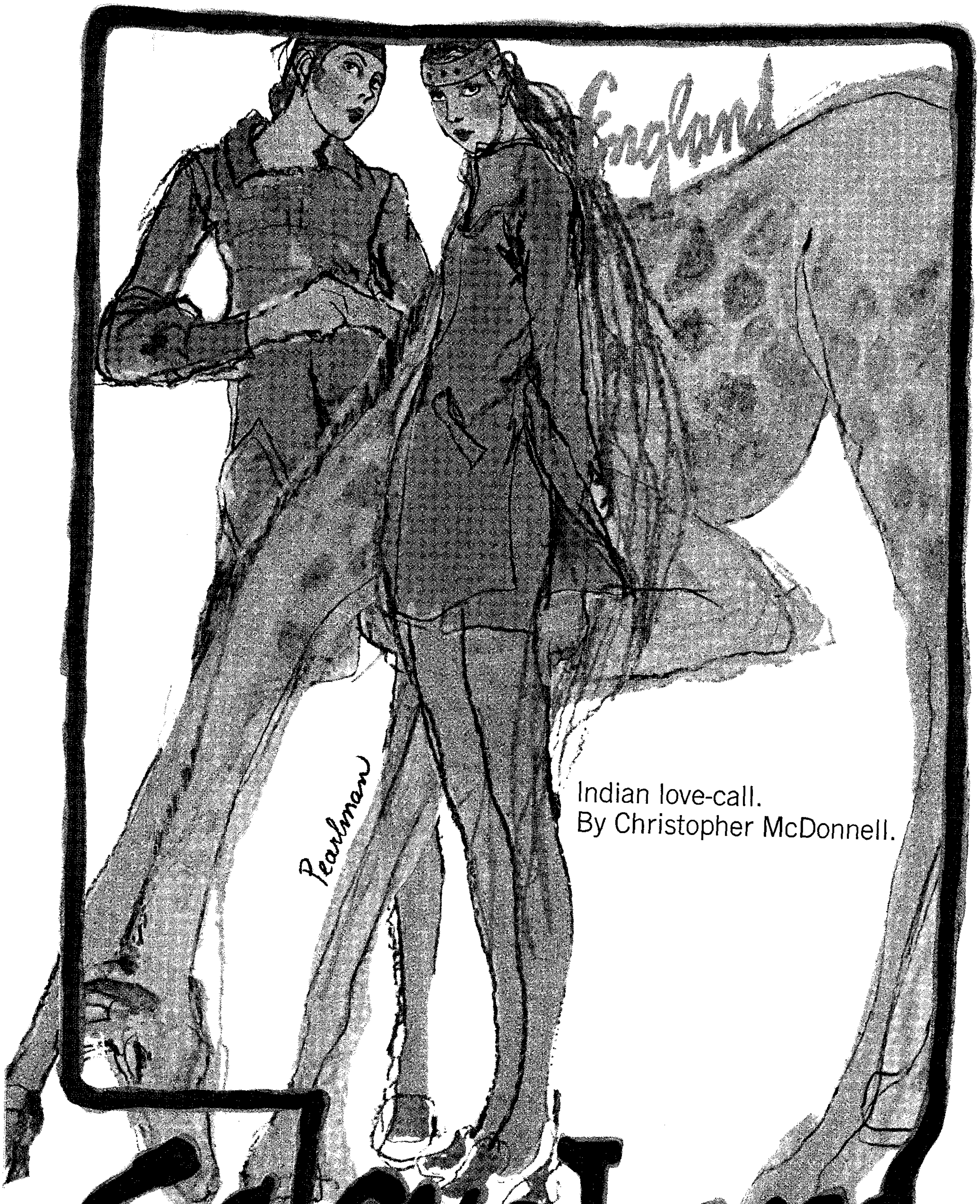

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

forty tapestries and weavings by contemporary craftsmen working as artists in this medium; through May 4. . . . ¶ Twelve bronze relief panels by Giacomo Manzù made as studies for his much discussed door of St. Peter's; starting Tuesday, March 18. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.) A good complement to the de Kooning exhibition is his show of oils and drawings at Knoedler & Co., 14 E. 57th St.

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A hundred and twenty-five European and American works from the collection of Peggy Guggenheim, the celebrated patron of twentieth-century artists; through March 23. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Forty-six paintings by Helen Frankenthaler, a "second-generation" Abstract Expressionist; through April 6. . . . ¶ Forty-five paintings and sixteen drawings by William Sidney Mount (1807-1868), a founder of American genre painting; through April 13. . . . ¶ A hundred and seventy-four paintings, photographs, and drawings by Charles Sheeler (1883-1965), famous for his clean-cut compositions representing machine-age America; through April 27. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A hundred prints and drawings collected by the Museum during the past thirty years, including examples ranging from Dürer and Rembrandt through Matisse, Miró, and Albers; through April 27. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The new Hall of Ocean Life offers a gargantuan model of a breaching blue whale, ingeniously affixed to the ceiling at a single impossible point. Around the walls are new dioramas of—ah—ocean life. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Academy and National Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—A retrospective of sculptures, watercolors, and drawings by William Zorach (1887-1966); through March 30. . . . ¶ An award show of works by contemporary Americans including, among others, Charles F. Cajori, Red Grooms, Frank Gallo, Clement Meadmore, Alice Neel, Philip Pearlstein, and Richard Pousette-Dart; through March 30. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park—Medieval art, from the fifth century to the first quarter of the sixteenth; through March 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5. Except on Tuesdays, admission is $1.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—A comprehensive exhibition of the works and life of Grandma Moses (1860-1961); through March 30. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Eighty works by European contemporaries, including Bacon, Bury, Fahlström, Kitaj, Magritte, Matta, Soulages, Tàpies, and Vasarely; through Sunday, March 16. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The hundred-and-forty-fourth annual, composed of more than three hundred oils, sculptures, drawings, prints, and watercolors by both members and non-members; through March 23. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Contemporary paintings and sculptures by approximately thirty self-taught black artists of Haiti, accompanied by tapes of the country's music and language, slide projections of the land and the people, and objects and designs related to the voodoo religion; through March 30. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House at Lincoln Center is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday evening, March 13: "Peter Grimes," with Lucine Amara, Lili Chookasian, Jean Madeira, Jon Vickers, and Geraint Evans. . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 14: "Adriana Lecouvreur," with Renata Tebaldi, Nell Rankin, Franco Corelli, Anselmo Colzani, and Morley Meredith. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, March 15: "Carmen," with Regina Resnik, Judith Raskin, Richard Tucker, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 15: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Régine Crespin, Reri Grist, Rosalind Elias, Louise Pearl, Otto Edelmann, John Alexander, and Rudolf Knoll. . . . ¶ Monday evening, March 17: "Il Trovatore," with Martina Arroyo, Grace Bumbry, Franco Corelli, Sherrill Milnes, and John Macurdy. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, March 18: "Peter Grimes," with Lucine Amara, Lili Chookasian, Jean Madeira, Jon Vickers, and Geraint Evans. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, March 19: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Leonie Rysanek, Judith Raskin, Rosalind Elias, Louise Pearl, Otto Edelmann, John Alexander, and Morley Meredith. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, March 20: "Adriana Lecouvreur," with Renata Tebaldi, Regina Resnik, Placido Domingo, Anselmo Colzani, and Morley Meredith. . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 21: "Peter Grimes," with Lucine Amara, Lili Chookasian, Jean Madeira, Jon Vickers, and Geraint Evans. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, March 22: "Turandot," with Marion Lippert, Martina Arroyo, James McCracken, Frank Guarrera, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 22: "Tosca," with Leonie Rysanek, Richard Tucker, Gabriel Bacquier, and Fernando Corena. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

New York City Opera—Thursday, March 13, at 8:15: "The Ballad of Baby Doe," with Anne Elgar, Muriel Greenspon, Chester Ludgin, and Robert Hale. . . . ¶ Friday, March 14, at 8:15: "La Bohème," with Anna Ottaviano, Carol Neblett, Michele Molese, and David Clatworthy. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 15, at 2:15: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Francesca Roberto, Muriel Greenspon, Lino Savoldi, and Richard Fredricks; and "Pagliacci," with Carol Bayard, Bernabé Marti, William Chapman, and Dominic Cossa. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 15, at 8:15: "La Traviata," with Maralin Niska, Beverly Evans, Tibor Kelen, and William Murray. . . . ¶ Sunday, March 16, at 1:15: "Manon," with Patricia Brooks, Lois Crane, Michele Molese, and Richard Fredricks. . . . ¶ Sunday, March 16, at 7:15: "The Magic Flute" (in English), with Veronica Tyler, Arleen Auger, John Stewart, and Will Roy. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 19, at 8:15: "Madame Butterfly," with Maralin Niska, Beverly Evans, Lino Savoldi, and William Beck. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 20, at 7:45: A new production of Verdi's "Rigoletto," with Patricia Brooks, Kay Creed, Louis Quilico, and Michele Molese. . . . ¶ Friday, March 21, at 8:15: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Francesca Roberto, Muriel Greenspon, Lino Savoldi, and Richard Fredricks; and "Pagliacci," with Maralin Niska, Clinton Nichols, William Chapman, and Dominic Cossa. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 22, at 2:15: "The Magic Flute" (in English), with Arlene Auger, Anne Elgar, Enrico Di Giuseppe, and Richard Fredricks. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 22, at 8:15: "La Bohème," with Maria DiGerlando, Maralin Niska, Tibor Kelen, and Dominic Cossa. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, April 20.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, Pierre Boulez conducting—Thursday, March 13, at 8:30; Friday, March 14, at 2; Saturday, March 15, at 8:30; and Monday, March 17, at 7:30 (all with Alberto Lysy, violin); and Thursday, March 20, at 8:30; Friday, March 21, at 2; Saturday, March 22, at 8:30; and Monday, March 24, at 7:30 (all with Malcolm Frager, piano).

Washington National Symphony—Howard Mitchell conducting the second of two all-Mozart concerts, with Hans Richter-Haaser, piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, March 16, at 3.)

Boston Symphony—Erich Leinsdorf conducting the final performances of the season

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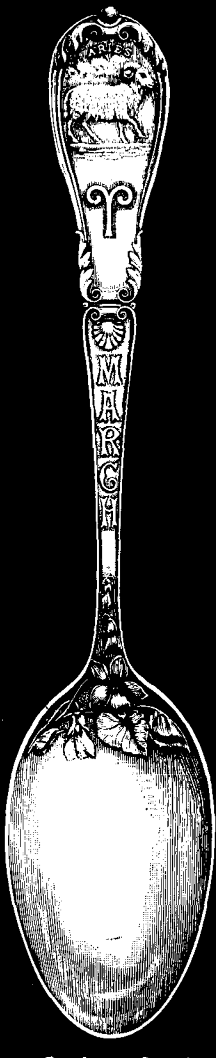

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here. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, March 19, and Friday, March 21, at 8:30, both with Hermann Prey, baritone. . . . ¶ Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Thursday, March 20, at 8:30, with Lilian Kallir, *piano*. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 22, at 8:30, an all-Beethoven program; no soloists.)

Moscow State Symphony—Evgeni Svetlanov conducting a program of Russian opera music, with Larisa Avdeyeva, mezzo-soprano. The final concert of the season. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, March 20, at 8:30.)

Mannes Chamber Orchestra—Carl Bamberger conducting. (Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center. Thursday, March 13, at 6:30. A limited number of free tickets are available at the Amsterdam Avenue entrance, but only to those applying for them in person after 4 on the day of the performance.)

Municipal Concerts Orchestra—Julius Grossman conducting a benefit concert, with Artur Balsam, piano. (Town Hall. Friday, March 14, at 8:30.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Siegfried Landau directing, with Maria Ferriero, soprano; William Brown, tenor; Raymond Gibbs, baritone; and the Brooklyn Philharmonia Choral Society. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Saturday, March 15, at 8:30.)

Kuentz Chamber Orchestra from Paris—Paul Kuentz conducting. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, March 15, at 8:30. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Clarion Concert—Newell Jenkins conducting the final concert of the season, with Joan Marie Moynagh, soprano, and other soloists. (Town Hall. Tuesday, March 18, at 8:30.)

Vienna Choir Boys—Anton Neyder directing two different programs. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 15, at 8:30, and Sunday, March 16, at 3.)

Mannes Chorus and Orchestra—Harold Aks directing an all-Bach program. (Marymount Manhattan College, 221 E. 71st St. Wednesday, March 19, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

Baylor University A-Cappella Choir—Euell Porter directing. (Town Hall. Saturday, March 22, at 5:30.)

RECITALS

Paul A. McGhee Washington Square Chamber Music Concerts—Dmitri Bashkirov, piano. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Friday, March 14, at 8:30. Tickets at the box office on the night of the concert.)

Music of the Royal Court—"The Courts of Count Esterhazy and Archduke Rudolph," a Beethoven-Haydn program of piano trios and vocal music, with Robert White, tenor. The third in a series of five concerts. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Friday, March 14, at 8:30.)

Guarneri String Quartet—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Friday, March 14, at 8:30.)

Beaux Arts Trio—The last in a series of concerts, with Walter Trampler, viola. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday, March 14, at 8:40.)

New School Concerts—A chamber-music program, performed by Murray Perahia, piano; Alexander Schneider, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; and Robert Sylvester, cello. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. 675-2700. Sunday, March 16, at 3 and 9.)

Vladimir Ashkenazy—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, March 17, at 8:30.)

Rudolf Serkin—Piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, March 18, at 8:30.)

Fine Arts Quartet—The second in a series of three all-Haydn programs. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, March 20, at 8:30.)

Misha Dichter—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Friday, March 21, at 8:30.)

Christoph Eschenbach—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, March 22, at 8:30.)

Salzburg String Quartet—The last in a series of concerts. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 348-1500. Saturday, March 22, at 8:30.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Procol Harum, Pacific Gas & Electric, and the Collectors—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Friday and Saturday, March 14-15, at 8 and 11:30.

Tim Buckley—Philharmonic Hall. Friday, March 14, at 8:30.

Sound of Ireland—The Irish Rovers, Paddy Noonan and his Irish Band, the Seven Towers Dancers, and others. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden Center, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Saturday, March 15, at 2 and 8:30.)

Sonny Rollins' Ensemble, Jaki Byard's Quartet, and the Jazz Samaritans—Town Hall. Saturday, March 15, at 8:30.

Anita Sheer—New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St. Sunday, March 16, at 2:30. No tickets necessary.

Blue Nile Group—Music and dance of Ethiopia. (Town Hall. Monday, March 17, at 8:30.)

Creedence Clearwater Revival, Spirit, and Ainsley Dunbar—Fillmore East. Friday and Saturday, March 21-22, at 8 and 11:30.

Hugh Masekela, Arthur Prysock, the Young-Holt Trio, and Marlena Shaw—Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 21, at 8:30.

Chicago Jazz Sextet and Bud Freeman—Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, March 21, at 8:30.

Jazz for the Masses—Joe Newman's Quintet, Eddie Bonnemère, the Lutheran Seminary Choir, and others. (Town Hall. Friday, March 21, at 8:30.)

Ornette Coleman's Quintet—Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Saturday, March 22, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 598-3011.

MISCELLANY

New Image of Sound—The third in a series of four programs of new music and contemporary arts, this one performed by the Nonesuch Consort, the Sonic Arts ensemble, and others. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Thursday, March 20, at 8:40.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden Center, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden Center—Saturday, March 15, at 2:05: Knicks vs. Cincinnati. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 19, at 8:35: Knicks vs. Baltimore.

Boxing—Chuck Wepner vs. Roberto Davila, heavyweights, 10 rounds. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden Center. Friday, March 14. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.) . . . ¶ Golden Gloves New York City finals. Sponsored by the News Welfare Association. (Madison Square Garden Center. Friday, March 21, at 8.)

Hockey—Rangers vs. Detroit. (Madison Square Garden Center. Sunday, March 16, at 8:35.)

Karate—East Coast vs. West Coast Open Karate Championships. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden Center. Sunday, March 16, at 3.)

Racing—At Aqueduct: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, May 31. The Paumonok Handicap, Saturday, March 15.

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, May 24. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 6:43.)

FOR CHILDREN

Music—By the **little orchestra society**: Thomas Scherman conducting, with John Langstaff, narrator, and Ursula Melitta's Ballet des Jeunes. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. TR 4-2424. Saturday, March 15, at 11 and 3.) . . . **amato opera company**: An abbreviated version of "La Traviata," with an English narration. (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, March 22, at 2:30.)

Stage Shows—By **bil and cora baird's marionettes**: "Winnie-the-Pooh." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Wednesdays at 3:30; Fridays at 3:30 and 7:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3:30.) . . . **salvatore guida**: "A Very Special Clown," Satur-

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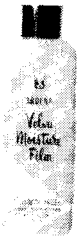

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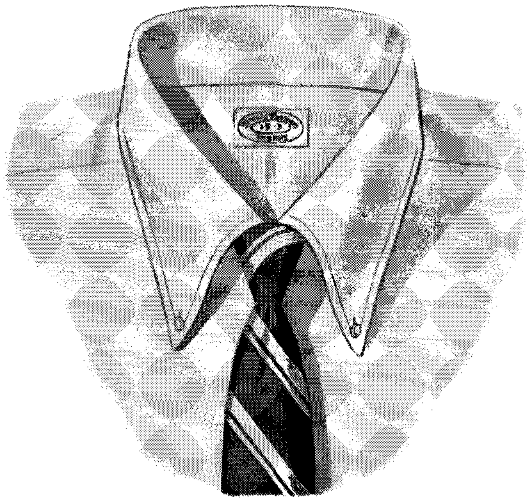

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

days at 2:30. . . . ¶ "The Golden Tambourine," Sundays at 2:30. (Mask Theatre, 125 Fifth Ave., at 19th St. 673-0291.) . . . **ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS:** "Little Red Riding Hood," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Heidi," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. 475-9647.) . . . **PIXIE JUDY TROUPE:** "Rumpelstiltskin." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays at 1 and 3, and Sundays at 2.) . . . **SILVER BUTTON PRODUCTIONS:** "The Silver Button." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 348-1500. Sunday, March 16, at 1:30. Children under five not admitted.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "Sunrise at Stonehenge." (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

ET ALIA

ST. PATRICK'S DAY PARADE—Starts at noon on Monday, March 17, at 44th Street and Fifth Avenue, and disperses at 86th Street.

POETRY READINGS—Allen Ginsberg reading from his own works. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Sunday, March 16, at 3. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Louis Untermeyer reading from the works of Emily Dickinson. (Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle. 581-2311. Sunday, March 16, at 4.) . . . ¶ May Swenson reading from her own works. (Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Tuesday, March 18, at 8:30. For tickets, call YU 8-6783.)

LECTURES AND DISCUSSIONS—"Profession and Professionalism and Other Causes of Student Unrest," by Paul Goodman. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Tuesday, March 18, at 8. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ An untitled lecture by composer-conductor Pierre Boulez. (Aronow Concert Hall, City College, Convent Ave. at 133rd St. Thursday, March 20, at 12:30. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ "Theatre or Therapy?," a discussion sponsored by Theatre for Ideas, with panelists Julian Beck, Judith Malina, Paul Goodman, and Robert Brustein, and moderator Nat Hentoff. (The Meeting House, 144 E. 20th St. CH 3-4301. Friday, March 21, at 8:30.)

INTERNATIONAL FLOWER SHOW—Springtime at Columbus Circle, with hosts of golden daffodils and just about every other hue of flower and plant. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Thursday through Saturday, March 13-15, from 10 to 10; and Sunday, March 16, from 1 to 7.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, March 19, at 8, and Thursday, March 20, at 1:45: American paintings, sculptures, and drawings by such artists as William M. Harnett, Frederic Remington, Winslow Homer, and Albert Bierstadt; from many sources. Exhibition starts Friday, March 14.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—March 13 at 1 and 6:30: "Lawrence of Arabia" (1962), with Peter O'Toole and Alec Guinness. . . . ¶ March 14 at 2 and 5:30: "Dead Reckoning" (1947), with Humphrey Bogart and Lizabeth Scott. . . . ¶ March 15 at 11:30: "The Lower Depths" (1936), directed by Jean Renoir, with Jean Gabin. . . . ¶ March 15 at 3 and 5:30: "The Professionals" (1966), with Burt Lancaster and Lee Marvin. . . . ¶ March 16 at 2 and 5:30: "Our Man in Havana" (1960), with Alec Guinness and Burl Ives. . . . ¶ March 17 at 2 and 5:30: "The Jolson Story" (1946), with Larry Parks and Evelyn Keyes. . . . ¶ March 18 at 2: "The Lower Depths" (1936), directed by Jean Renoir, with Jean Gabin. . . . ¶ March 18 at 5:30: A program of experimental films by Michael Snow. . . . ¶ March 19 at 2 and 5:30: "Irene" (1926), with Colleen Moore. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				13	14	15
16	17	18	19			

The African Queen (1952)—Down an African river with Humphrey Bogart and Katharine Hepburn. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; through March 16.)

Bay of the Angels (1964)—Directed by Jacques Demy, with Jeanne Moreau. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 18-19.)

Bedazzled (1967)—Peter Cook, Dudley Moore, and Eleanor Bron ringing changes on the ancient Faustian theme. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through March 18.)

Belle de Jour—One of the rare films about a girl's sexuality, made by Luis Buñuel. Catherine Deneuve plays the girl, highly respected in her Yves Saint Laurent clothes when she goes to a brothel full of plump pros in the regulation black lace. Geneviève Page is very witty as the solicitous madam. In French. (Regency, B'way at 67th, 724-3700.)

Breathless (1959)—Jean-Luc Godard wrote and directed this pioneer New Wave film, in which Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jean Seberg play a hoodlum and his American girl friend. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 14-15.)

Bye Bye Braverman (1968)—Wallace Markfield's satire on New York Jewish intellectuals. With George Segal, Joseph Wiseman, Godfrey Cambridge. Sidney Lumet directed. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through March 18.)

Children of Paradise (1945)—Jean-Louis Barrault, Pierre Brasseur, and Arletty floating through a dreamlike impression of theatrical life in nineteenth-century Paris. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 16-17.)

China Is Near (1968)—A seventeen-year-old Maoist upsets his Socialist brother's chances for political office. Written and directed by Marco Bellocchio. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; March 17-19.)

Faces—Apathy and desperation in an American marriage, as visualized by John Cassavetes in semidocumentary style. With John Marley, Gena Rowlands, Lynn Carlin, and Seymour Cassel. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, 246-5123.)

Funny Girl—The triumphant début of Barbra Streisand, directed by William Wyler. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1706. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Greetings—As tawdry as an exploitation film and as disorganized as an underground film, Brian De Palma's comedy about a draft evader is, nevertheless, funny and good-natured. With a whole gallery of new, young, talented performers. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, 683-0255.)

Guess Who's Coming to Dinner (1967)—A debate about intermarriage between blacks and whites, directed by Stanley Kramer. With Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, and Sidney Poitier. (Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, 929-2166; through March 18.)

Horsefeathers (1932)—The Marx Brothers in an academic setting. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; through March 19.)

The Horse's Mouth (1958)—Alec Guinness as the raffish artist hero of Joyce Cary's novel. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting March 19.)

If . . .—A suffocating English school as a reflection of class society, in an attempted epic on violence and revolution. Directed by Lindsay Anderson. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

I Love You, Alice B. Toklas!—Peter Sellers gets another chance at an American impersonation—this one a Los Angeles Jewish lawyer who turns hippie—in this careless comedy, which turns out to be surprisingly pleasant and occasionally witty. With Joyce Van Patten. Directed by Hy Averback from a script by Paul Mazursky and Larry Tucker. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting March 19.)

The Immortal Story—Orson Welles' film, taken from Isak Dinesen's "The Immortal Story," about an allegorical millionaire in Macao. With Jeanne Moreau. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

The Lion in Winter—James Goldman's entertaining Broadway melodrama about the Plantagenets has been brought to the screen as if it were poetic drama of a very high order. Peter O'Toole is in good, noisy form, but Katharine Hepburn is a bit much. Directed by Anthony Harvey. (Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Lola (1962)—Directed by Jacques Demy, with Anouk Aimée and Marc Michel. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 18-19.)

Masculine Feminine (1965)—Directed by Jean-Luc Godard. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; March 17-19.)

Monkey Business (1931)—The Marx Brothers again, this time on board a liner, at a racketeers' ball, in a barn—everywhere. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; through March 19.)

My Life to Live (1963)—Directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Anna Karina. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 14-15.)

The Night They Raided Minsky's—A parody tribute to burlesque, with a minimum of plot and a maximum of evocative stage routine. The stars are a collection of aging, slightly overweight, bump-and-grind dancers whose numbers have been choreographed and photographed with fine satiric skill. This isn't so much a backstage musical as an onstage musical. The actors include Jason Robards, Norman Wisdom, Joseph Wiseman (memorably, elegantly comic), and Britt Ekland, with her warm, big smile that is a happy substitute for acting. Directed by William Friedkin. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through March 18.)

Oliver!—Carol Reed and his crew demonstrate that a big expensive movie musical can be beautifully made—if you know how. With Ron Moody as Fagin. (State I, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5060. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30, Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10:30. Reserved seats only.)

Paths of Glory (1957)—Humphrey Cobb's novel about the madness generated by war. Kirk Douglas, Adolphe Menjou, and George Macready. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; through March 16.)

Pretty Poison—A new young American director, Noel Black, makes his début with a fine, small thriller, written by Lorenzo Semple, Jr., and quietly and splendidly played by Tony Perkins and Tuesday Weld. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, 924-3363.)

The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie—Maggie Smith as Muriel Spark's heroic, eccentric, snobbish teacher (a cross between Emlyn Williams' Miss Moffat and Norman Podhoretz' Mrs. K.), and Celia Johnson as her quietly implacable enemy. Directed by Ronald Neame. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, 355-1663.)

Rachel, Rachel—Paul Newman directs an observant and modest picture remarkable for its acting. Excellent performances by Joanne Woodward as a schoolmistress "in the middle of her life" and feeling past it (at thirty-five), and by Estelle Parsons as her passionate and blundering friend. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through March 18.)

Romeo and Juliet—Franco Zeffirelli throws Shakespeare into the generation gap and comes up with a teen-age tragedy that seems to be more Italian opera than English poetry. Unfortunately, there are no arias. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, 688-2013.)

Shame—Ingmar Bergman's simple, masterly vision of normal war and what it does to survivors. With the remarkable, strong young actress Liv Ullmann. In Swedish. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, 929-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; starting March 14.)

Simon of the Desert—Luis Buñuel is in an unusually jovial mood in this playful little fable (only forty-five minutes long) about the foolishness of saintliness, with Claudio Brook as the saint and Silvia Pinal as the Devil. In Spanish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

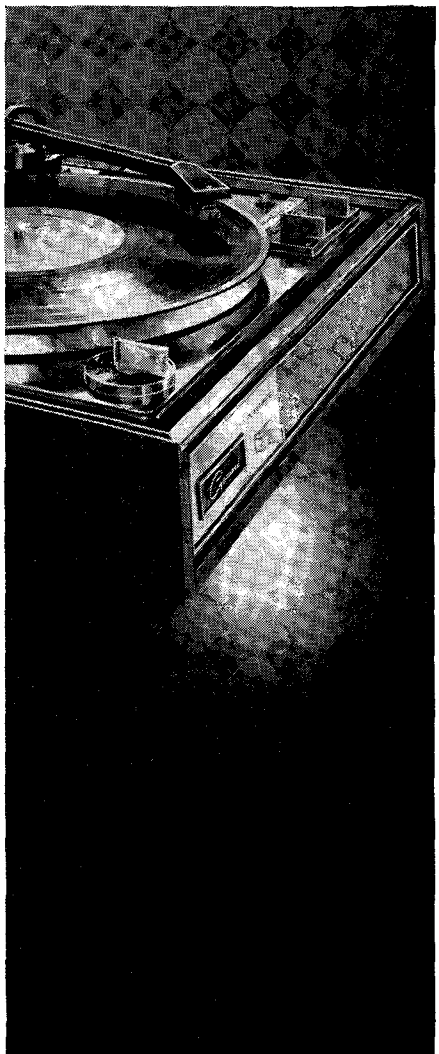
Stolen Kisses—A pleasant romantic comedy by François Truffaut. With Jean-Pierre Léaud, Delphine Seyrig, and Claude Jade, and Michel Lonsdale as the man who hires detectives to find out why nobody likes him. In French. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, 755-6030.)

A Thousand Clowns (1965)—An adaptation of the Broadway comedy, with Jason Robards, Barbara Harris, and Martin Balsam. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through March 18.)

2001: A Space Odyssey—Stanley Kubrick's poetic sci-fi odyssey of thirty-two years hence, and a beautiful, disquieting, immensely entertaining film. Made from his own screenplay (in collaboration with Arthur C. Clarke) and with his dazzling special effects. (Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th, 427-1332; March 13.)

War and Peace (1968)—Sergei Bondarchuk's seventy-millimetre, six-hour film of Tolstoy's novel, in two parts. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, 355-1663. Part II; through March 18. Daily at 2 and 8. Reserved seats only.)

Yellow Submarine—Brightly colored and ingenious Pop Art animation, so blatantly derivative that it's an entertaining catalogue of twentieth-century graphic design. With ten songs by the Beatles. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)



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THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE PREVIOUS PAGE

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"The Firemen's Ball," a Czechoslovakian film.

Evergreen, 53 E. 11th. (533-5325)
"I Am Curious—Yellow" (in Swedish). Daily at 3, 8, and 10:15. Reserved seats only.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
PRETTY POISON.

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through March 18: **RACHEL, RACHEL**; and **A THOUSAND CLOWNS.**
From March 19: **THE HORSE'S MOUTH**; and "Les Biches" (in French).

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through March 18: **THE NIGHT THEY RAIDED MINSKY'S**; and **BEDAZZLED.**
From March 19: **I LOVE YOU, ALICE B. TOKLAS!**; and "Deadfall," Michael Caine.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
"Monterey Pop," a documentary on the 1967 Monterey International Pop Festival.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Where Eagles Dare," Richard Burton, Clint Eastwood.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
GREETINGS.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Hell in the Pacific," Lee Marvin, Toshiro Mifune.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Big Bounce," Ryan O'Neal, Leigh Taylor-Young.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
STOLEN KISSES (in French).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
IF . . .

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
THE PRIME OF MISS JEAN BRODIE.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through March 18: **WAR AND PEACE.**
From March 19: "Baby Love," Linda Hayden.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Otley," Tom Courtenay, Romy Schneider.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Very Happy Alexander" (in French), Philippe Noiret.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"The Killing of Sister George," Beryl Reid, Susannah York.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Changes," Kent Lane.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"Twisted Nerve," Hayley Mills.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
"2000 Years Later," Terry-Thomas.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Candy," Charles Aznavour, Marlon Brando.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"Where Eagles Dare," Richard Burton, Clint Eastwood.

Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
March 13: **2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY.**
From March 14: "I, a Woman, Part II" (in Danish).

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Buona Sera, Mrs. Campbell," Gina Lollobrigida.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
Through March 16: **THE AFRICAN QUEEN**; and **PATHS OF GLORY.**
March 17-19: **MASCULINE FEMININE** (in French); and **CHINA IS NEAR** (in Italian).

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through March 18: **THE NIGHT THEY RAIDED MINSKY'S**; and "Will Penny" (1968), Charlton Heston, Joan Hackett.
From March 19: "Secret Ceremony," Elizabeth Taylor, Mia Farrow; and another feature, to be announced.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"Charly," Cliff Robertson, Claire Bloom.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Don Quixote de la Mancha" (1949; in Spanish).

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (929-2166)
Through March 18: **GUESS WHO'S COMING TO DINNER**; and "To Sir, with Love" (1967), Sidney Poitier.
From March 19 (tentative): "Pendulum," George Peppard, Jean Seberg.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
March 13: "Grazie Zia" (in Italian), Lisa Gastoni.
From March 14: **SHAME** (in Swedish).

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through March 19: **HORSEFEATHERS**; and **MONKEY BUSINESS.**

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
"Candy," Charles Aznavour, Marlon Brando.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
FUNNY GIRL.

State 1, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5060)
OLIVER!

State 2, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Chitty Chitty Bang Bang," Dick Van Dyke, Sally Ann Howes. (Nightly at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Extra performances Saturday and Sunday mornings at 10. Reserved seats only.)

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (265-8431)
"The Shoes of the Fisherman," Anthony Quinn, Oskar Werner. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2. Reserved seats only.)

Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (265-5711)
"Ice Station Zebra," Rock Hudson, Ernest Borgnine. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Star!," Julie Andrews. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
YELLOW SUBMARINE.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"The Love Bug," Dean Jones, Michele Lee.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"Kill!" (in Japanese).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"The Castle," Maximilian Schell.

Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"I Am Curious—Yellow" (in Swedish).

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
FACES.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
THE IMMORTAL STORY; and **SIMON OF THE DESERT** (in Spanish).

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
THE LION IN WINTER.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
ROMEO AND JULIET.

Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. (TR 4-2424)
March 16 at 6:30 and 8:30: "Magical Mystery Tour," the Beatles.

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (TR 4-8445)
Through March 18: "The Stalking Moon," Gregory Peck, Eva Marie Saint.
From March 19: "Buona Sera, Mrs. Campbell," Gina Lollobrigida.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
BELLE DE JOUR (in French).

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through March 15: "Le Socrate" (in French).
From March 16: "Tropici" (in Portuguese).

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through March 18: **RACHEL, RACHEL**; and **BYE BYE BRAVERMAN.**
From March 19: "Les Biches" (in French); and "Prudence and the Pill" (1968), Deborah Kerr, David Niven.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
March 13: "The Would-Be Gentleman" (1960) and "The Marriage of Figaro" (1963), both performed in French by the Comédie-Française.
March 14-15: **BREATHLESS** and **MY LIFE TO LIVE** (both in French).
March 16-17: **CHILDREN OF PARADISE** (in French).
March 18-19: **BAY OF THE ANGELS** and **LOLA** (both in French).

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
March 13: "Grazie Zia" (in Italian), Lisa Gastoni.
From March 14: **SHAME** (in Swedish).

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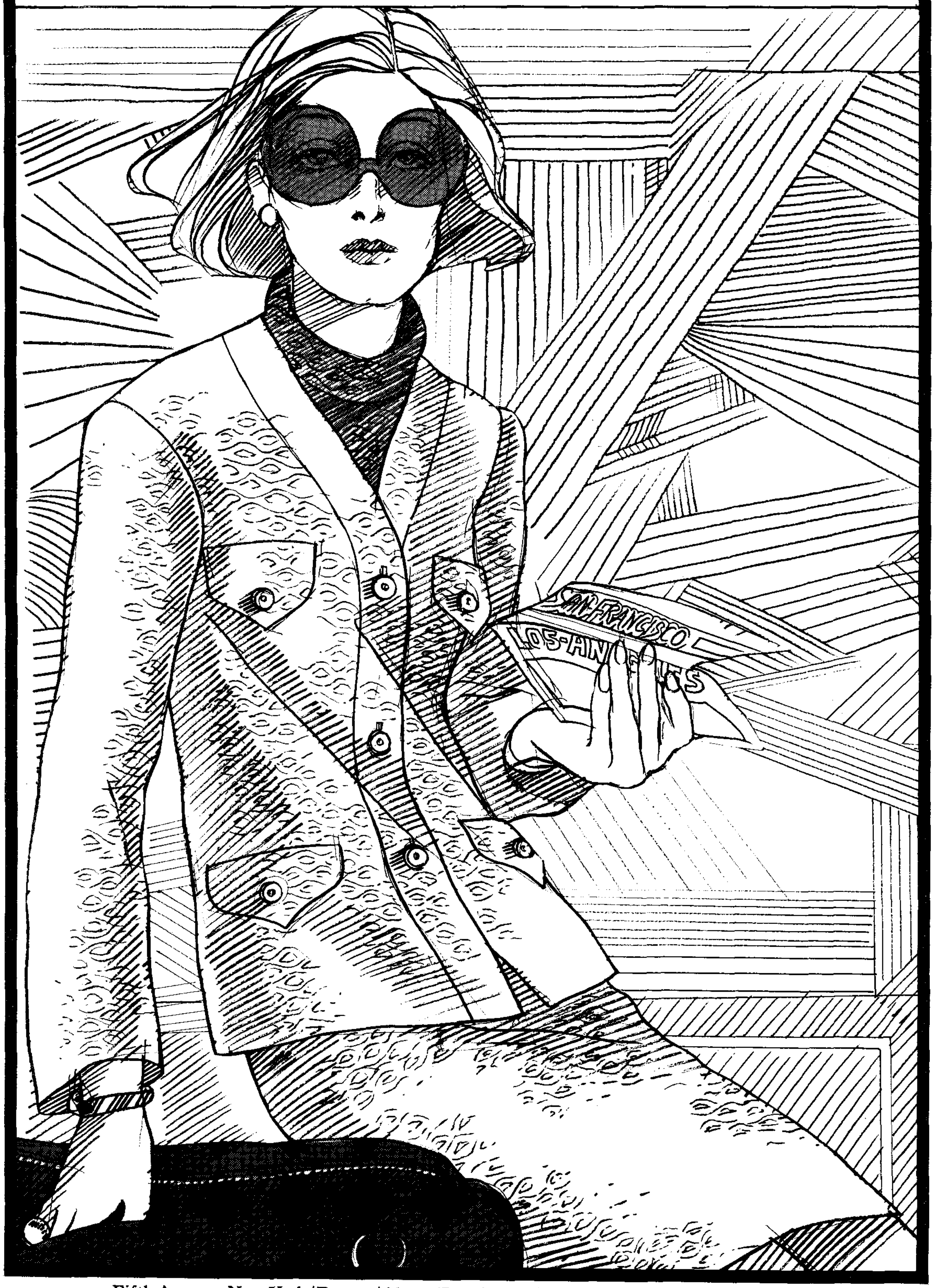

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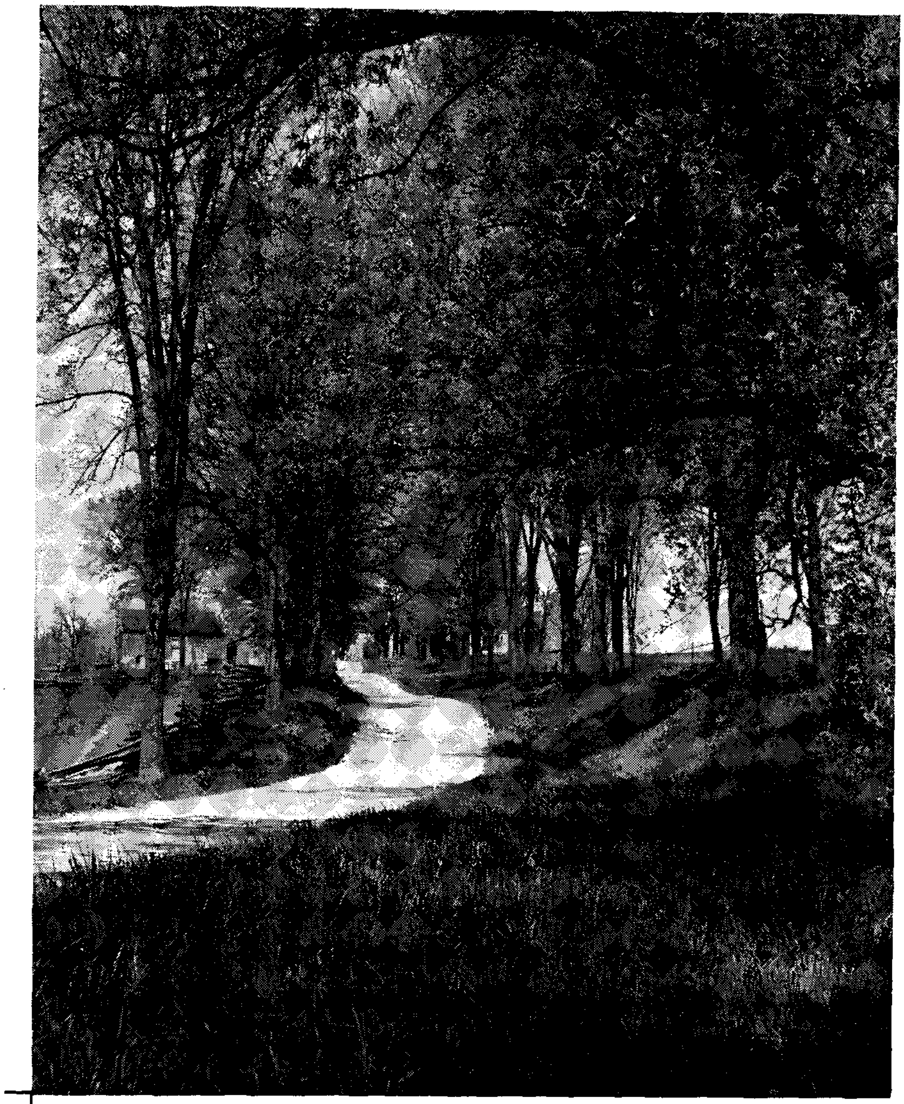

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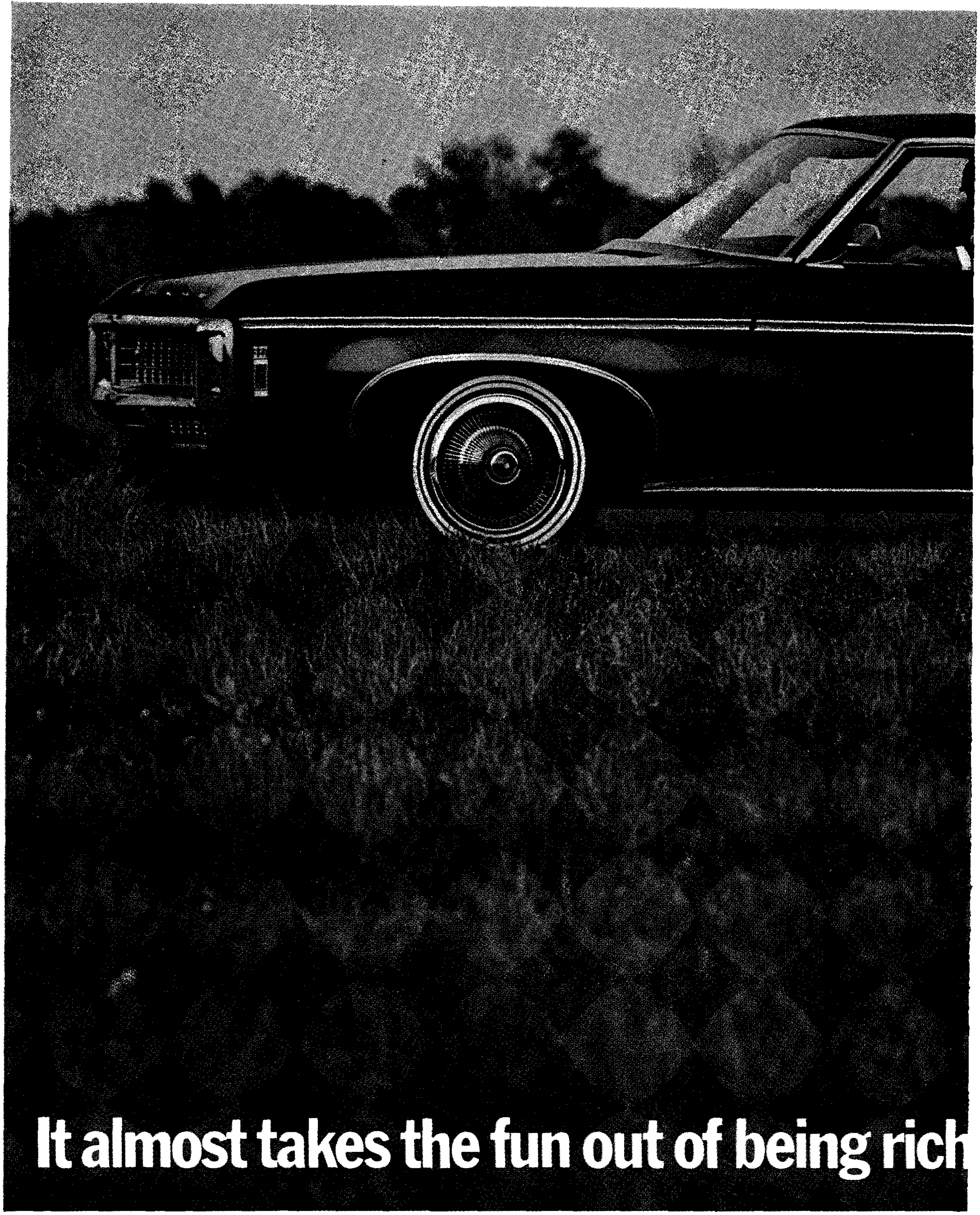

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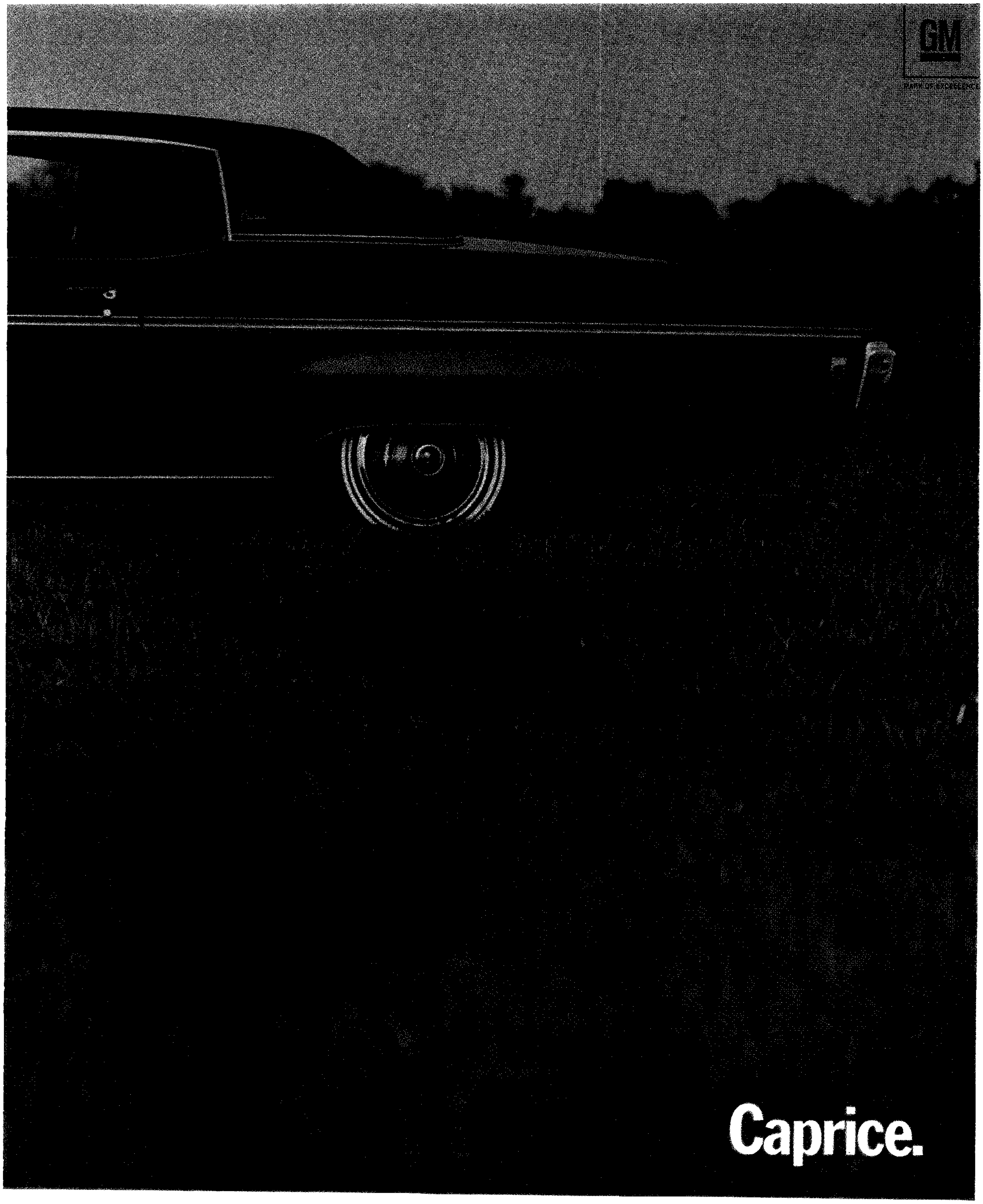

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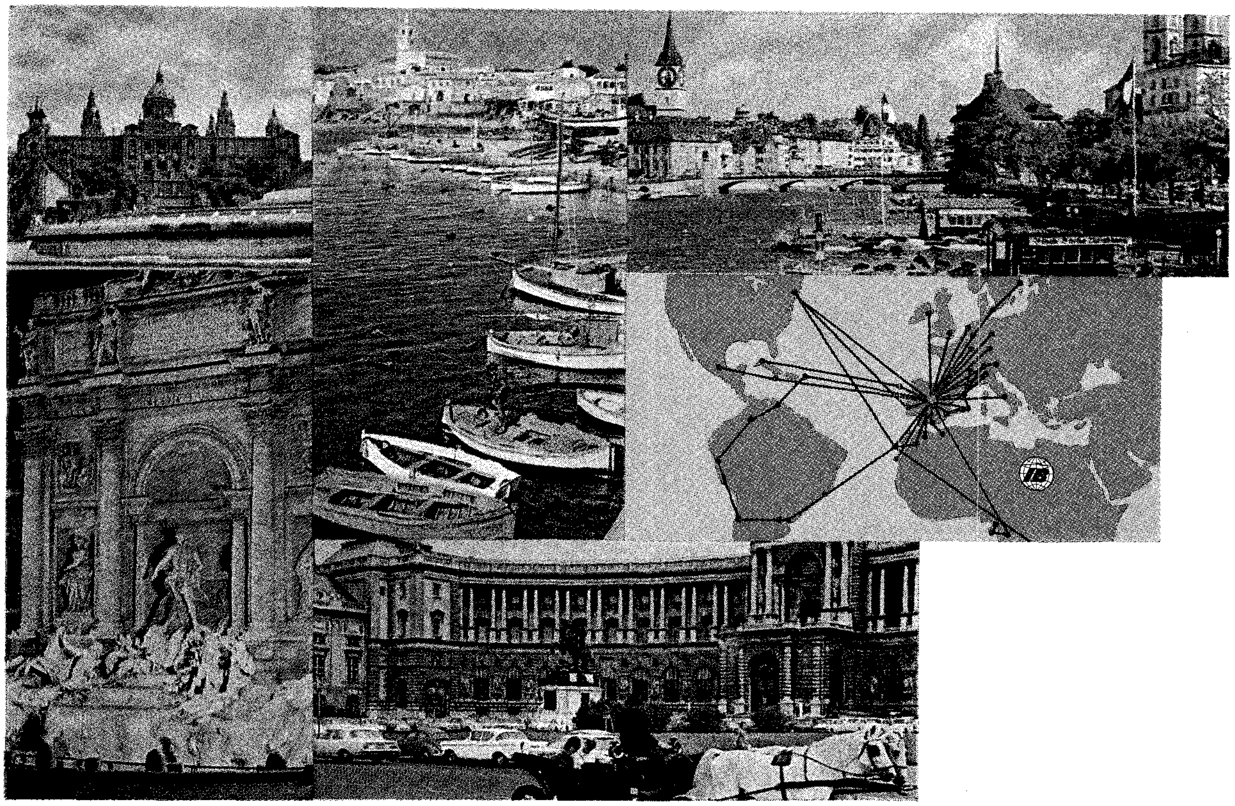

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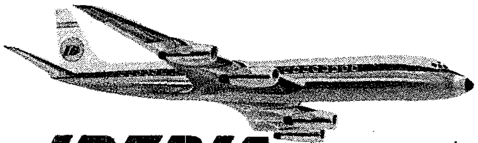

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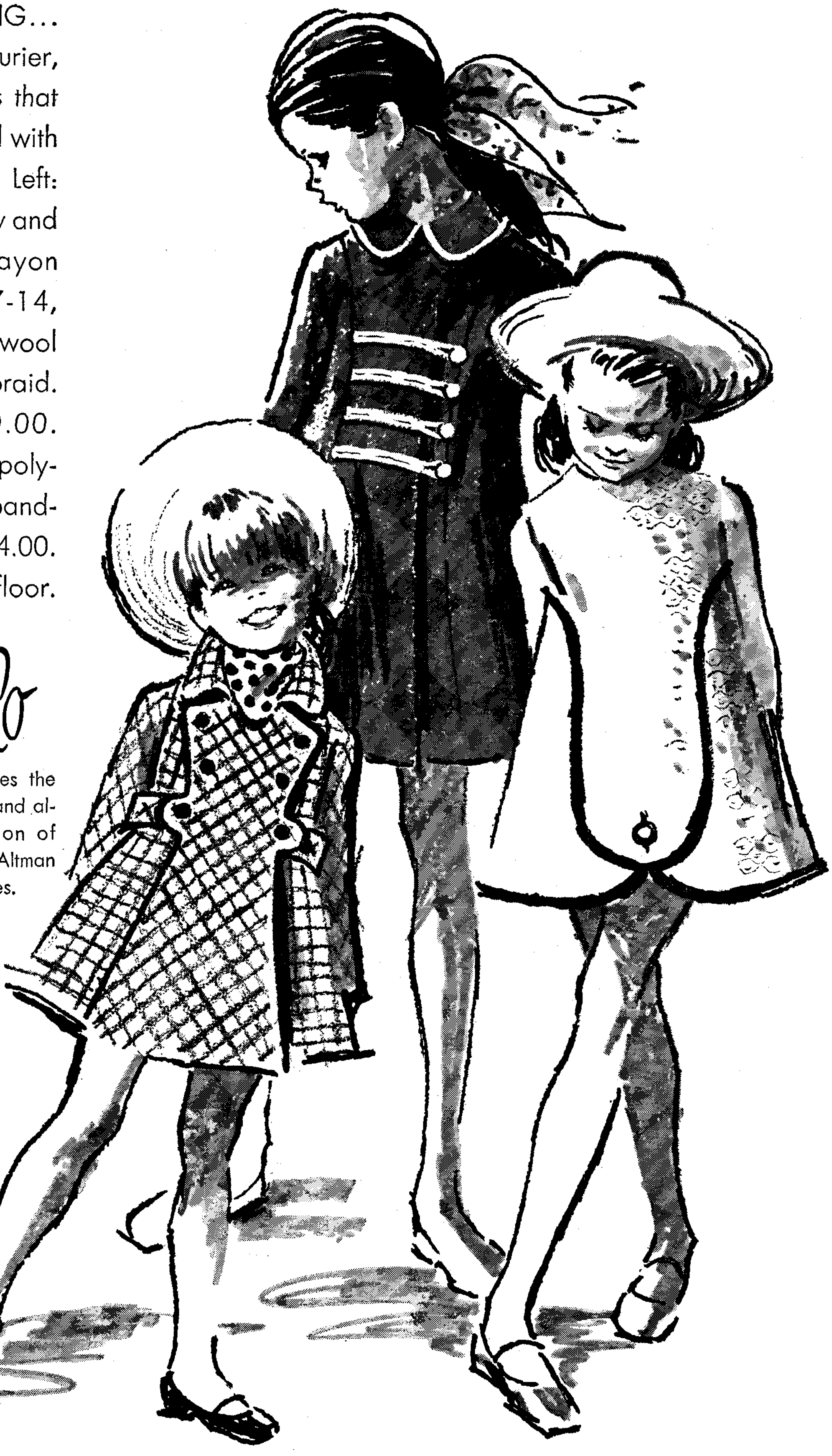


THE NEW YORKER

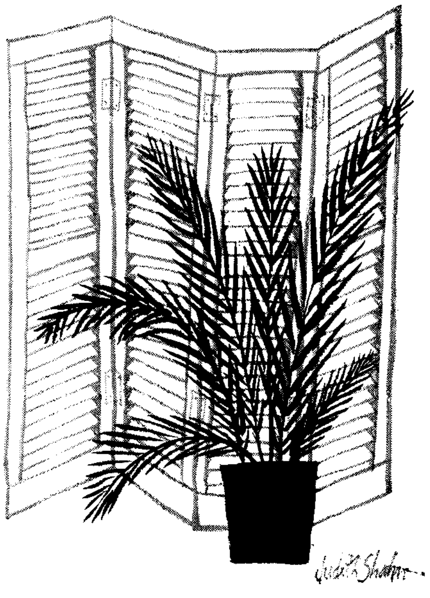
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

We like snow fences, and on cheerless wintry days we're always pleased to see one: the single file of pale-red slats reeling gracefully across a white landscape. We admire the unimposing order of snow fences, their wobbly dedication, the way they march across a meadow. We like them on the seashore, too. There's a beach we walk on often—a deserted one, except for summer and the warm days on either side—and along this beach, where the sea erodes the shore, a snow fence is strung each autumn; the stakes are hammered in below the dunes in the hope that the wired wooden slats may hold back the sand. Then winter storms attack the fragile-looking barricade. Waves and rocks knock the fence every which way; sand buries the fallen slats. By March, the fence leans and dips, vanishes for fifty yards under snow and ice, then reappears, slants up, reiterates its order, then plunges out of sight again. Come spring, the fence is sometimes found to be intact—bleached and flattened, but each slat, even if it's split, still connected by the twisted wires to the next. In the same way, we thought, walking along the beach, ideas sometimes survive, and people who believed in them are found, after a winter of onslaught, shattered but still linked together. It was a day of pallid sunlight and icy wind, and we were thinking again, as we often do, of Robert Kennedy. It was a year ago this Sunday that he announced his candidacy for the Presidency, standing in front of the microphones and television cameras in Washington. Afterward, he flew to New York and walked up Fifth Avenue, to the strident blare of the St. Patrick's Day parade bands, the mild applause and occasional booing of the crowds, and the jeers of "Go back to Boston, ya bum!" The campaign was on—frenzied, relentless, exhausting—and then, less than three months later, it was over, and Kennedy left New York for the last time, to be buried on the hillside overlooking the city where it had begun. No one now will ever forget him, and many will remember painfully, with piercing clarity, his vitality, his concern, his humor, his courage, his warmth. So much has been written about him since—about how he might have pulled the country together and steered it toward a new and grander destination. So much will be written about him in the future. For this bleak anniversary, it seems fitting to remember simply that once a most decent man was here, touching the lives of other people with hope and possibilities and generosity and love, and changing those people so that they would never again be precisely what they had been before. The snow fence of those who believed in him is buried; the sea has carried away great sections of the beach; the dunes are threatened. Perhaps, beneath the sand and snow, the fence still holds together. We wait to see.

Dick Francis

Dick Francis is a writer who used to be a steeplechase jockey. During the 1953-54 season, he was the champion jockey of England, having won seventy-six races. He might have won still more that year, but in the beginning of April he had a bad fall and hurt his back. After his first year as a professional rider—1948-49—he was always among the top half-dozen jockeys, riding for Lord Bicester and Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, among other people. In 1956, he almost won the Grand National on the Queen Mother's horse Devon Loch. He was leading by ten lengths when Devon Loch's hind legs suddenly and mysteriously stiffened, and the horse collapsed thirty yards from the finish. In 1957, Mr. Francis took up writing and retired from racing. He wrote his autobiography (having decided that a ghostwriter would get in his hair), became a regular racing correspondent for the London *Sunday Express*, and then, in 1961, began writing thrillers. Since that time, he has written seven mystery novels about horses and horse racing, and they are all absorbing tales, with fine, accurate details about racing. They are also very gallant stories; in each of his books his hero is contending against some personal handicap as well as against the forces of evil. We have been a fan of his for some years. Early this month, he was in New York for a week to celebrate the joint publication of his seventh thriller, "Forfeit," and the first American edition of his autobiography, which is called "The Sport of Queens," in deference to the Queen Mother. We caught up with him at the end of his week in town, and he kindly invited us to stop by the house of some American friends where he and his wife were recuperating from their New York parties.



Mr. Francis is a well-built and not very short man with brown hair. He says he grew up to be the ideal size and weight for steeplechase riding. He still rides regularly; his house, Penny Chase, on the Berkshire Downs, is less than a mile from the stables of a friend of his who is a trainer. "I get up early every day," he said. "Either to write or to ride out—in about equal proportions. The first animal I ever rode was a donkey. I was five at the time. I consider the donkey an excellent animal for small children who are beginners. The donkey has a natural tendency to stay still, and you have to kick him an awful lot to get him into a trot. You're forced to use your legs. Children who start their riding on a well-schooled pony are apt to expect that all horses will move as easily. I always knew that I wanted to become a jockey, and for me riding is very easy. Writing is hard work, but I find that there is a lot to write about in the racing world. There are many fine people who have had to do with horses. Colonel Sir Mike Ansell, who runs the Horse of the Year Show in London early in October, and runs it like clockwork, is absolutely blind. He lost his sight during the war. I know a man who hunts regularly who is deaf and dumb. He is a most beautiful horseman. My accountant used to be a jockey—until he had a fall that paralyzed him from the chest down. He made himself into one of the shrewdest and most intelligent public accountants in England. He says that as long as he can keep his mind on figures he doesn't notice the pain. It is enthralling to know people like that. As a racing correspondent, I attend about three race meetings a week, all over England, and this is useful for my novel-writing. My wife, Mary, always comes with me, and we must drive between twenty-five thousand and fifty thousand miles a year. I like driving, and it's very helpful for thinking about plots. If I'm stuck on a certain point, we will probably drive for a hundred miles or so without saying anything to one another. Each of us is thinking about it and trying to find a solution. After a hundred miles, we will compare notes. You've got to drop a few clues about, and you've got to drop a few red herrings as well. Mary is very helpful to me. I always have to show her my racing copy, and if I can get it past her I can usually get it past the subeditors in Fleet Street. She also works out a lot of the crimes for the novels. My colleagues say she has a crooked mind."

Mrs. Francis, who is slightly shorter than her husband, and who has blond hair and a charming smile, spoke up. "I just put in the full stops," she said. "*And some of the semicolons.*"

We asked Mr. Francis to tell us the name of the best horse he had ever ridden, and he said immediately, "Finnure. I'm not very good at remembering people's names, but I can remember horses' names. Finnure was one of Lord Bicester's best horses, a big chestnut—a super-horse, in fact. He had an accelerator like a Chrysler. I rode Finnure in the Grand National in 1951 with high hopes, but we didn't get any farther than the first fence. Aintree is a law unto itself. One of the jumps there, the Chair Jump, is five feet six inches high and three feet six inches wide on the top (you could walk along the top of it) and has a ditch six feet wide in front of it, and there's a pole in front of that two feet six inches high. It is quite awe-inspiring to look at when you're on foot. It's not so bad when you're on a horse. Aintree is a lot easier now than when I was riding. Then the fences were all like brick walls. Now they've been sloped. During my racing days, I broke twenty-one bones. I know the figure because Mary has counted them up. As a jockey, I broke one collarbone five times and the other one six. Now it's an even dozen. I broke my nose five times. The twenty-one broken bones don't include ribs. You don't count broken ribs, and you don't say anything to the doctor about them; you just carry on. If you let people know you'd broken them, you'd miss some races. The pain stops when you get warmed up. I do a good deal of judging at shows these days—mostly of hunters. In 1965, I was one of the judges at the Royal Show. I should have judged three days, but the first day I was out riding myself and had a bad fall. I cracked my skull and broke my collarbone—that's when I evened up the score. The doctor asked me if I had ever cracked my skull before, and I lied and said yes, so he thought it was an old break and they let me get up and judge the rest of the show. Mary says I didn't make much sense for the next two or three weeks. My last day's hunting this winter, back in December, I had a fall. I just rolled off and didn't hurt myself."

Mr. Francis paused, and we asked him how he came to write thrillers.

"I used to read a number of thrillers, when I had the time, and I liked them," he said. "I needed some more money, so I decided to write one. It was a success, so I have written one a year ever since. Mary took up flying when I was writing my novel 'Flying Finish.' The hero of that book flies a small plane when he can. Felix, one of our two sons, might go into flying, although he's also thinking about going to a university and reading engineering. Merrick, our other son, is a student jockey. He's had three rides, and he finished third in his first race. I hope he'll have a lot more."

Ancestors

A RECENT photograph on Page 1 of the *Times* of President Nixon's handsome Irish setter, which has been named King Timahoe, after the place in Ireland where Nixon's mother's ancestors, the Milhouses, were living before they came to America, reminded us of one of our quadrennial or octennial pursuits—taking a look at the ancestry of a newly inaugurated President. It turns out that both the first Nixon and the first Milhous to come to America arrived over two hundred years ago, and that most of the President's forebears on both sides for half a dozen generations were landowning, law-abiding farmers. As far as the genealogists have been able to determine, there is no skeleton in the family closet—not a usurer, horse thief, or philanderer to be found.

The first of the President's Nixon ancestors in America was apparently one James Nixon. Land records show that he bought a farm in Brandywine Hundred, in New Castle County, Delaware, in 1731. The date of his birth is unknown, and the place of his birth is uncertain (since old records tend to be skimpy or nonexistent, genealogy often takes one into the realm of the indefinite, and a good many perhapses and circas are prudent), but the two best probabilities are Scotland and Northern Ireland, because a large number of people emigrated from both places to Delaware, beginning in 1727. (James Nixon could have been born in America, but no likely document, such as his father's will, has been found to show that he was.) James Nixon obviously prospered; when he died, in 1775, he left money and a hundred-and-six-acre farm to one of his two sons and a hundred-acre farm and two slaves to the other. In addition, he left his four daughters money, some of which, according to his will, was in the hands of the Reverend Dr. Robert Smith, a Presbyterian minister who ran an academy at Pequea, Pennsylvania, so James Nixon may well have been a Presbyterian—a probability that fits in nicely with a Scottish or Northern Irish origin.

James's older son, the first of a succession of George Nixons (1752-1842), married Sarah Seeds, a member of an old Delaware family, in an Episcopal church, a few months after his father's death. He is known to have served in the Revolution three times:

as an ensign under George Washington at Trenton; as a private in the Battle of Brandywine, near his home; and as a lieutenant assigned to spying on and scouting against the British when they occupied Philadelphia. In 1833, when he was a frail old man applying for a military pension, he recalled the action at Trenton vividly, and noted that he still owned the sword and spontoon he had carried on that occasion. In 1803, he moved from Delaware to the outskirts of Washington, Pennsylvania, a frontier town of eight hundred people near the border of Ohio, which was just becoming a state, and in 1830, at the age of seventy-eight, he moved farther west—to Clinton County, Ohio.

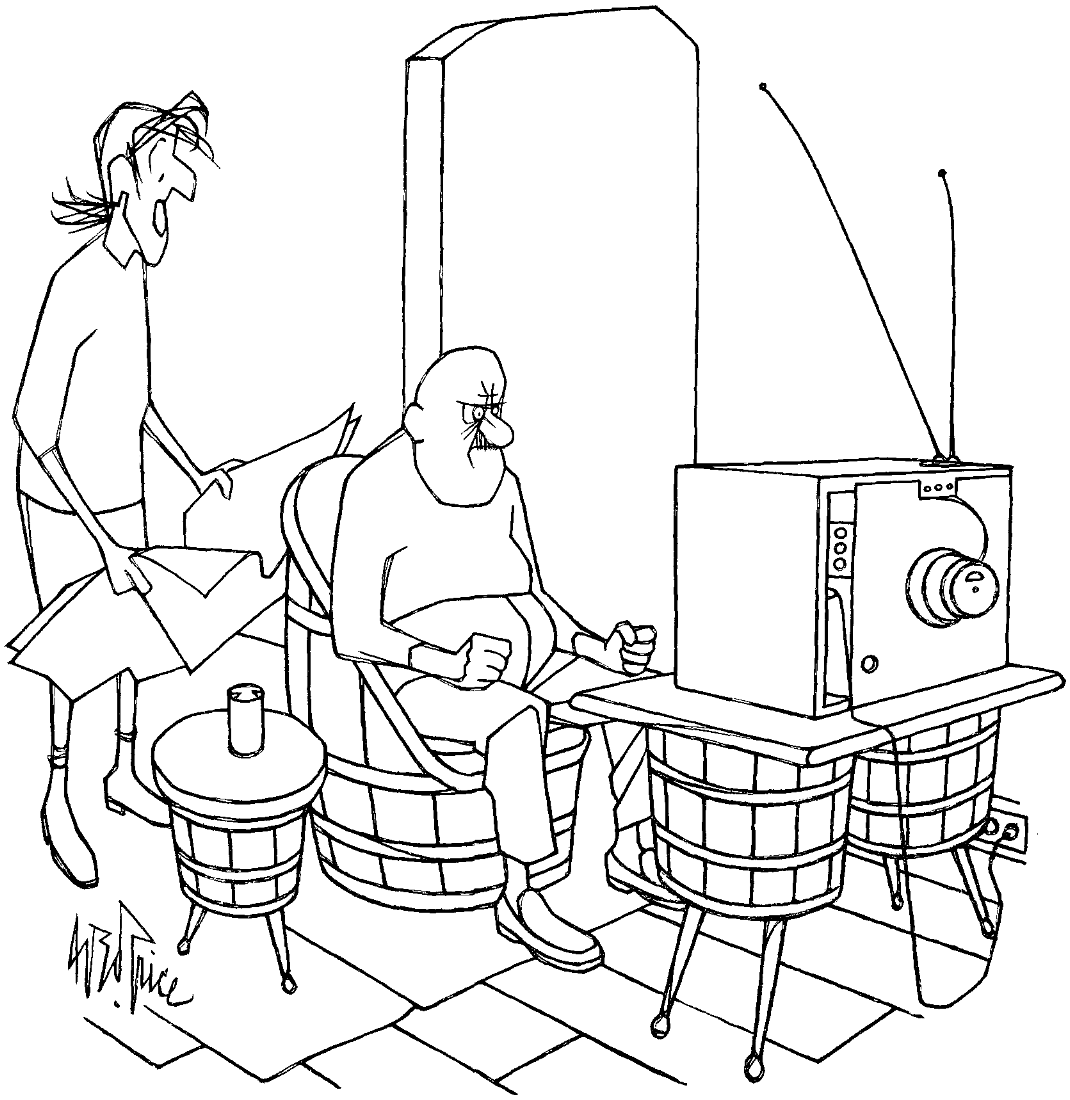
George Nixon II (1784-c.1865), the oldest son of George Nixon I, moved from Delaware to Pennsylvania with his father in 1803. Three years later, he married Hannah Wilson, daughter of William Wilson, a blacksmith and wagonmaker, and Eleanor Scothorn Wilson. (All the Milhouses were Quakers, but the Scothorns are the only known Quakers on the President's paternal side.) Hannah and George II were active Methodists, and the Nixons were Methodists for the next three generations. Hannah died around 1827, and George II remarried in 1830. His second wife was a local girl, who presumably enjoyed life in Washington County; in any case, he didn't move to Ohio with his father that year. In 1844, however, he did go to Vinton County, Ohio.

George Nixon III (1821-63), the third son of George II, was born in Washington County, Pennsylvania, and married Margaret Ann Trimmer there in 1843. Ten years later, he moved to Ohio, just as his grandfather and his father had done before him. On November 9, 1861, he enlisted in the Union Army as a private. He was fatally wounded at Gettysburg in July, 1863, and is buried in the Gettysburg National Cemetery. His widow died twenty months later, leaving their eight children orphans. The Trimmers, who are of Dutch, German, or Swiss origin, are the only family not from the British Isles in the President's direct paternal line.

The President's paternal grandfather, Samuel Brady Nixon (1847-1914), was the second son of George III, and he moved from Pennsylvania to Ohio with his parents at the age of six. In 1873, he married Sarah Ann Wadsworth, a storekeeper's daughter. Samuel Brady Nixon was a farmer, but he also found time to teach school and to carry mail. His wife's health was poor, and, despite attempts to find a better climate, she died in 1886. He remarried, and lived in Ohio until he died.

President Nixon's father, Francis Anthony Nixon, was the second son of Samuel Brady Nixon and was born in Ohio in 1878. After his mother's death, Francis (he was always called Frank) went to live on an uncle's farm. In 1901, he moved to Columbus, Ohio, where he was a streetcar motorman for some years. In 1907, he went to Whittier, California, and took a job as a streetcar motorman there. At a party that the streetcar's conductor gave that year, Frank Nixon met a Quaker girl named Hannah Milhous. They were married in 1908. Richard Milhous Nixon (b. January 9, 1913) was the second of their five sons. For some years after his marriage, Frank Nixon operated a ranch and worked as a carpenter; in 1922 he opened a store in East Whittier, and he operated it until he retired. The store was a family enterprise, and at one time or another each of the Nixon boys was put to work in it. When the future President was in high school, his father told him he could take charge of the vegetable stand and keep his earnings from it for his college fund. Richard Nixon got up at four in the morning and drove into the wholesale market in Los Angeles to buy fruit and vegetables, and he arranged the stand before he went to school, sorting out the produce that had spoiled. He has since been quoted as saying, "I never drive by a vegetable stand without feeling sorry for the guy who picks out the rotten apples." Frank Nixon died in 1956; Hannah Milhous Nixon died in 1967.

Hannah Milhous Nixon's great-great-great-grandfather came to Amer-



"Have you got a minute to help me compose a crank letter?"

ica two hundred and forty years ago. On May 29, 1729, a certificate (a copy of it is still in the family's possession) was issued by the Dublin Quaker Meeting to Thomas Milhous, to his wife, Sarah, to their three small children, and to Sarah's parents, James and Catharine Miller, transferring them from their Meeting in Ireland to a new one in Pennsylvania; many Quakers left Ireland at that time, seeking religious freedom in William Penn's colony. The certificate says that Thomas and Sarah were late of Timahoe, which is in County Kildare. The ruins of an old Quaker graveyard still exist in Timahoe, but it has no tombstones, and none of the residents have ever heard the name Milhous. (There are no Milhouses listed in Ireland's phone directories, but there are eighteen Nixons.) Thomas Milhous (1699-1770) was the son of John and Sarah Mickle Milhous, who lived and died in Ireland. The family is probably from Germany, and the original name was probably Milhausen; the genealogists are still trying to substantiate these probabilities.

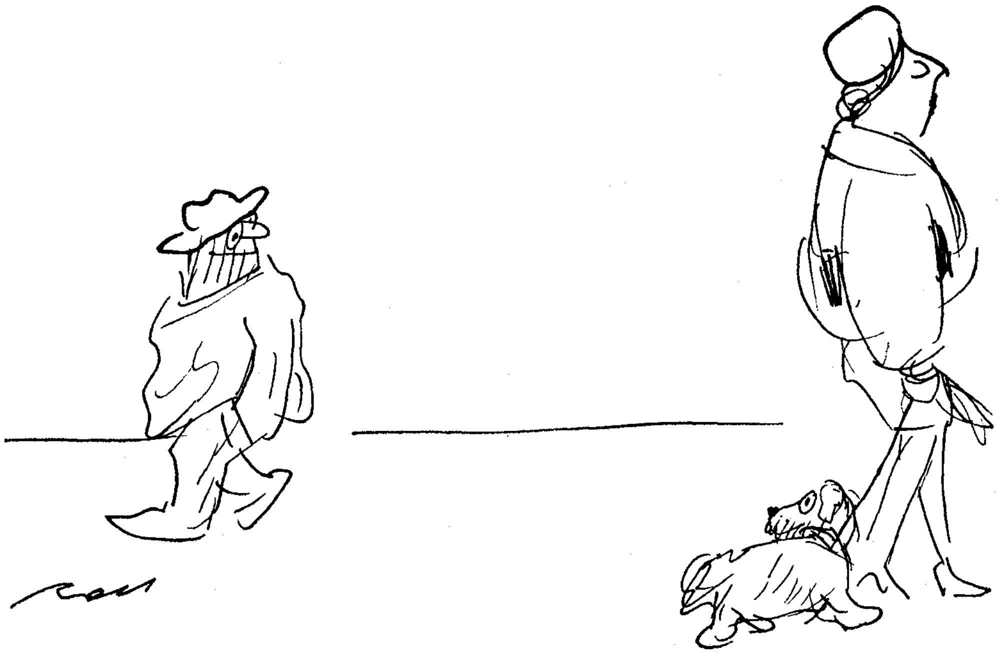
The Milhouses and the Nixons met for the first time in California, when the President's parents were introduced, but the two families had followed much the same westward path. Thomas Milhous lived in Chester County, Pennsylvania, while James Nixon was living twenty miles south, just over the Delaware line, in Brandywine Hundred. In 1805, two years after George Nixon I left Delaware for Washington, Pennsylvania, Thomas Milhous's sixth child, William Milhous (1738-1826), moved from Chester County to Belmont County in eastern Ohio, thirty miles to the west. William Milhous's seventh child, William Milhous, Jr. (1783-1874), stayed put, but his son, Joshua Vickers Milhous (1820-93), Nixon's maternal great-grandfather, moved east to a Quaker colony in Westland, fifteen miles east of Washington, Pennsylvania, and was married in Washington County, just as Nixon's paternal great-grandfather, George Nixon III, was; Joshua Milhous later moved to Indiana. Joshua Milhous's sixth child, Franklin Milhous (1848-1919), moved his family from Indiana to Whittier, California, in 1897, when his daughter Hannah was twelve years old.

Franklin Milhous had a brother, Jesse, whose daughter Grace became Mrs. Eldo West; her daughter Jessamyn West—the President's second cousin—has written novels, such as "Friendly Persuasion," about her Quaker ancestors, and was the one who suggested Timahoe as a name for the new White House dog, when she attended the reception that the Nixons gave for their relatives on Inauguration Day.

Both the Milhous and the Nixon families are large, and if Julie Eisenhower has a child and wants to give him or her a family name, she will have any number of good ones to choose from. Our choices include Cinderella Nixon, after a second cousin once removed, and Boston Nixon, after a great-uncle.

The Faces of the Husbands

Joe Lustig, a very nice, very serious, very hard-working publicity agent representing John Cassavetes, the movie actor and director, called us up and said, "You ought to meet John. He's making his third movie, 'Husbands,' all over New York. A real New York movie. A real Schrafft's. Mickey Walker's Bar, on Eighth Avenue. Kennedy Airport. Port Washington. Real Port Washington houses. A real Port Washington cemetery. John is very real. You probably saw his movie 'Faces,' which he wrote and directed."



"Yes," we said. "Seemed real. All those people hacking away at each other and laughing wildly."

"Very real," Lustig said. "John is working the same way with 'Husbands,' which he also wrote and is directing. And he's playing one of three husbands. The other husbands are Ben Gazzara and Peter Falk. And he's got *complete artistic control. Real freedom.*"

"How did he manage to get *that*?" we asked.

"By insisting on it—but he'll tell you all about it," Lustig said. "John won't work any other way. And he's given Ben and Peter a percentage of the movie instead of big salaries. You ought to see and *listen* to John, Ben, and Peter together, actually. Why don't you come and watch the dailies with us at Fox and then go on from there?"

"Fine," we said.

A few hours later, we were sitting in a Fox projection room with John, Ben, Peter, Joe, and a few other people associated with "Husbands."

"Roll it, please!" Cassavetes commanded, in a real directorial tone, and we had a fine time watching the results of the previous day's filming, which happened to have taken place in the interior of a real Pan American transatlantic plane. According to the story of the movie, Cassavetes, Gazzara, and Falk were leaving their real, conventional Port Washington families and were heading for some real fun in London. The 5-4-3-2-1-and-action shots—like all daily film rushes, as far as we're concerned—were exciting, and interesting to watch: the repeats of the same takes, the different shots over the same dialogue. The movie was in real color.

The lights went on. We blinked at our nearest neighbor, Ben Gazzara, and thanked him for letting us watch his dailies.

"We're gambling on our own talent," Gazzara said, in his growly, sad way. "I feel young again."

"Now let's go and eat and talk," Lustig said.

"I can't," Gazzara said. "My wife has a sore throat, the girls have sore throats, and I promised to be home."

We were soon sitting at a table in a nearby Italian restaurant with Lustig, Cassavetes, Falk, and the "Husbands" producer, a stocky young man named Al Ruban, who had worked with Cassavetes on "Faces," as a producer and also as co-editor.

"We shot seven hundred thousand feet of film for 'Faces,' and we edited the whole thing down to ten thousand feet in John's garage in California," Ruban said. "It took us three years. John believes in 'Faces.' He waits outside the theatre and asks people to go in and see the picture. Then he waits and wants to know what they thought of the picture."

Cassavetes spoke. "You want people to love what you do, right?" he said to us, somewhat belligerently.

"Yes," we said.

"If somebody tells you you're fantastic, that isn't enough!" he shouted. "They have to *mean* it!"

"O.K.," we said, feeling vaguely that we were being pushed back into "Faces."

"You should have seen us working in his garage on 'Faces,'" Ruban said. "John remembers every frame—not every frame in the picture but every frame we ever *shot*."

Cassavetes gave us an intense look.

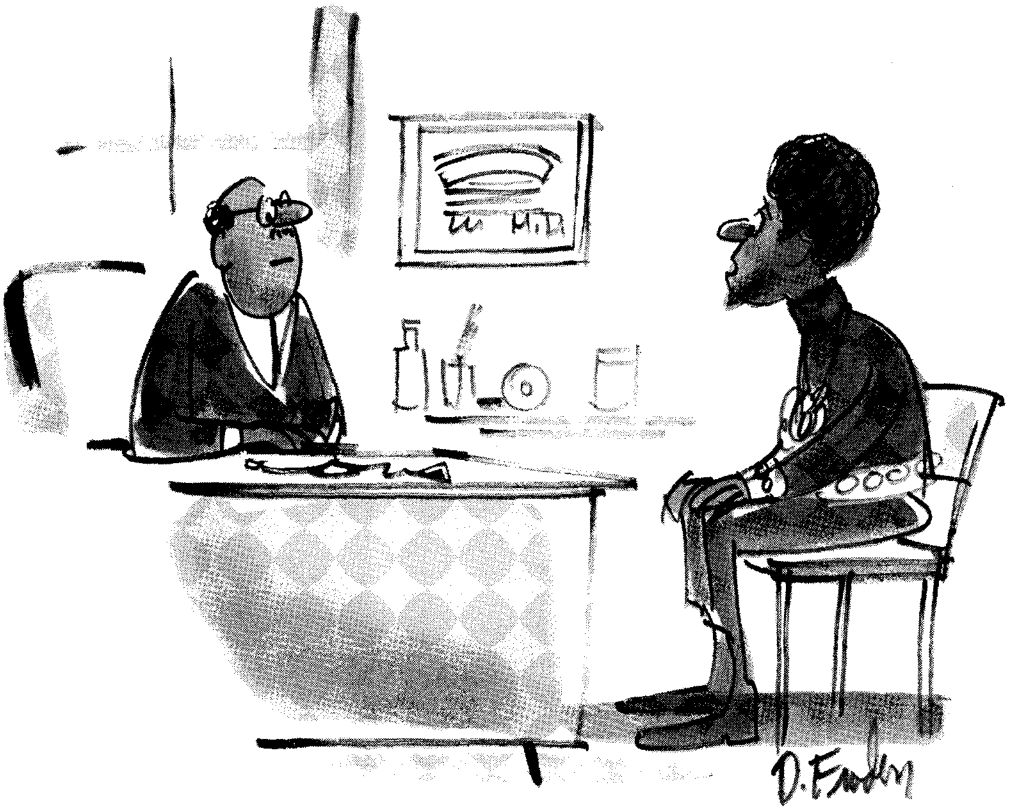
"Fantastic," we said quickly, and meaning it.

"What John believes in on the screen is life and spontaneity," Falk said to us, in his cinematic charming-gangster manner. "He wants to see something combustible happen."

Cassavetes was laughing violently to himself. Then he cut his laugh off and gave us another intense look. "Peter, Ben, and I would never have been cast together in a film by anybody!" he exclaimed. "For one thing, we all have dark hair." He laughed violently to himself again. "So Peter had an idea that I should do a picture with him."

"Where was that, and when?" we asked.

"At the Celtic-Laker basketball game in Los Angeles, at the Sports Arena," said Falk. "I had never spoken to John before, but I saw him at the Sports Arena. My wife had gone to school with him in Port Washington. So I yelled to him, 'Elaine May has a movie, "Mikey and Nicky," about two hoods! Do you want to be in it?' It was the first line I ever spoke to John. He yelled back 'Yes!' Six months later, I'm sitting in the Paramount commissary, and John comes over to me and starts talking about 'our' picture. 'What picture?' So he says, 'I want to make a picture with you, me, and Benny. About three husbands. Their friend dies, and they go to London.' Then I never saw John again, for another year. Then I was in Belgrade, Yugoslavia, making a picture, 'Castle Keep,' and I got a wire from my agent saying I was offered a part in a picture about the Mafia, 'At Any Price,' which John was in. I thought I would call him. He was in Rome. He said, 'You've got the best part!' Without pausing, he said, 'Did you get my offer?' 'What offer?' I asked. 'For the picture that you, me, and Benny are gonna make,' he said. Then he started telling me the whole picture, long distance. I said, 'I'll come to Rome.' So I came to Rome. He tells me the whole story. Not bad, not good. Some terrific stuff. Some terrible stuff. More than the material, I felt *him*. I felt his presence. The excitement. The belief in himself. I felt his honesty. Then I asked him to tell the story again. He left out some of the best parts. But he added some good things. All in all, I was impressed by his fertility. He's incredibly fertile."



"I just feel rundown, tired, and sort of nonmilitant."

"What happened after that?" we asked Cassavetes.

"Pete is our spokesman," Cassavetes said. "Benny's got the loudest voice, but Benny's not here." He went off again into his very private laughter.

"John has a rebellious perversity, but it's an intelligent rebellious perversity," Falk said to us.

Lustig said, "I think, John, you might want to tell what happened when you gave the script of 'Husbands' to one of the heads of one of the big companies to read."

Cassavetes looked angry. "That has nothing to do with it," he said. "Only one thing makes it exciting. That Peter and Ben and I can express something that's intimate, personal, and clean. Are we going to fulfill our promise to *ourselves*? We want everyone to see this picture. We want this picture to make money. We all want to make a lot of money. That's what we want."

"Yes," we said, trying to keep out of "Faces." "How did you arrange the financing, so that you have the freedom to—"

"Freedom!" Cassavetes shouted. "Freedom! We begin by being un-free and conforming! We are slaves to ourselves! We're frightened little things! All of us!"

We couldn't hold on any longer. We *were* in "Faces."

Cassavetes rocked with laughter.

Falk put his head close to ours. "What do you think of John?" he asked softly. "Isn't he real?"

"Very," we said.

"He's *healthy!*" Falk said. "John is incredibly healthy. He's really healthy. The healthiest man I know."

LIFE IN THESE NOW UNITED STATES

(The "Reader's Digest" Is Captured by the Enemy)

AMERICAN OLEOS

Officer Bob, who has directed traffic on our Main Street for as long as most of us can remember, saw a long-haired, typically "messy-looking" youth crossing against the lights one morning. He blew his whistle, stopping all traffic, and said, "Watch your step, Miss." When the teen-ager glared at him, the well-liked minion of the law smiled and said, "Oh, I beg your pardon. I thought you were a girl. You *look* like a girl."

"And you look like J. Edgar Hoover's grandmother in drag," shot back the youngster. He stepped closer to Officer Bob and said, "Listen, Fuzz-head, if you read anything besides *The Spanker's Monthly*, you'd know by now that hostility to unusual forms of male dress almost invariably conceals a repressed homosexuality, marked by hysteria and frequent episodes of enraged brutality. Likewise, if you could stop fondling the butt of that Smith & Wesson Police Special like some cornball Rod Steiger, you might notice that you've been wising off at the son of the First Selectman. My pop has his eye on you, Sturmbannführer, and you'd better, like, get on the stick."

The next morning, when the same young man appeared at Officer Bob's crossing, they had a briefer exchange. "Pig!" said the lad. "Punk!" muttered Officer Bob. That day, however, Officer Bob gave out forty-seven tickets for overtime parking, issued fourteen summonses to schoolchildren for loitering, and arrested an eighty-three-year-old grandmother for driving with a mud-spattered license plate. Now he is our town's Chief of Police. "I sure learned my lesson," says Officer Bob, twinkling. "The kids are where it's at."—Betty Birch (in the Iowa *Grunt*).

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In addition to her duties as our school-bus driver and town clerk, my Great-Aunt Hannah, a widow, is a nudist. Every afternoon, rain or shine, she lies down on the glider on her front porch, as naked as a doorknob (See "Toward a More With-It Speech," P. 89.—*Ed.*), and reads *Sunshine and Health*, in plain view of all the traffic on Elm Street. As you can imagine, this has caused some "talk," but over the years our town has learned to put up with her little ways. "If we just ignore her," said the Rev. Gantry, the Jansenist minister, "maybe she'll knock it off. Or catch a bad cold," he added, chuckling.

Last fall, Aunt Hannah's granddaughter, Esther-Mae, went off to college at State U., and a few weeks later Esther-Mae's picture appeared on the front page of the new undergraduate paper there; she was taking part in a Grape Strike Pageant, and she was as naked as a darning egg. (Very good!—*Ed.*) Now Esther-Mae has moved to the East Village, in New York, where we hear she has embarked on a profitable film career, and lots of the kids in our town have taken to spending the afternoons with Great-Aunt Hannah on the porch, where they eat cookies and look at her picture books. As my husband says, "It only shows to go you—you can't knock tolerance!"—Alice Leonowens (from *The Pharmacist's Retort*).

RAPPING OUT LOUD

I'VE discovered what's bugging my Dad—the F.B.I.!—Buddy Fliegelman, in the P.S. 92 *Grab-Bag*.

Marriage is a long sentence that begins with a proposition.—*The Christian Dentist*.

We had a prairie fire last summer, and by the time it was over the whole town was smoking grass. Get it?—Tom Beeber (Petunia, Colo.).

I can read my Dad like a book—and he wears a plain brown wrapper.—Buddy Fliegelman, *ibid*.

A BOY NAMED ERNESTO

Another Boring Story from Everyday Life

ONE afternoon, many years ago, a rich American was having his shoes shined on a sidewalk in Cienfuegos, a city in Cuba. The ragged local boy on his knees before him was working away with a will, humming a native song and making the shoecloth pop. The American removed his Panama hat and wiped the perspiration from his brow with a silk handkerchief, and then puffed with satisfaction on his Havana cigar. It had been a good day for him. He was a broker for the United Fruit Company, and that morning he had concluded a profitable deal with a corrupt landowner that would halve the wages for several thousand local sugar workers while simultaneously depriving them of their right ever to own bicycles. He had also arranged with the wily governor of the province to raise the tax on literacy—a plan that would swell the already bloated coffers of the infamous United Fruit monopoly. Yes indeedy, it was a good day!

The boy finished his labors, and the American handed him a counterfeit peso.

"No teep, señor?" asked the lad, with an impudent grin.

"No 'teep,' Pedro," said the man, tousling his hair. "Sorry 'bout that. The sooner you greaseballs learn to stand on your own feet and give an honest day's work for an honest day's pay, the sooner us gringos will be hotfooting it to Switzerland with the last contents of your Treasury. *Comprende*?"

"*Sí, señor*," piped the boy. "And *muchas gracias* for another valuable lesson in laissez-faire economics. I won't be needing your filthy lagniappe anymore, for I'm off for the Sierra Maestra." And he threw the lead coin in the man's face and strode away.

Only then did the American glance down and notice that the peasant lad had shined his nice white shoes with stove polish. He started after him with an oath, but the clever youngster had tied his shoelaces together, and the imperialist fell heavily to the pavement and fractured his pince-nez.

"*Ay, Chihuahua!*" cried the boy's mother, who had been watching this scene from the window of her slum. "Ernesto, come back! We will starve—and besides, you have forgotten to brush your teeth *con* Gleem!"

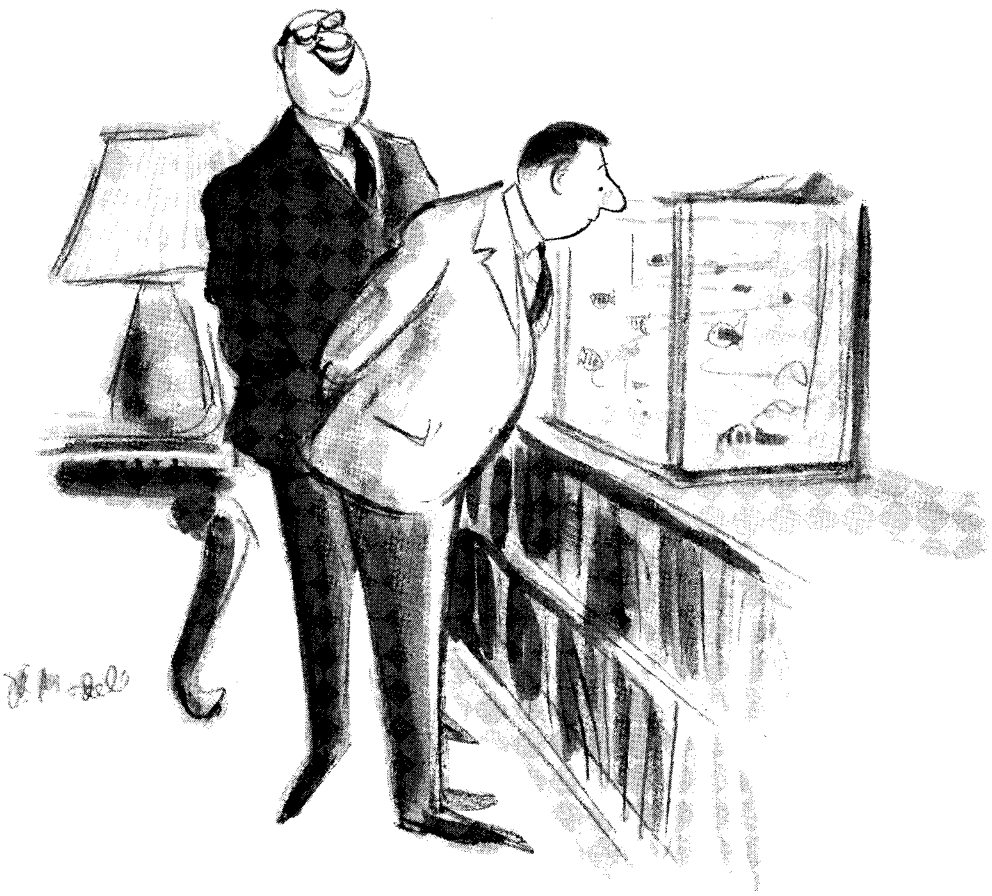
"I will be back, Mamacita, astride the wind of history!" cried the boy from the corner. "One day—I swear it to you, *madre mia*—this man's son will pin my likeness, in a giant poster, to the wall of his room at the Groton School!"

The ragged boy was right. Che Guevara was on his way!

PUT-ONS: THE BEST MEDICINE

ONE evening last autumn, second graders at the Vapid Falls, Minn., elementary school locked their principal, Mr. Forbush, in a mop closet and proceeded to wreck his office. They burned the school records and stuffed Mallomars into his dictating machine. They poured ink all over his checkbook, mucilage in his rubbers, and raspberry Kool-Aid in his box of cigars. They tore down his picture of President Harding and played kickball with his globe.

The next morning, after the school janitor had released him from the mop closet, Forbush went directly to the



"To them, I suppose, I'm the big fish in the sky."

second-grade room. "O.K., kids," he said to the class. "I'm ready to talk turkey. Amnesty for demonstrators is guaranteed. Compulsory naps are abolished. What are your demands?"

The boys and girls looked at each other in astonishment. "What demands, Mr. Forbush?" piped up Billy Fraser at last. "Gee whiz, haven't you ever heard of Trick or Treat?"

"Holy mackerel, I forgot about Halloween!" Forbush cried, smacking himself on the forehead and laughing heartily. "The joke's on me, kids." Still chuckling, he expelled the entire class.

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Hiram Warsaw, a nineteen-year-old Bronx dropout, grew tired of making obscene telephone calls one day. Instead, he looked up the name of the last man in the Manhattan telephone book and called him up. "Hello, Mr. Zzyzybyzynsky?" he said.

"Yes?" said Mr. Zzyzybyzynsky warily.

"I was just looking in the phone book and I noticed—"

"Yeah, I know, I *know!*" Mr. Zzyzybyzynsky shouted.

"Don't hang up!" Warsaw said. "Listen, I just saw you were the last name in the phone book and I thought I'd call you up, because my name is Aababonowicz and I'm the *first* man in the Manhattan book."

"No kidding?" said Zzyzybyzynsky, interested.

"Yeah, how *about* that!" Warsaw said. "I was thinking we ought to get together somewhere, Mr. Zzyzybyzynsky, and grok about our problems. I mean, we have a lot in common."

"Yeah, O.K., sure thing," said Mr. Zzyzybyzynsky eagerly. "Where shall we meet?"

"Oh, around the 'M's somewhere," said Warsaw, and hung up. The next day, in an inexplicable fit of ennui, he enlisted in the Marines for a four-year hitch.

● ●

NEW HOPE FOR LYCANTHROPY!

THANKS TO THE TREATMENT OF A COURAGEOUS BACKWOODS PSYCHIATRIST, VICTIMS OF AMERICA'S MOST WHISPERED-ABOUT ILLNESS ARE AT LAST TAKING THEIR PLACE IN NORMAL SOCIETY (condensed from *The Garageman's Almanac*).

WHEN Ralph Waldo Lupus, the only child of a wealthy Winnetka, Ill., couple, was about six months old, his mother first noticed that he had long gray hair growing on his palms, but the family pediatrician assured her (wrongly) that this minor oddity would soon "clear itself up." Little Ralph Waldo's boyhood was happy and unnotable—with one exception. Approximately once a month, at the time of the full moon, he would have no appetite for his breakfast. Questioned by Mrs. Lupus, he invariably reported that he felt "full"—rather as if he had eaten several large hamburgers, cooked very rare, during the night. He also told about experiencing vivid dreams of running about the countryside "dressed up like a big doggy." His mother decided he had been reading too many comic books, and thereafter "cracked down" on his reading matter.

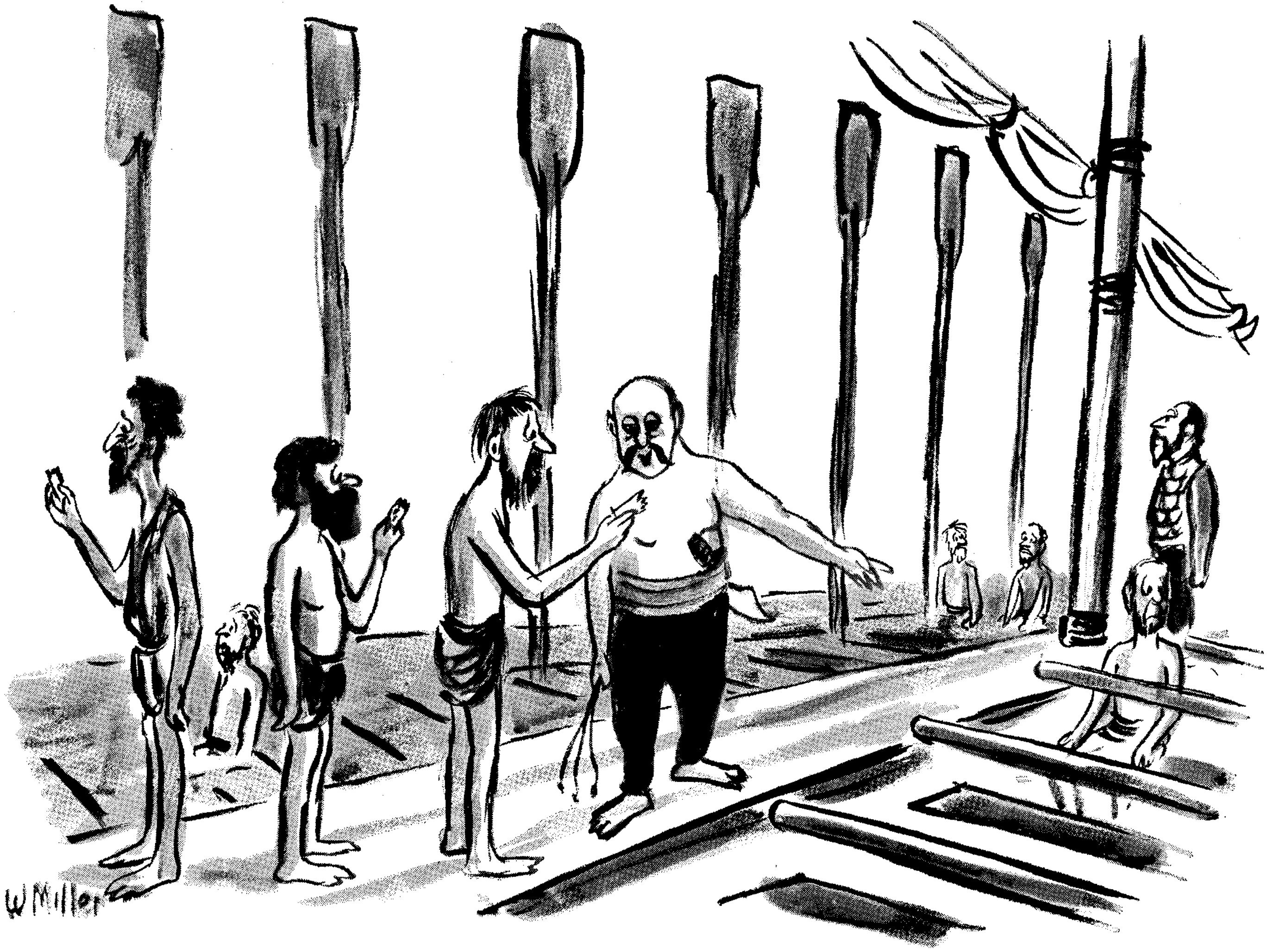
For some years, life went along smoothly enough for this typical American family. The only cloud on the Lupuses' horizon was the curious fact that they seemed unable to keep any dogs or other pets on their estate. A series of watchdogs—an Airedale, three dachshunds, a bull terrier, and a large German shepherd—vanished, one by one, after a week or two in residence, always apparently running away during the night. At the same time, Mr. Lupus noted the gradual dwindling of his herd of angora rabbits. One morning, after the hired man had reported the theft or flight of the family's prize Merino ram, young Ralph Waldo, now fourteen, slept very late and then breakfasted on four Alka-Seltzers. Mr. Lupus, pleading a sudden business engagement, packed a bag and hurriedly left the house, never to return.

Alone, and by now deeply concerned about her son's appearance, which seemed to alternate rapidly between emaciation and sleek good health, Mrs. Lupus began a six-year medical odyssey to find diagnosis and treatment for her boy. Across the land, diagnosticians, psychiatrists, dentists, and nutritionists examined Ralph Waldo, and, noting only an unusually rangy musculature of the lower body, pronounced him healthy and normal. At last, depleted in spirit and pocketbook, Mrs. Lupus brought her son last year to the rustic clinic of psychiatrist Dr. Jakob Pretorius, in northern Manitoba. Dr. Pretorius, a small, white-haired man with extremely thick glasses, examined Ralph Waldo for an hour and then sat down for a private chat with Mrs. Lupus.

"Madam," he said bluntly, "I know what you suspect."

"You do?" said Mrs. Lupus, blenching.

"You believe your son to be a vic-



"7-D? Yes, you're right here, on the outside."

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tim of lycanthropy. In plain words, you think he is a werewolf."

Mrs. Lupus nodded, her face suffused with shame. "At last, it's out in the open," she murmured.

"Which is half the battle," said the good Doctor. "Madam, I can help your son. I can even guarantee a cure. The fact is, Mrs. L., *there is no such thing as lycanthropy!* It exists only in the mind."

"But, Doctor—those howls in the night? Those scrabbling footsteps on the porch roof?"

"Only the wind," said Dr. Pretorius.

"Those sudden changes in appearance?"

"Psychosomatic. You see, your son *believes* he is a werewolf, and so, secretly, do you. You are both victims of a delusion more common than is suspected. Why, *why* must we still go on whispering about lycanthropy! When will we rid ourselves once and for all of this burden of superstition and fear that has come down to us from the Dark Ages? Madam, this is the twentieth century!"

Dr. Pretorius sent Mrs. Lupus back to Winnetka on the next train, having explained that he would lock himself alone in a small room with Ralph Waldo on the night of the next full moon, which was to fall two days later, and then merely awaken the young man at the proper time for "a good, long talk."

A week later, Ralph Waldo Lupus came home, a changed man. There was a new confidence in his step, a ruddy flush of health in his cheeks. Indeed, he seemed so well, so mature, that Mrs. Lupus quickly agreed when he asserted that he wished to seek his fortune in Chicago.

Unfortunately, Mrs. Lupus was not able to thank Dr. Pretorius. His associates have told her that he disappeared on the very night of Ralph Waldo's cure, leaving only his shoes, notebook, and worry beads in the room. They believe him to be suffering from amnesia, brought on by overwork. It is sad he can't see Ralph Waldo Lupus today—a fine young man snatched back by intelligent psychotherapy from a social stigma that now, thanks to Dr. Jakob Pretorius, will be rooted from the darkest places of the American unconscious. Mrs. Lupus visited her son recently and noted with pride that he had gained fifteen pounds and two inches in the past six months. He is a rookie in the Chicago Police Department, assigned to park patrol, and expects promotion shortly.

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Coming Next Month:

Black Power: The Miracle of the Electric Eel
Playin' My Axe: Harold Stassen's New Career as a Rock Musician
Let's Get in God's Bag
From Pot to Hash: Confessions of a Short-Order Cook
Human Encounter Groups: New Hope for the Post Office?
The Friendly Lepers of Katmandu
Getting Busted: The Truth About Those Silicone Treatments
And other articles of heartening credulousness!

—ROGER ANGELL

THE OPTIMIST'S DAUGHTER

I

OUT of Chicago, suddenly here in New Orleans, Laurel Hand sat inside the windowless room where her father waited on the doctor who would examine his eyes. Judge McKelva was a tall, heavy man of seventy-one who customarily wore his glasses on a ribbon. Holding them in his hand now, he sat raised on the thronelike chair above the doctor's stool, flanked on one side by Laurel and on the other by his second wife, Fay.

Dr. Courtland, on the dot, crossed the room in long steps and shook hands with Judge McKelva and Laurel. He had to be introduced to Fay, who had been married to Judge McKelva for only a year and a half. Then the Doctor was on the stool with his heels hung over the rung. He lifted his face in appreciative attention: as though it were he who had waited in New Orleans for Judge McKelva—in order to give the Judge a present, or for the Judge to bring him one.

"Nate," Laurel's father was saying, "the trouble may be I'm not as young as I used to be. But I'm ready to believe it's something in my eyes."

As though he had all the time in the world, Dr. Courtland folded his big country hands with the fingers that had always looked, to Laurel, as if their simple touch on the crystal of a watch would convey through their skin exactly what time it was.

"I date this little disturbance from George Washington's Birthday," Judge McKelva said.

Dr. Courtland nodded, as though that were a good day for it. "Tell me about the little disturbance," he said.

"I'd come in. I'd done a little rose pruning—I've retired, you know. And I stood at the end of my front porch there, with an eye on the street—Fay had slipped out somewhere," said Judge McKelva, and bent on her his benign smile that looked so much like a scowl.

"I was only uptown in the beauty parlor, letting Myrtis roll up my hair," said Fay.

"And I saw the fig tree," said Judge McKelva. "The fig tree! Giving off flashes from those old bird-frighteners Becky saw fit to tie on that tree years back!"

Both men smiled. They were of two generations but the same place. Becky was Laurel's mother. Those little homemade reflectors, rounds of tin, did not halfway keep the birds from the figs in July.

"Nate, you remember as well as I do, that tree stands between my back yard and where your mother used to keep her cowshed. But I saw it flashing when I was peering off in the direction of the courthouse," Judge McKelva went on. "So I was forced into the conclusion I'd started seeing behind me."

Fay laughed, a single high note like a birdcall.

"Yes, that's disturbing." Dr. Courtland rolled forward on his stool. "Let's just have a good look."

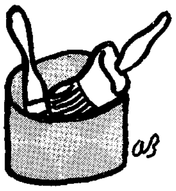
"I looked. I couldn't see anything had got in it," said Fay. "One of those briars might have given you a scratch, hon, but it didn't leave a thorn."

"Of course, my memory had slipped. Becky would say it served me right. Before blooming is the wrong time to prune a climber," Judge McKelva went on in the same confidential way; the Doctor's face was very near to his. "But Becky's Climber, I've found, will hardly take a setback."

"Hardly," the Doctor murmured. "I believe one of my sisters grows one now from a cutting of Miss Becky's Climber." His face, however, went very still as he leaned over to put out the lights.

"It's dark!" Fay gave a little cry. "Why did he have to go back there anyway and get mixed up in those brambles? Because I was out of the house a minute?"

"Because George Washington's Birthday is the time-honored day to prune roses back home," said the Doctor's amiable voice. "You should've asked Addie to step over and prune 'em for you."



"Oh, she offered. *I* think by this point I ought to be about to get the hang of it," said Judge McKelva.

Laurel had watched him. Holding the shears in both hands, he performed a sort of weighty saraband, with a lop for this side, then a lop for the other side, as though he were bowing to a person, and left the bush looking like a puzzle.

"You've had further disturbances since, Judge Mac?"

"Oh, a dimness. Nothing to call my attention to it like that first disturbance."

Laurel had only just now got here from the airport. The meeting had been unexpected, arranged over long-distance two nights ago. Her father, in the old home in Mount Salus, took pleasure in telephoning instead of writing, but this had been a late hour for him—she'd been saying good night to a friend after the theatre. He had been oddly late, too, in coming to his point. "By the way, Laurel, I've been getting a little interference with my seeing, lately. I just might give Nate Courtland a chance to see what he can find," he'd said. "Fay says she'll come along and do some shopping."

His admission of self-concern was as new as anything wrong with his health, and Laurel had come flying.

The excruciatingly small, brilliant eye of the instrument hung still between Judge McKelva's set face and the Doctor's hidden one.

Eventually the ceiling lights blazed on again, and Dr. Courtland stood, studying Judge McKelva, who studied him back.

"I *thought* I was bringing you a little something to keep you busy," Judge McKelva said in the coöperating voice in which, before he retired from the bench, he used to hand down a sentence.

"Your right retina's slipped, Judge Mac," Dr. Courtland said.

"All right, you can fix that," said Laurel's father.

"It needs to be repaired without any more waste of precious time."

"Well, the sooner you sew it up the sooner I can see what I want to see," said her father. "When can you operate?"

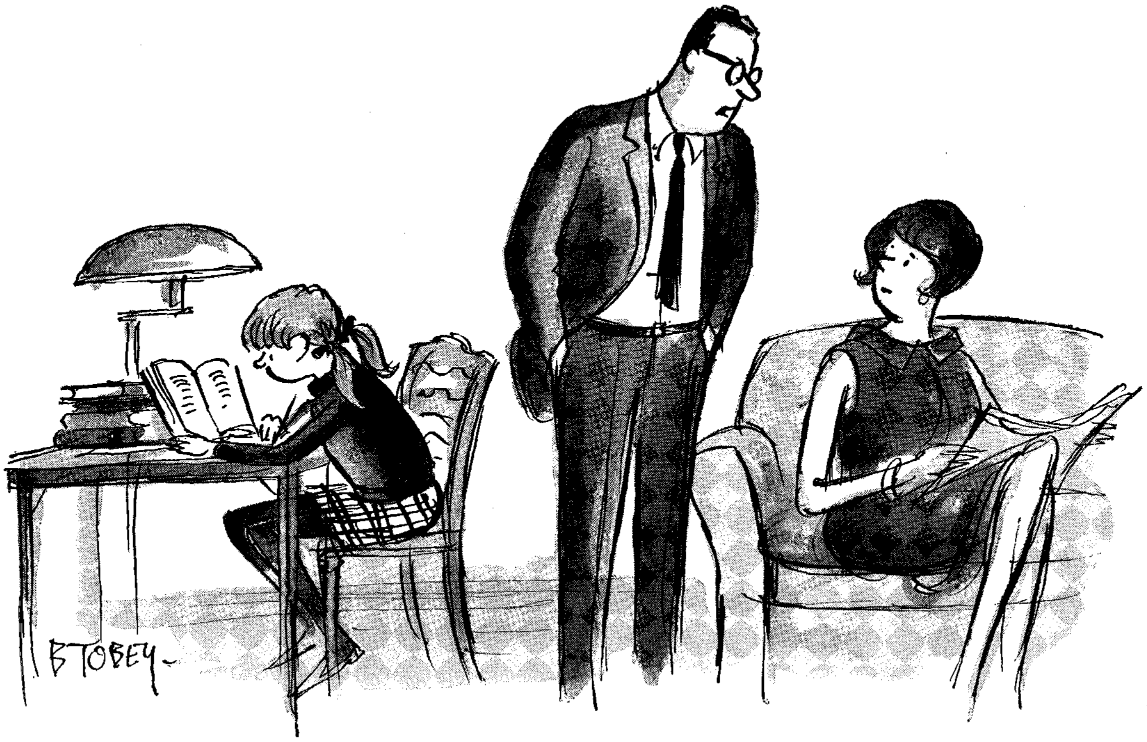
"Just for a scratch? Why didn't those old roses go on and die?" Fay cried.

"But this eye didn't get a scratch. What happened didn't happen to the outside of his eye, it happened to the inside. The flashes too. To the part he sees with, Mrs. McKelva." Dr. Courtland, turning from the Judge and Laurel, beckoned Fay to his chart hanging on the wall. "Here's the outside and here's the inside of our eye," he said. He pointed out on the diagram what would have to be done. While he explained, Judge McKelva inclined his weight so as to speak to Laurel in her chair below him.

"That eye wasn't fooling, was it!" he said.

"I don't see why this had to happen to me," said Fay.

DR. COURTLAND led the Judge across the little hallway. "Will you make yourself comfortable in my



"Speed-reading is all well and good, but I will not have her speed-reading Elizabeth Barrett Browning!"

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office, sir, and let my nurse bother you with a few more questions?"

When he returned to the examining room he sat in the patient's chair.

"Laurel," he said, "I don't want to do this operation myself." He went on quickly, "I've been so sorry about your mother." He turned and gave what seemed to be his first direct look at Fay. "My family's known his family such a long time," he told her.

"Where is the tear?" Laurel asked.

"Close to central," he told her. She looked at him and he added, "No tumor."

"Before I even let you try, I think I ought to know how good he'll see," said Fay.

"Now, that depends first on where the tear comes," said Dr. Courtland. "And after that on how good a mender the surgeon is, and then on how well Judge Mac will agree to take our orders, and then on the Lord's will. This girl remembers." He nodded toward Laurel.

"An operation's not a thing you just jump into, I know that much," Fay said.

"You don't want him to lose all the vision in that eye. He's got a cataract forming on his other eye," said Dr. Courtland.

Laurel said, "Father has?"

"I found it before I left Mount Salus. It's been coming along for years, taking its time. He's apprised; he thinks it'll hold off." He smiled.

"It's like Mother's. Is he going to follow her?"

"Now, Laurel, I don't have very much imagination," protested Dr. Courtland. "But I was pretty close to 'em, there at home, Judge Mac and Miss Becky both. I stood over what happened to your mother."

"I was there, too. You know nobody could blame you, or that specialist either."

"Hindsight! If we'd known then what we know now. The eye was just a part of it," he said.

Laurel looked for a moment into the experienced face, so guileless. The Mississippi country that lay behind him was all in it.

"Of course, if you ask me to do it, I will," he said. "But I wish you wouldn't ask me."

"Father's not going to let you off," Laurel said.

"ALL right, Nate," Judge McKelva said when they had all sat down together in Dr. Courtland's office. "How soon?"

Dr. Courtland said, "Judge Mac, I've just managed to catch Dr. Kunamoto by the coattails over in Houston. You know, he taught me. He's got a more radical method now, and he can fly here day after tomorrow—"

"What for?" Judge McKelva said. "Nate, I hied myself away from home and comfort and tracked down here and put myself in your hands for one simple reason. I've got confidence in you. Now show me I'm still not too old to exercise good judgment."

"All right, sir, then that's the way it'll be," Dr. Courtland said, rising. He added, "You know, sir, this operation isn't in any hands a hundred per cent predictable?"

"Well, I'm an optimist."

"I didn't know there were any more such things," said Dr. Courtland.

"Never think you've seen the last of anything," scoffed Judge McKelva. He answered the Doctor's grin with a laugh that was like the snarl of triumph from an old grouch, and Dr. Courtland, taking the glasses the Judge held on his knees, gently set them back on his nose.

In his same walk, like a rather stately plowboy's, the Doctor led them through the jammed waiting room. "I've got you in the hospital, they've reserved me the operating room, and I'm fixed up too," he said.

"He can move heaven and earth, just ask him to," said his nurse in a cross voice as they passed her in the doorway.

"Go right on over to the hospital and settle in." As the elevator doors opened, Dr. Courtland patted Laurel lightly on the shoulder. "I ordered you the ambulance downstairs, sir—it's a safer ride."

Fay asked, as they went down, "What is he, some kind of softie? I bet when the bill comes in he won't charge like one."

"I'm in good hands, Fay," Judge McKelva told her. "I know his whole family."

There was a sharp, cold wind blowing through Canal Street. Back home, Judge McKelva had always set the example in putting aside his winter hat on Straw Hat Day, and he stood here now in his creamy panama. But though his paunch was bigger, he looked less ruddy, looked thinner in the face, Laurel thought. The mushroom-colored circles under his eyes belonged there, hereditary like the black and overhanging McKelva eyebrows that nearly met in one across his forehead, but what was he seeing? She wondered if through that dilated but benevolent gaze of his he was really quite seeing Fay, or herself, or anybody at all. In the lime-white glare of New Orleans, waiting for the ambulance, he seemed for the first time in her memory not quite certain of his bearings.

“If Courtland's all that good, he'd better put in a better claim on how good it's going to turn out,” said Fay. “And I saw him—he spanked that nurse.”

Fay was at the window, Laurel in the doorway; they were in the hospital room waiting for Judge McKelva to be brought back after surgery.

“What a way to keep his promise,” said Fay. “He always said he'd bring me to New Orleans to see the Carnival. It looks like this is as close as we'll get to a parade.”

Laurel looked again at her watch.

Dr. Courtland strode into the room, still in his surgical gown. “He came out fine! He stood it fine!” He grinned at Laurel from a face that poured sweat. “And I think with luck we're going to keep some vision in that eye.”

The table-like bed with Judge McKelva affixed to it was wheeled into the room, past the two women. Both his eyes were bandaged. Sandbags were packed about his head, the linen pinned across the big motionless mound of his body close enough to bind him.

“You didn't tell me he'd look like that,” said Fay.

“He's fine, he's absolutely splendid,” said Dr. Courtland. “He's got him a beautiful eye.” He opened his mouth and laughed aloud. He was speaking with excitement, some carry-over of elation, as though he'd just come in from a party.

“Why, you can hardly tell even who it is under all that old pack. It's big as a house,” said Fay, staring down at Judge McKelva.

“He's going to surprise us all. If we can make it stick, he's going to have a little vision he didn't think was coming to him! That's a beautiful eye.”

“But look at him,” said Fay. “When's he going to come to?”

“Oh, he's got plenty of time,” said Dr. Courtland, on his way.

Judge McKelva's head was unpillowed, lengthening the elderly, exposed throat. Not only the great dark eyes but their heavy brows and their shadowy undercircles were hidden, too, by the opaque gauze. With so much of its dark and bright both taken from it, his face looked quenched.

This was a double room but Judge McKelva had it to himself. Fay had stretched out a while ago on the second bed. A nurse had come on duty and sat crocheting a baby's bootee. Laurel moved about, quietly but restlessly. The rooftops below the high window might have been the rooftops of anywhere, colorless and tar-patched, with here and there a pool of rainwater. The bridge lay out there dull in the distance, as tall in the sky as if it were only another building, with windows opposite to this one. She looked at her watch.

Then Judge McKelva began grinding his teeth.

“Father?” Laurel called softly.

“That's only the way he wakes up,” said Fay, without opening her eyes. “I hear it every morning.”

Laurel stood by the bed waiting.

“What's the verdict?” her father presently asked, in a parched voice. “Eh, Polly? What's your mother have to say about it?” He had used her childhood name.

“Look-a-here!” exclaimed Fay. She jumped up and pattered forward in her stocking feet.

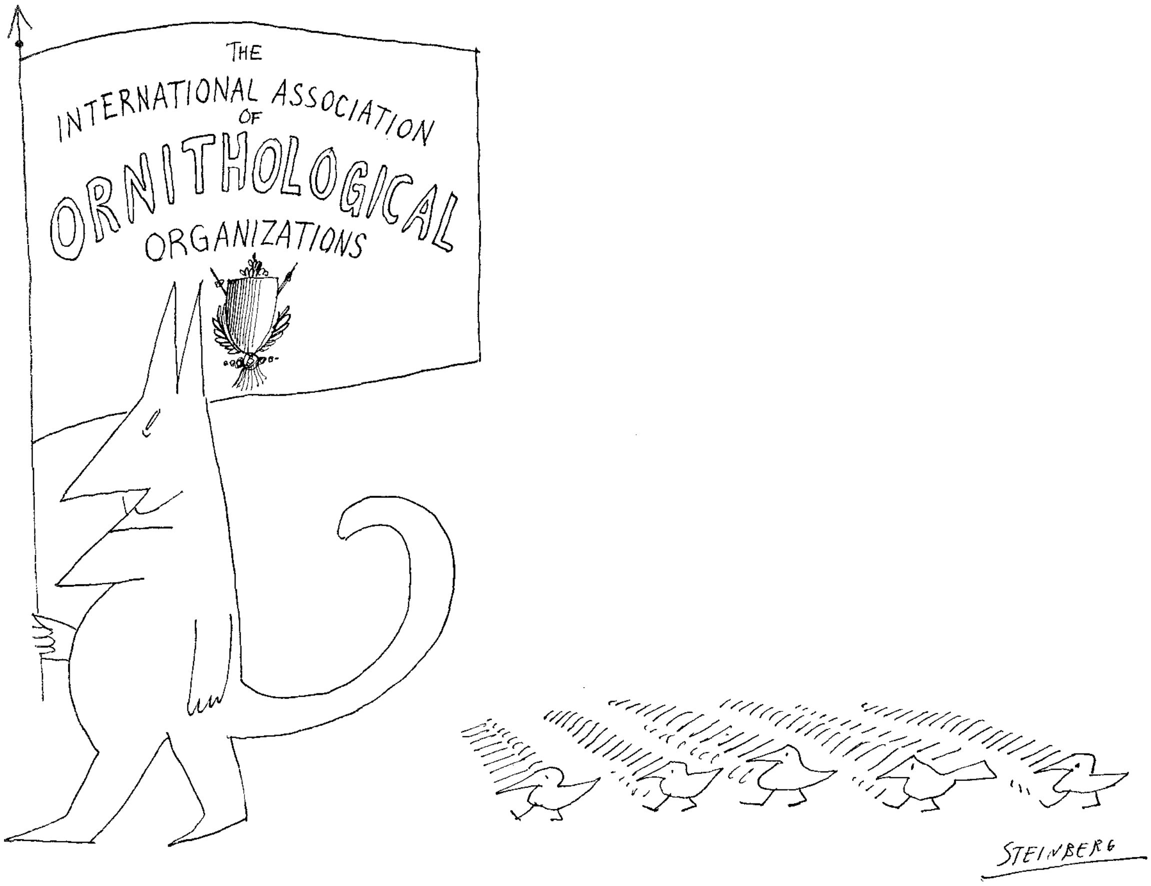
The nurse spoke from the chair. “Don't go near that eye, hon! Don't anybody touch him or monkey with that eye of his, and don't even touch the bed he's on till Dr. Courtland says touch, or somebody'll be mighty sorry. And Dr. Courtland will skin me alive.”

“That's right,” said Dr. Courtland, coming in, and he bent close and spoke exuberantly into the aghast face. “All through with my part, sir! Your part's just starting! And yours will be harder than mine. You got to lie still! No moving. No turning. No tears.” He smiled. “No nothing! Just the passage of time. We've got to wait on it.”

When the Doctor straightened, the nurse said, “I wish he'd waited for me to give him a sip of water before he took off again.”

“Go ahead. Wet his whistle, he's awake,” said Dr. Courtland and moved to the door. “He's just possuming.” His finger beckoned Laurel and Fay outside.

“Now listen, you've got to watch him. Starting now. Take turns. It's not as easy as anybody thinks to lie still and nothing else. I'll talk Mrs. Martello into doing private duty at night. Laurel, a good thing you've got the time. He's going to get extra-special



care, and we're not running any risks on Judge Mac."

Laurel, when he'd gone, went to the pay telephone in the corridor.

"Sounds mighty high-up who you were talking to," Fay said. She had stood listening at her shoulder.

"Just the office." Laurel was a designer for a fabrics house in Chicago. She made a second call to a friend.

"No point in you staying just because the Doctor said so," said Fay when Laurel hung up. She had listened again, like a child. "You're so busy and popular and got such a well-paying job and all. It's not like you'd come on a matter of life and death."

"Why, I'm staying for my own sake," said Laurel. "Father'll need all the time both of us can give him," she added. "He's not used to being tied down."

Fay, entering the room, went and leaned over the bed. "I'm glad you can't see yourself, hon."

Judge McKelva gave a shocking and ragged sound, a snore, and firmed his mouth. He asked, "What's the time, Fay?"

"That sounds more like you," she said, but didn't tell him the time. "It was that old ether talking when he came to before," she said behind her hand to Laurel. "Why, he hadn't even mentioned Becky, till you and Courtland started him."

THE Hibiscus was a half hour's ride away on the city's one remaining streetcar line, but through the help of one of the floor nurses, who lived in that neighborhood, they were able to find rooms there by the week. It was a decayed mansion on a changing street. What had been built as its twin next door was a lesson to it now; it was being demolished. Inside the house, hardly anyone was ever visible, although the front door was never locked and the bathroom was always busy. At the hours when Laurel came and went, the Hibiscus seemed to be in sole charge of a cat on a chain, pacing the cracked-open floral tiles that paved the front gallery.

Laurel, already in the habit of rising early, was to be with her father by seven. She would stay until three, when Fay would come to sit until eleven; she could ride the streetcar back in the company of the nurse who lived nearby. Mrs. Martello said she would take on the private-duty late shift for the sake of one living man, Dr. Courtland. So the pattern was set.

It meant that Laurel and Fay were hardly ever in the same place at the same time, except when they were both asleep in their rooms at the Hibiscus. These were adjoining—really half rooms; the partition between their beds was only a landlord's strip of wallboard. Where there was no intimacy, Laurel shrank from contact; she shrank from that thin board and from the vague apprehension that some night she might hear Fay cry or laugh like a stranger at something she herself would rather not know.

In the mornings, Judge McKelva ground his teeth, Laurel spoke to him, he waked up, and found out from Laurel how she was and what time her watch showed. She gave him his breakfast; while she fed him she could read him the *Picayune*. Then while he was being washed and shaved she went to her own breakfast in the basement cafeteria. The trick was not to miss the lightning visits of Dr. Courtland. On lucky days, she rode up in the elevator with him.

"It's clearing some," Dr. Courtland said. "It's not to be hurried."

By this time, only the eye that had been operated on had to be covered. A hive-like dressing stood on top of it. Judge McKelva seemed inclined still to lower the lid over his good eye. Perhaps it could see the other's bandage. He lay as was asked of him, without moving. For long periods of time he had little or nothing to say. Without being able to see the person who sat by his side, he seemed to know when Laurel turned each page in her book, as if he had waited for her to finish it. His old curiosity would have made him ask her teasing questions about what she read. But he asked no questions, of her or of anybody.

Part of his silence she laid, at first, to the delicacy he had always shown in family feelings. Here she was, come to help her father, and yet, wrenched into idleness, could not help him; and Fay told her every day they didn't need her. Laurel was bound to stay anyway, but her very presence in the room was a reminder that she was of no more use than a stranger would have been. Then Laurel saw that her father had accepted that all along. What occupied him was time itself, time passing: he was concentrating.

She was always conscious, after that, of the effort being made in this room, hour after hour, from his motionless bed, and she was conscious of time as it passed for him. The Venetian blind was kept lowered to let in only a

DREAMING WITH A FRIEND

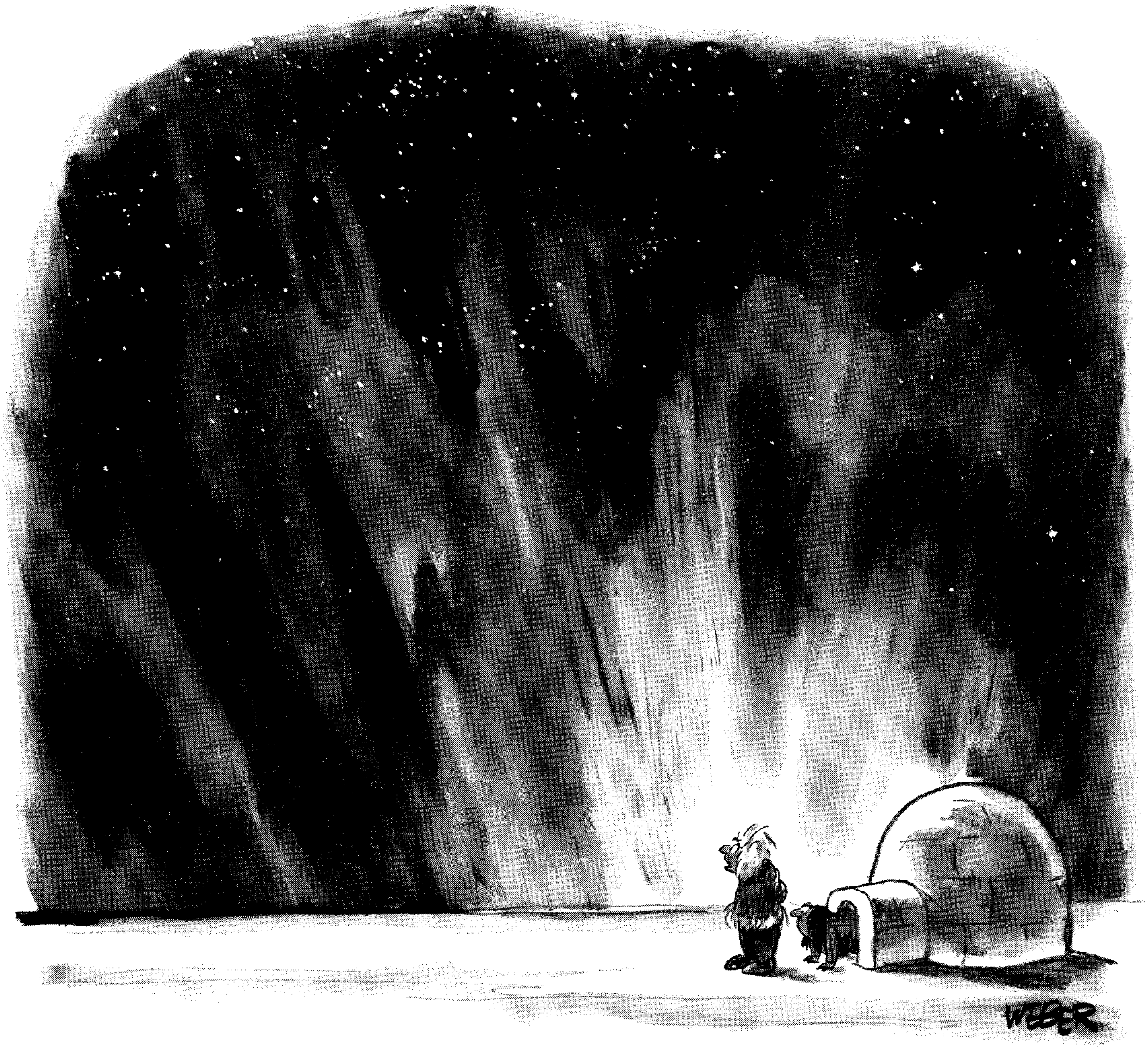
Your brother is dead.
His breath is one of those lost autumn days
you love.
Your mother works in the kitchen again,
beating eggs.
Ashes drift in from factories,
brush fires
cling to the door.
I see you crossing a field toward me
not knowing
whom you will find,
kicking weeds.

The dream you told me about is a place
where I touch your head
and you turn.
But I could be anyone.
Your brother sits on the porch again,
crying.
Your mother comes down in the rain.
You see me crossing a field toward you
not knowing
whom I will find,
following the cracked weeds,
turning as you turn

toward someone.

—STEPHEN BERG

• •



"Same old ice, same old aurora borealis, same old everything!"

• •

strip of March daylight at the window. Laurel sat so that this light fell into her lap onto her book, and Judge McKelva, holding himself motionless, listened to her turn the page, as if he were silently counting.

THE time came when Judge McKelva was asked to share the room with another patient. When Laurel walked in one morning she saw an old man, older than her father, wearing new striped pajamas and a broad-brimmed black felt hat, rocking in the chair by the second bed. Laurel could see the peppering of red dust on the old man's hat above his round blue eyes.

"This is too strong a light for my father, I'm afraid," she said to him.

"Mr. Dalzell pulled the blind down during the night," said Mrs. Martello. "Didn't you pull it down?" she shrieked. Judge McKelva did not betray that he was awake, but the old man rocking appeared oblivious to their voices too. "He's blind, and nearly deaf in the bargain," Mrs. Martello said proudly. "And he's going in surgery as soon as they get him all fixed up for it. He's got a malignancy."

"I had to pull the vine down to get the possum," Mr. Dalzell piped up, while Laurel and the nurse struggled to put the blind back into place.

Mr. Dalzell was another Mississippian. He was from Fox Hill. Almost immediately, he convinced himself that Judge McKelva was his long-lost son Archie Lee.

"Archie Lee," he said, "I might've known if you ever did come home you'd come home drunk."

Judge McKelva lay as ever, his good eye closed or open on the ceiling, and had no words to spare.

"Don't you worry about *Mr. Dalzell*," Mrs. Martello said to Laurel as they prepared one morning to change places. "Your daddy just lets Mr. Dalzell rave. He keeps just as still, laying there just like he's supposed to. He's good as gold."

"Nothing to do but give it more time," said Dr. Courtland regularly. "It's clearing. I believe we're getting us an eye that's going to *see* a little bit."

But although Dr. Courtland paid his daily visits as to a man recovering, to Laurel her father seemed to be paying some unbargained-for price for his recovery. He lay there unchangeably big and heavy, full of effort yet motionless, while his face looked tireder every morning, the circle under his visible eye thick as paint. He opened his mouth and swallowed what she offered him with the obedience of an old man—obedience! She felt ashamed to let him act out the part in front of her. She managed a time or two (by moving heaven and earth) to have some special dish prepared for him outside; but he might as well have been spooned out grits, canned peaches, and jello for all that it distracted him out of his *patience*—out of his unnatural reticence: he had yet to say he would be all right.

One day she had the luck to find among the garish paperbacks at a newsdealer's a copy of "Nicholas Nickleby;" she began reading it aloud. He did not ask her to stop; neither could he help her find the place. Of course, she could not at all read aloud with her mother's speed and vivacity—that was probably what he missed. In the course of an hour, he rolled his visible eye her way, though he rationed himself on the one small movement he was permitted, and lay for a long time looking at her. She was not sure he was listening to the words.

"Is that all?" his patient voice asked, when she paused.

"You got that gun loaded yet?" called Mr. Dalzell. "Archie Lee, I declare I want to see you load that gun before they start to coming."

"THAT'S the boy. You go right on hunting all night in your mind," said Mrs. Martello stoutly. She would never in a year dare to get so possessive of Judge McKelva, Laurel reflected, or find something in his predicament she could joke about. "He's still keeping as good as gold," she greeted Laurel every morning. "I don't think he *sleeps* all that steady."

Mrs. Martello had crocheted twenty-seven pairs of bootees. Bootees were what she counted. "You'd be surprised how fast I give out of 'em," she said. "It's the most popular present there is."

Judge McKelva had years ago developed a capacity for patience, if patience were called for. But in this affliction he seemed to Laurel to lie in a *dream* of patience. He seldom spoke now unless he was spoken to, and then—which was wholly unlike him—after a wait, as if he had to catch up.

"What do you think of his prospects now?" Laurel asked Dr. Courtland, following him out into the corridor. "It's three weeks."

"Three weeks! Lord, how they fly," he said. He thought he hid the quick impatience of his mind, and moving and speaking deliberately he did hide it—then showed it all in his smile. "He's all right. Lungs clear, heart strong, blood pressure not a bit worse than it was before. And that eye's clearing. I think he's got some vision coming—just a little bit around the edge, you know, Laurel, but if the cataract catches up with him I want him seeing enough to find his way around the garden. A little longer. Let's play safe."

Catching him on the elevator another time, she asked, "Is it drugs he has to take that make him seem such a distance away?"

He pinched a frown into his freckled forehead. "Well, no two people react in just the same way to anything." They held the elevator for him to say, "People are different, Laurel."

"Mother was *different*," she said.

LAUREL felt reluctant to leave her father now in the afternoons. She stayed and read to him; "Nicholas Nickleby" seemed as endless to her as time must seem to him. Fay had come in and caught her sitting up asleep in her spectacles.

"Putting out your eyes, too? I told him if he hadn't spent so many years of his life poring over dusty books, his eyes would have more strength saved up for now," Fay told her. "Look, *hon!*" she cried.

Shadows from the long green eardrops she had come in wearing made soft little sideburns down her small, intent face as she stared down at him. "And just to think, they're holding a parade out yonder right now. Look! I got these new."

It was still incredible to Laurel that her father, at nearly seventy, should have let anyone new, a beginner, walk in on his life; that he had even agreed to pardon such a thing.

"Father, where did you meet her?" Laurel had asked when, a year and a half ago, she flew down to Mount Salus to see them married.

"Southern Bar Association." With both arms he had made an expansive gesture that she correctly read as the old Gulf Coast Hotel. Fay had a part-time job there; she was in the typist pool. A month after the convention, he brought her home to Mount Salus, and they were married in the courthouse.

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO MAKE THE WORLD A BETTER PLACE TODAY?

Perhaps she was forty, and so younger than Laurel. There was little even of forty in her looks except the line of her neck and the backs of her little square, idle hands. She was bony and blue-veined; as a child she very likely had gone undernourished. Her hair was still a childish tow. It had the tow texture, as well—rubbed between the fingers, those curls might have gone to powder. She had round, country-blue eyes and a little feist jaw.

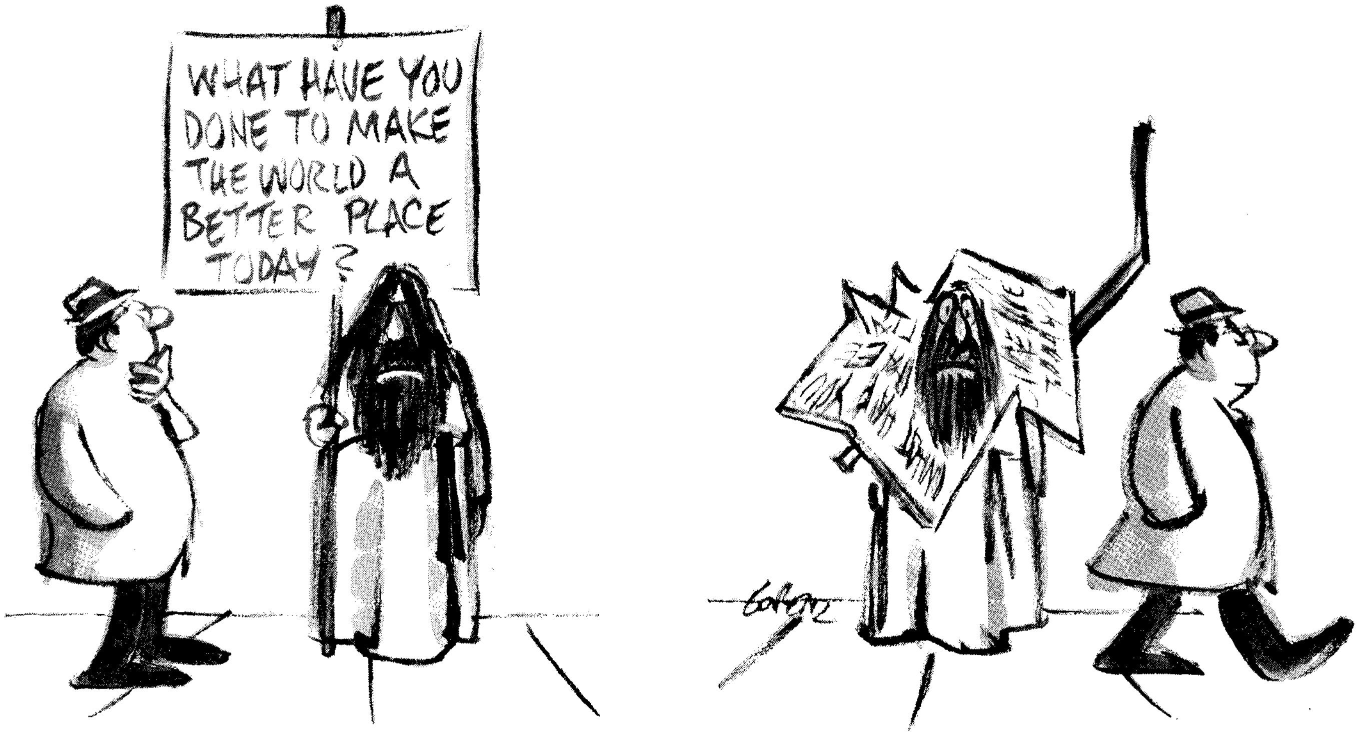
When Laurel flew down from Chicago to be present at the ceremony, Fay's first words to her were "You didn't need to have bothered." Her voice was thin and mirthless, like the voice of a stout woman of fifty, and her remark had been intended for a compliment.

Fay from the first hardly ever called Laurel by name, though she didn't hesitate to say "Becky"—Laurel's mother, who had been dead ten years when Fay could have heard of her, when she had married Laurel's father. "Where did you get it?" she'd asked when she and Laurel met at the time of the marriage. "A name like that?"

"It's the state flower of West Virginia," Laurel told her.

Fay looked at her without smiling back.

FAY cried, "About ready to get up, hon? Know what day tomorrow is? Now I've got new shoes to match my eardrops. How do you like 'em,


WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO MAKE THE WORLD A BETTER PLACE TODAY?
Lorenz

hon?" She stood on one foot and held a shoe in the air above his face. It was green with a stiletto heel. Had the shoe been a written page, some brief she'd concocted on her own, he looked at it in her hands there for long enough to read it through. But he didn't speak.

"But just let me try slipping *out* a minute, would he ever know it!" Fay said.

Laurel stayed on until the supper trays began to rattle.

"Archie Lee, you gonna load that gun or you rather be caught napping?" Mr. Dalzell called out.

"Mr. Dalzell reminds me of my old grandpa," said Fay. "I'm not sorry to have him in here. He's company."

The floor nurse came in to feed Mr. Dalzell, then stick him with a needle, while Fay helped Judge McKelva with his supper. Laurel stayed on until out in the corridor the lights came on and the room went that much darker.

"Maybe you can sleep now, Father—you haven't been asleep all day," said Laurel. "Dr. Courtland thinks you're almost ready for your pinhole specs."

Fay turned on the night light by the bed. Placed low and not much more powerful than a candle flame, it touched Judge McKelva's face without revealing a flicker of change in its patient expression. Laurel saw now that his hair had grown long on the back of his neck, white and featherlike.

"Tell me something you want," Laurel begged him.

Fay, bending down over him, placed her lighted cigarette between his lips. He drew on it, and after a moment she took it away and he sent the smoke slowly out of his mouth. She bent and gave it to him again.

"*There's* something," she said.

"Don't let the fire go out, son!" called Mr. Dalzell.

"No sir! Everything around this camp's being took good care of, Mr. Dalzell!" yelled the floor nurse, coming to the door. "There's nothing at all for nobody to worry about. You just crawl right in your tent and go to sleep."

Fay curled up in the rocker, laying one cheek on the windowsill, where she could see out through the crack in the blind. Laurel left the three of them in a room at dead hush.

IT was not that night but the next that Laurel, in her room at the Hibiscus, had already undressed and then suddenly got dressed again. She went out onto the warm, windy street and hailed a passing cab.

"You don't know how lucky you are, sister," said the driver. "Getting you something to ride on a night like this."

The interior of the cab reeked with bourbon, and as they passed under a street light she saw a string of cheap green beads on the floor—the kind the nurses had shown around, favors tossed from parade floats. The driver took back streets, squeezing around at every corner, it seemed to Laurel, who was straining forward; but whenever she let down the window glass for air, she heard the same mocking trumpet playing with a band from the same distance away. Then she heard more than one band—heard rival bands playing up distant streets.

Perhaps what she had felt was no more than the atmospheric oppression of a Carnival night, of crowds running wild in the streets of a strange city. And at the very beginning of the day, when she entered her father's room, she thought something had already happened to Mr. Dalzell. He was up on a wheeled table, baldheaded as an infant, hook-nosed and silent—they had taken away his teeth. It was only that something was *going* to happen. A pair of orderlies came during Judge McKelva's breakfast to take Mr. Dalzell to the operating room. As he was wheeled out, no longer vigilant, into the corridor, his voice trailed back, "*Told* you rascals not to let the fire go out." And they had not brought him back when Laurel left.

A strange milky radiance shone in the hospital corridor at night like moonlight on some deserted street. The whitened floor, the whitened walls and ceiling were set with narrow bands of black, receding into the distance, along which the spaced-out doors, graduated from large to small, were all closed. Laurel had never noticed the design in the tiling before. To go and inquire after her father was like walking into a diagram of perspectives, or taking a test in optical illusions. But of course the last door on the right of the corridor, the one standing partway open as usual, was still her father's.

An intense, tight little voice from inside there said at that moment in high pitch, "I tell you enough is enough!"

Laurel was halted. A thousand packthreads seemed to cross and crisscross her skin, binding her there.

The voice said, even higher, "This is my birthday!"

Laurel saw Mrs. Martello go running from the nurses' station into the room. Then Mrs. Martello reappeared, struggling her way backward. She was pulling Fay backward, holding her bodily. A scream shot out and ricocheted from walls and ceiling. Fay broke free from the nurse, whirled, and with high-raised knees and white face came running down the corridor. Fists drumming against her temples, she knocked against Laurel as if Laurel weren't there. Her high heels let off a fusillade of sounds as she passed and hurled herself into the waiting room with voice rising, like a child looking for its mother.

Mrs. Martello came panting up to Laurel, heavy on her rubber heels.

"Every mortal night!" she said hoarsely. "Every mortal night! I come on duty and I walk in on a to-do. But tonight! She laid hands on him! She said if he didn't snap out of it, she'd—" The veneer of nurse slipped from Mrs. Martello. She pushed up at Laurel the red, shocked face of a Mississippi countrywoman as her voice rose to a clear singsong. "She taken ahold of him. She was abusing him." The word went echoing. "I think she was fixing to pull him out of that bed. I think she thought she could! Sure, she wasn't able to move *that* mountain!" Mrs. Martello added wildly, "She's not a nurse!" She swung her starched body around and sent her voice back toward the door. "What's the matter with that woman? Does she want to ruin your eye?"

At last her legs drove her. Laurel ran.

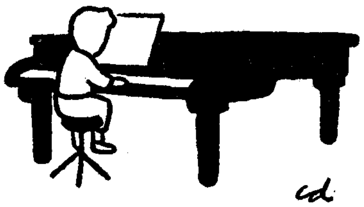
The door stood wide open, and inside the room's darkness a watery constellation hung, throbbing and near. She was looking straight out at the whole Mississippi River Bridge in lights. She found her way; the night light was burning. Her father's right arm was free of the cover and lay out on the bed. It was bare to the shoulder, its skin soft and gathered, like a woman's sleeve. It showed her he was no longer concentrating. At the burning in her eyes she remembered for him that there must be no tears in his, and she reached to put her hand into his open hand.

He made what seemed to her a response at last, yet a mysterious response. His whole pillowless head went dusky, as if he laid it under the surface of dark pouring water and held it there.

Every light in the room blazed on. Dr. Courtland, a dark shape, shoved past her to the bed. He set his fingertips to her father's wrist. Then his hand passed over the bandaged eye; with its same familiarity and delicacy it opened the good eye. He bent over and stared in, without speaking. He drew back the sheet and laid the side of his head against her father's gowned chest; for a moment his own eyes closed.

Now his hand swung for the signal button. "Get out in a hurry. And collar his wife and hold her. Both of you go in the waiting room, and stay there till I come."

Laurel could see that her father's small, square upper teeth were showing in an uncharacteristic way under a shortened, soft lip, as if he had been lent the face of a child. He had the smile of a child who is deliberately waiting in the dark to be found, not knowing yet that the rest of the players have slipped over to the other side.



Mrs. Martello pushed into the room, with another nurse at her shoulder.

"Now what's *he* gone and done?" she cried.

The other nurse whipped the curtains along the rod between the two beds, shutting out Mr. Dalzell's neat, vacated bed and the rocking chair with the felt hat hanging on it. With her toe she touched the fallen window blind there on the floor.

Laurel stayed where she was, because she thought that Dr. Courtland, for all his born kindness, was now in great haste and might not have time to remember whose side she was on.

With both hands Dr. Courtland drew her outside the room. "Laurel, no time to lose." He closed the door on her. But she heard him give answer to the nurse.

"The renegade! I believe he's just plain sneaked out on us."

IN the waiting room, Fay stood being patted by an old woman who was wearing bedroom slippers and holding a half-eaten banana in her free hand.

VISITING CHAOS

No matter how awful it is to be sitting in this
Terrible magazine office and talking to this
Circular-saw-voiced West Side girl in a dirt-
Stiff Marimekko and lavender glasses, and this
Cake-bearded boy in short-rise Levi's, and hearing
The drip and rasp of their tones on the softening
Stone of my brain, and losing
The thread of their circular words, and looking
Out through their faces and soot on the window to
Winter in University Place, where a blue-
Faced man, made of rags and old newspapers, faces
A horrible grill, looking in at the food and the faces
It disappears into, and feeling,
Perhaps, for the first time in days, a hunger instead
Of a thirst; where two young girls in peacoats and hair
As long as your arm and snow-sanded sandals
Proceed to their hideout, a festering cold-water flat
Animated by roaches, where their lovers, loafing in wait
To warm and be warmed by brainless caresses,
Stake out a state
Of suspension; and where a black Cadillac 75
Stands by the curb to collect a collector of rents,
Its owner, the owner of numberless tenement flats;
And swivelling back
To the editorial pad
Of *Chaos*, a quarter-old quarterly of the arts,
And its brotherly, sisterly staff, told hardly apart
In their listlessly colorless sackcloth, their ash-colored skins,
Their resisterly sullenness, I suddenly think
That no matter how awful it is it's better than it
Would be to be dead. But who can be sure about that?

—L. E. SISSMAN

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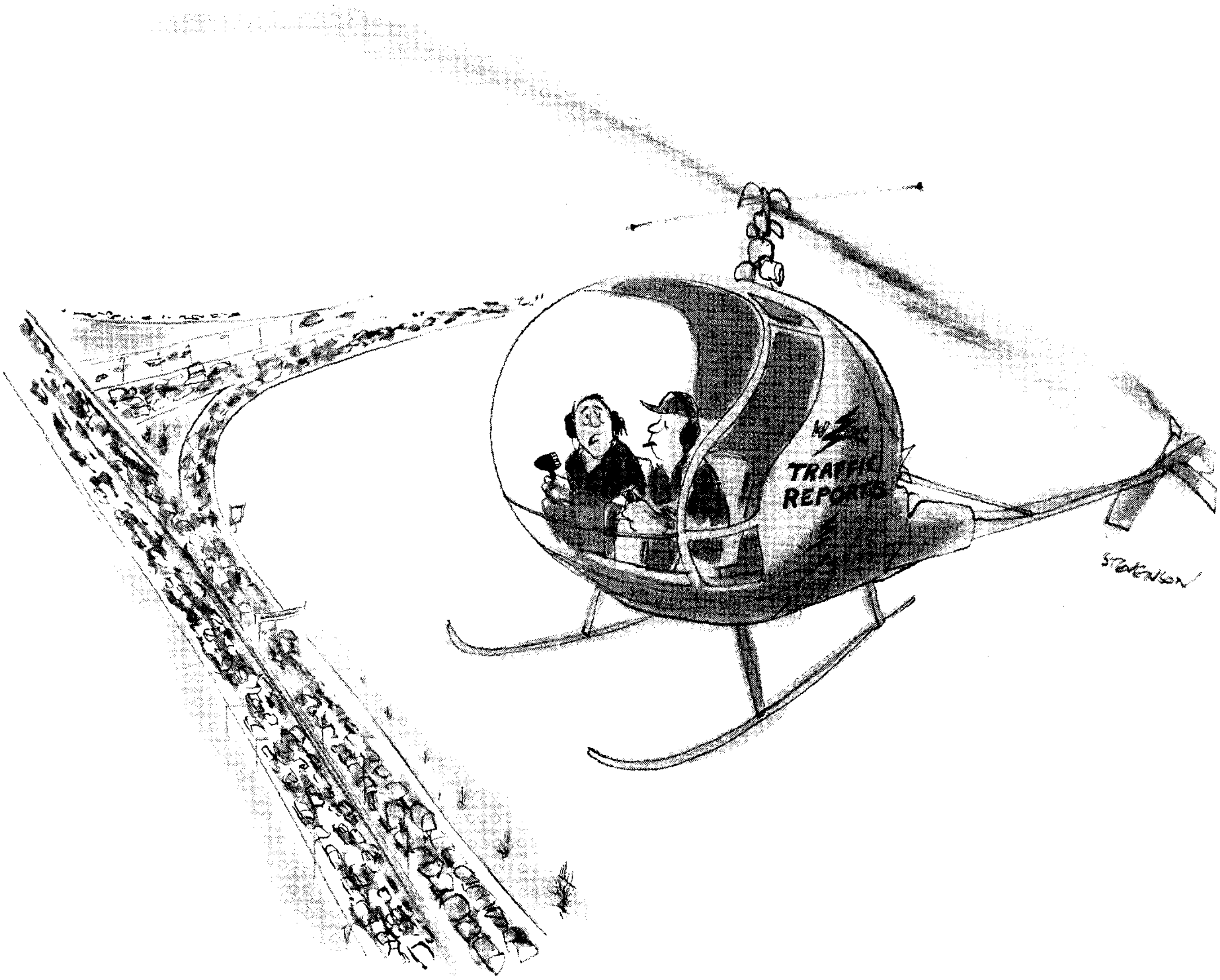


"You know, I don't think I can go on this way, day after day, watching all that anguish and suffering and frustration down there."

• •

"Night after night, sitting up there with him, putting the food in his mouth, giving him his straw, letting him use up my own cigarettes, keeping him interested!" Fay was sobbing in the woman's bosom. "Then to get hauled out by an uppity nurse who doesn't know my business from hers!"

Laurel went up to her. "Something has happened. The Doctor's closed in with Father. I think he's dying."

"Never speak to me again!" shrieked Fay without turning around. "That nurse dragged me and pushed me, and you're the one let her do it!"

"You pore little woman," said the old woman. "Don't they give us all a hard time."

"This world just hasn't treated me right," Fay gasped. "The world just hasn't learned yet how to treat me right!"

"I believe he's already dead," said Laurel.

Fay spun around, darted out her head, and spat at her.

The old woman said, "Now then. Why don't you-all take a seat and save your strength? Just wait and let them come tell you about it. They will." There was an empty chair in the circle pulled up around a table, and Fay sat down among five or six grown men and women who all had the old woman's likeness. Their coats were on the table heaped together, and open shoeboxes and paper sacks stood about on the floor; they were a family in the middle of their supper.

Laurel began walking, past this group and the others who were sprawled or sleeping in chairs and on couches, past the television screen where a pale-blue group of Westerners silently shot it out with one another, and as far as the door into the elevator hall, where she stood for a minute, then walked her circle again. Fay sat bolt upright in the chair, watching Laurel with flared eyes.

"Where you from?" the old woman went on to Fay. "We're mainly from Fox Hill. Go on in there, Archie Lee, it's still your turn."

"I ain't ready to go." A great hulking man in a short coat like a red blanket, who was too gray-headed to be her son, spoke and took a drink from a pint bottle of whiskey.

"They still ain't letting us in but one at a time. It's your turn," the old woman said.

"Yours been operated on? Ours was operated on," said one of the daughters to Fay. "He's been in intensive care since eleven-fifteen this morning. His chances are a hundred to one against."

"Go on in yonder, scare-cat," ordered the mother. "Peep at him."

"Mamma, I come after you. Go yourself."

"I declare, I'm getting so I ain't got much left to say to Dad myself," the mother said. She stood up and began brushing at her bosom where Fay had cried, shaking crumbs off her skirt. "Now *wait* for me, everybody!"

"You know what his face looks like?

A piece of paper," said a wizened-looking daughter.

"I ain't going to tell him that."

"Tell him you ain't got much longer to stay," said one of his sons.

"Ask him if he knows who you are," said the wizen-faced daughter.

"Or you can just try keeping your mouth shut," said Archie Lee.

"He's your dad the same as mine," said the old woman. "You skipped your turn."

"He don't know I'm living," he said, as the woman trudged through the doorway in Indian moccasins. He tilted up the bottle, but it must have been empty—he dropped it, let it wobble away on the floor. Laurel stepped over it each time she walked the circle of the room.

"Where you from?" Mr. Dalzell's family began asking Fay.

"I'm not even from Mississippi, I'm from Texas. And my poor family's gone for two years without laying eyes on me."

Laurel felt Fay's gaze taken off her, as if something that had been slapping and slapping at her face had been laid down temporarily, like a pair of gloves on the table there.

"But I've been living in Mississippi for over a year," Fay said after they'd clucked their tongues at her. "Since I married."

"Don't you think it's friendly?"

"I guess I'm used to Texas."

"Mississippi the best state in the Union," said the man Archie Lee, and he put his feet up and lay down on a couch.

"I got a grandpa living close to Bigbee, Mississippi. And he hasn't seen me for nine whole years," Fay said in a hurt voice with a little hiccup in it, like a child's when she is about to be coaxed out of a tantrum.

"Whoa, now you're talking! We know right where Bigbee is, could find it right now! Could you find Fox Hill? We don't think it's lonesome, because by the time you get all of us together there's nine of us, not counting the tadpoles. Ten, if Granddad gets over this. He's got cancer."

"Wish they'd give Dad something to drink. Wash his mouth out," said the old mother coming back—Laurel nearly met her in the door.

"Remember Mamie's boy?" said a member of another family, who was working the Coke machine. "He shot himself or somebody shot him, one. He begged for water. The hospital wouldn't give him none. Honey, he died wanting water."

"I remember Joe Boy Bush from Bruintown," a man retorted, turning around from the television screen. "He was laying there going without water, and *he* reached himself over and bit that tube in two and drunk that glucose. And drunk ever' drop that was in it. And that fool, in two weeks he was up out of that bed and they send him home."

"If they don't give your dad no water by next time round, tell you what, we'll go in there all together and pour it down him," promised the old mother. "If he's going to die, I don't want him to die wanting water."

"That's talking, Mamma."

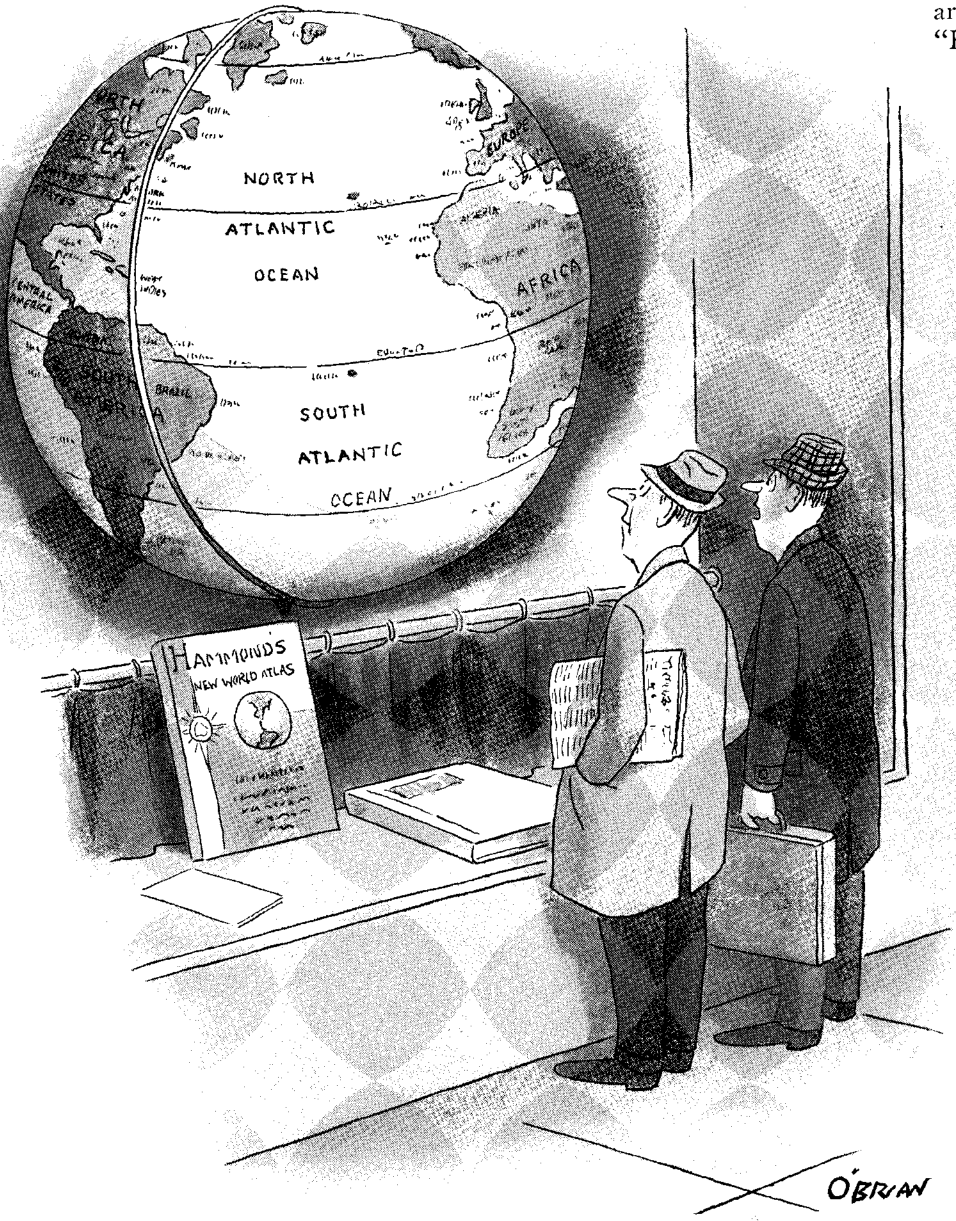
"Ain't that true, Archie Lee?"

But Archie Lee lay on the couch with his mouth open.

"There's a fair sight. I'm glad his dad can't walk in here now and see him," said the old woman. "No, if Dad's going to die, I ain't going to let him die *wanting* water!" she insisted, and the others began raggedly laughing.

"We'll pour it down him!" cried the mother. "He ain't going to stand a chance against us!" The family laughed louder, as if there could be no helping it. Some of the other families joined in.

Dr. Courtland stood in the doorway, the weight of his watch in his hand.



"There's something that they ought to declare a famous old landmark to be preserved and cherished."

WHEN Laurel and Fay reached him, he drew them into the noisy elevator

The Smiling Face of Spring

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Germaine Monteil

hall. The door to Judge McKelva's room stood closed.

"I couldn't save him." He laid a hand on the sleeve of each woman, standing between them. He bent his head but that did not hide the aggrievement, indignation, that was in his voice. "He's gone, and his eye was healing."

"Are you trying to tell me you-all let my husband die?" Fay cried.

"He collapsed." Fatigue had pouched the Doctor's face, his cheeks hung gray. He kept his touch on their arms.

"But this is my birthday!" Fay screamed out.

Mrs. Martello came out of the room, closing the door behind her. She was carrying a hamper. She pretended not to see them as she drummed past on her heels.

Laurel felt the Doctor's hand shift to grip her arm; she had been about to go straight to the unattended. He began walking the two women toward the elevators. Laurel became aware that he was in evening clothes.

At the elevator he got in with them, still standing between them. "Maybe we asked too much of him," he said grudgingly. "And yet he didn't have to hold out much longer." He looked protestingly at the lighted floors flashing by. "I'd been waiting to know how well that eye would *see!*"

Fay said, "I knew better than let you-all go in that eye to start with. That eye was just as bright and cocky as yours is right now. He just took a scratch from an old rose briar! He would have got over that, it would all be forgotten now! Nature would have tended to it. But you-all went in there and made all that trouble just because he let you!" Without taking her eyes from him, she began crying.

Dr. Courtland looked at her briefly, as if he had seen many like Fay. As they were leaving the elevator among all the other passengers, he looked with the ghost of a smile into Laurel's face. In a moment he said, "He helped me through medical school, kept me going when Daddy died. A sacrifice in those days. The Depression hit and he helped me get my start."

"Some things don't bear going into," Laurel said.

"No," he said. "No." He took off his glasses and put them away, as if he and she had just signed something.

"Where are we going?" Fay asked.

"Laurel, there's nobody from *home* with you. Would you care to put up with us for the rest of the night? Betty would be so glad. Trouble is, there's goings-on, and of course more to fol-

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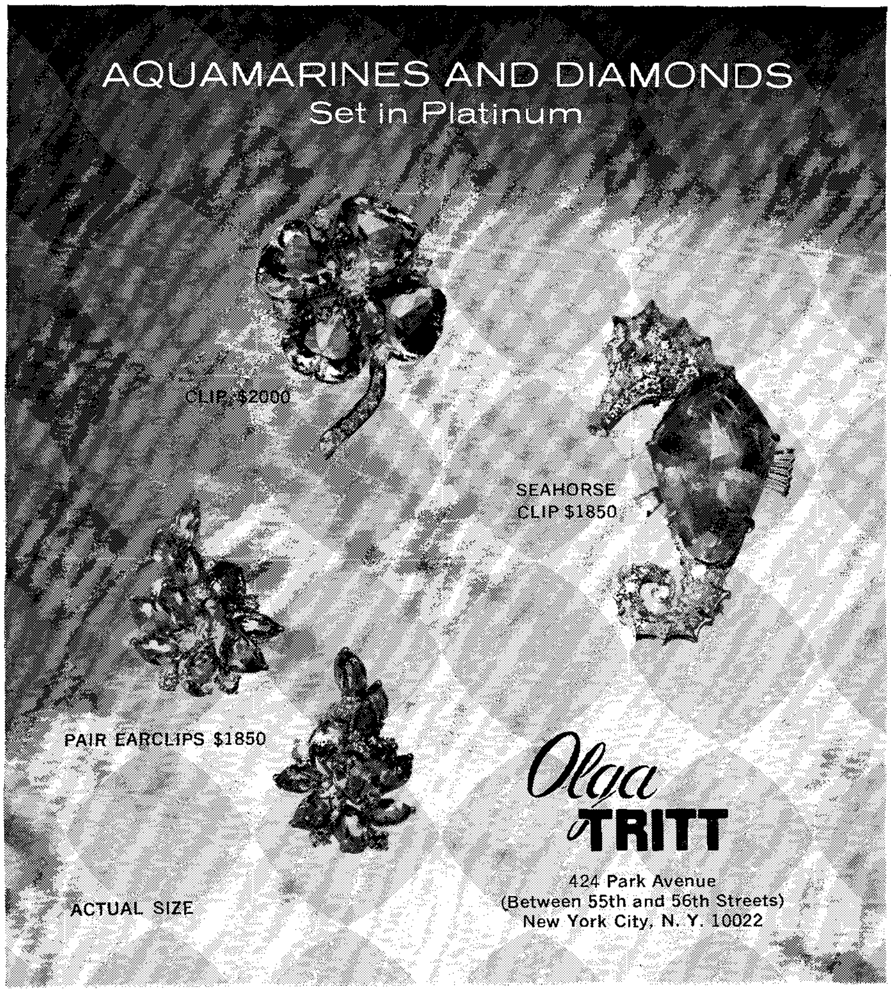

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low," he said as she shook her head. "Our oldest girl's eighteen."

Fay cried sharply, the longing, or the anger, of her whole life all at once in her voice, "The Carnival?"

"Yes. I've got my driver waiting outside, though," Dr. Courtland told them. "As soon as you-all finish at the office, I'll send you where you're going, with something for you both to make you sleep."

He took them on, through the necessary office gates, and when they came outside the hospital into the air and the sounds of city streets and of tonight, he helped them into his car.

"I'll phone Addie," he said to Laurel. That was his sister in Mount Salus. "You can take him home tomorrow." Still he did not turn to go back into the building but stood there by the car, his hand on the door he had closed. He gave the drawn-out moment up to uselessness. She felt it might have been the hardest thing he had done all day, or all his life.

"I wish I could have saved him," he said.

Laurel touched her hand to the window glass. He waved then, and quickly turned.

"Thank you for nothing!" Fay screamed above the whirr of their riding away.

LAUREL was still gearing herself to the time things took. It was slow going through the streets. There were many waits. Now and then the driver had to shout from the wheel before they could proceed.

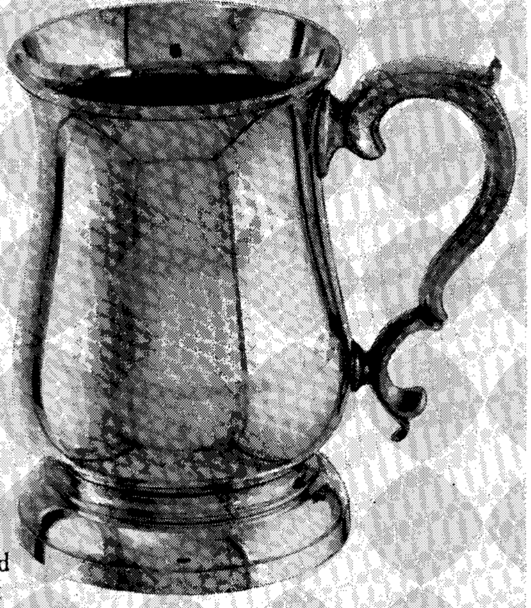
Once Fay grabbed Laurel's arm as she would have grabbed any stranger's. "I saw a man—I saw a man and he was dressed up like a skeleton and his date was in a long white dress, with snakes for hair, holding up a bunch of lilies! Coming down the steps of that house like they're just starting out! Was that the Carnival?"

Laurel heard a band playing, and another band moving in on top of it. She heard the crowd noise, the unmistakable sound of hundreds, of hundreds of thousands, of people *blundering*.

"I saw a man in Spanish moss, a whole suit of Spanish moss, all by himself on the sidewalk. He was vomiting," said Fay.

"This here is Mardi Gras *night*," said the driver.

"Before we could get out of that hospital, I saw a little baby running around loose by the Emergency Entrance in a diaper, dressed up in his own mask!" Fay was weeping, both prattling and weeping, as if it were possible



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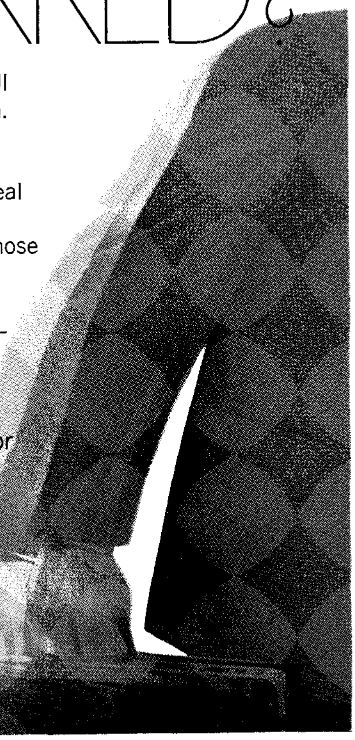

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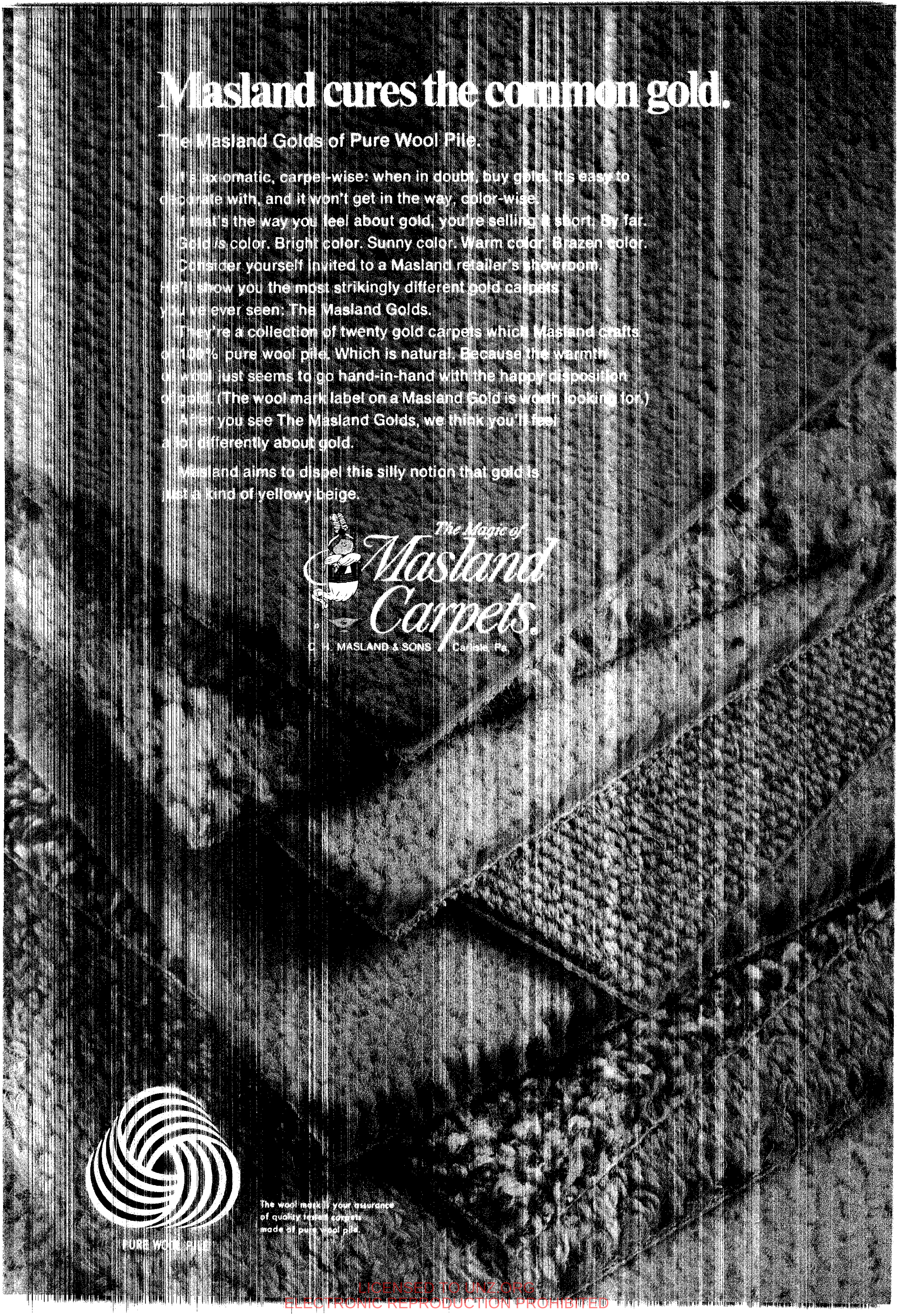

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to be at once both the child and its comforter.

When they reached there, they found that the Carnival was at the Hibiscus, too.

Masqueraders were coming and going. The cat was off its chain, inside the door, and turned its seamed face to look at them. It pranced on up the staircase, dressed in a monkey coat sewn with sequins.

Fay's sobbing, the same two close-together, accusing notes running over and over, went on for a time against the thin sounding board between the two beds. Laurel lay in the dark waiting for it to reach its end. The house took longer than Fay did to go to sleep; the city longer than the house. Eventually she heard the ludicrous sound of chirping frogs emerge from the now completed excavation next door. Toward morning there was the final, parting shot of a pistol fired far off. Nothing came after that; no echo.

II

THEY got away in the afternoon. Judge McKelva's body was on board the smooth, crack train he had always so enjoyed travelling on, for the fresh white damask tablecloths, the real rosebud in the bud vase, the celery crisp on ice, the strawberries fresh from Hammond in their season, and the service. The days of the train itself must be numbered now.

In the last car, the two women lay back in chairs in their compartment partitioned off from the observation section behind. Fay had kicked off her shoes. She lay with her head turned away, never made a sound.

Set deep in the swamp, which was welling with buds like red drops, was one low beech that had kept its last-year's leaves, and it appeared to Laurel to travel along with their train, gliding at a magic speed through the cypresses they left behind. It was her own reflection in the windowpane—the beech tree was her hair. Now it was gone. As the train pulled out into the space of Pontchartrain, the window filled with a featureless sky over pale smooth water, a seagull hanging fixed as a clock on a wall. In her gaze nothing after that might have changed out there until the clock became the clock in the courthouse dome lit up in the street-lit night above Mount Salus trees.

Fay did not wake easily. When Laurel finally had to put her hand on her shoulder, she said something out of her sleep. Laurel thought it was "No more."

A half dozen of Laurel's childhood

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friends were waiting. As Laurel stepped off the train, Miss Adele Courtland, greatly aged, softly placed her hands together, then spread her arms.

Presently a man attempted to disengage Laurel from their embraces, saying, "You don't need to worry about a thing. I'm Mr. Freathy. May we have him in our parlor or would you prefer him to repose at the residence?"

"You may not. At his home," said Laurel.

"The residence. As was the case of the first Mrs. McKelva."

"I'm Mrs. McKelva now. If you're the undertaker, you do your business with *me*," said Fay.

"WHEN he was such a precious, after all!" Miss Tennyson Bullock called in a ringing voice from the McKelva front porch.

She folded Laurel close. From inside the lighted-up house Major Bullock, her husband, was arguing with her: "But I won't have it—he was never sick a day in his life!"

"Who are all these people in my house?" cried Fay.

"And poor Fay!" murmured Miss Tennyson. She had been Laurel's mother's oldest friend—the first friend her mother had made on coming as a bride to Mount Salus.

Flowers and cut branches of flowering crab apple and almond from Mount Salus yards filled the hall and the rooms that opened on both sides. A whole company came out of the parlor to meet Laurel, as if here at home nobody, Major Bullock excepted, had been taken by surprise. She seemed to remember that Presbyterians were good at this.

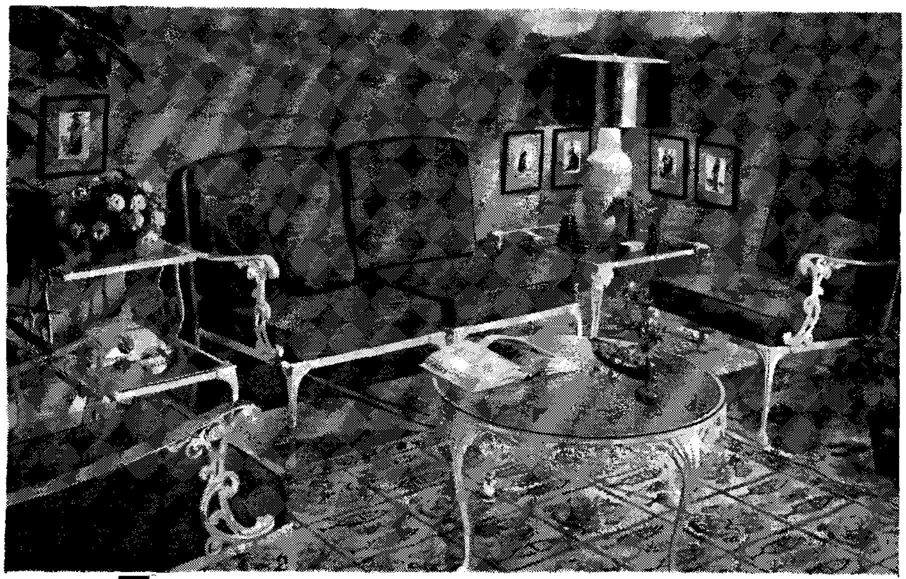
"What are all these people doing in my house?" Fay cried.

"You've got pies three-deep in the pantry, and an icebox ready to pop," Miss Tennyson Bullock told her.

The bridesmaids set out an early supper. Messages were put opened into Laurel's hand; some gift wrapped in tissue paper and ribbon was left lying in her lap.

"Why won't these people go home?" Fay cried.

NOW that she lay in her old room in her own bed, Laurel found that with a surrender she had forgotten about, and was unprepared for, she let memory take charge of her mind. She could hear again the nighttime sound of the two reading voices rising in turn up the stairs to reach this room, so charmed, so charming



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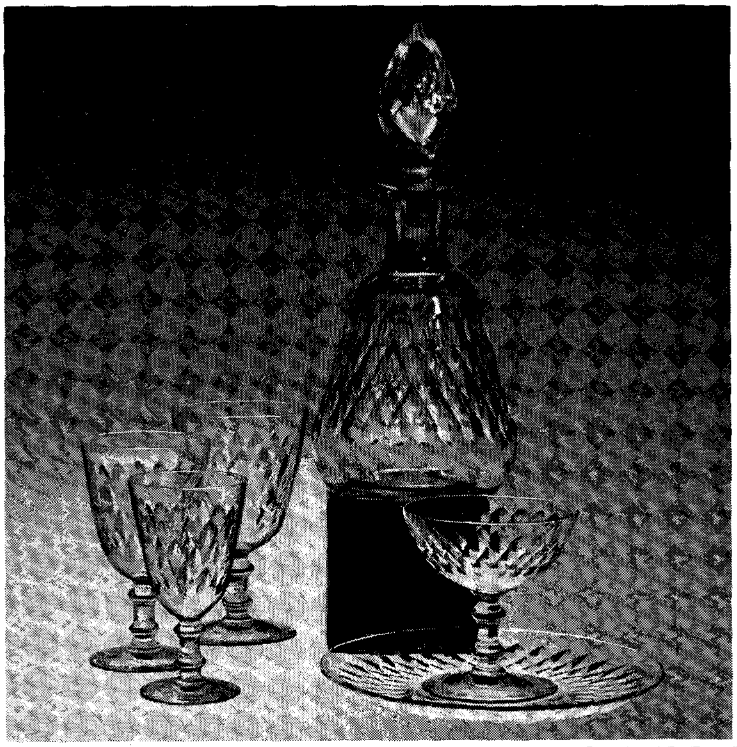

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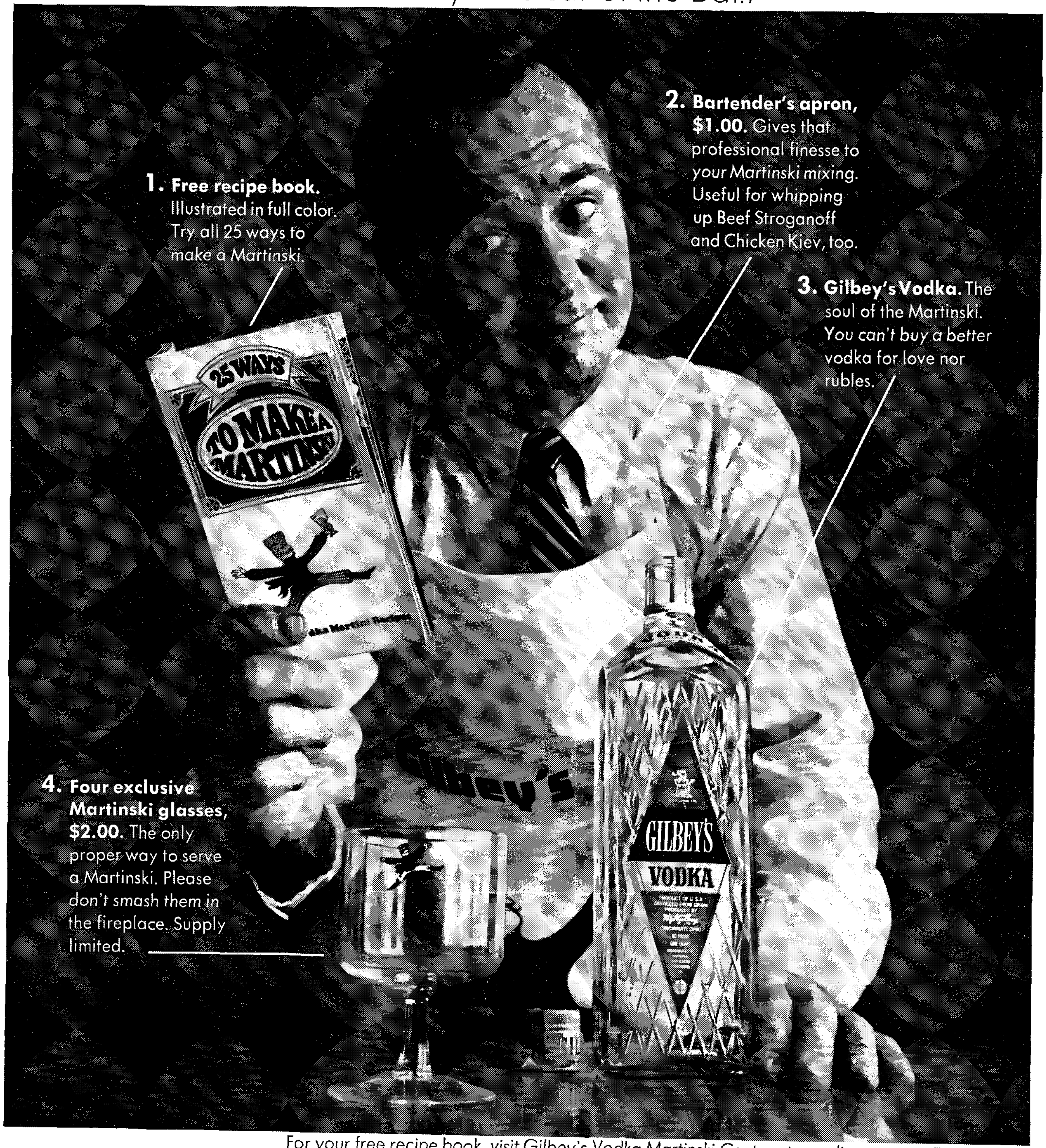

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that she could hardly stay in her bed for pleasure. It was not that she ever cared very much for books—she cared for their voices reading to each other where she could hear them. Mother and Father read until their two voices *like one had wrapped her all around,* and reading on into her dreams never let a silence interrupt to wake her; she slept under a cloak richly patterned and stitched inside and out with golden thread.

Laurel had not allowed herself a sleeping pill or a nightcap; but it was as if she had made herself drunk tonight of all nights by lying in her old bed. The strike of the clock she was waiting to hear had not sounded from below when she lost consciousness.

“*Is it true?*” Missouri asked Laurel, early next morning in the kitchen.

“Yes. It's true.”

“Well. I'm here and you're here,” said Missouri. She shook out a sparkling apron. She had worked here during all of Laurel's mother's life in Mount Salus. After a moment's hesitation she said, “He always want Miss Fay to have her breakfast in bed.”

“Good, then you can wake her. As soon as it's ready,” Laurel said.

She felt her face soften as Missouri's did, and Missouri said, “He mightily enjoyed having him somebody to spoil.”

And it was new for both of them, Laurel thought, watching the tray go out—new for Father and Fay both.

Miss Adele Courtland, the first to arrive, offered her a double handful of daffodils, the nodding, gray-white kind with the square cup.

“You know who gave me mine—hers are blooming outside. Silver Bells,” Miss Adele prompted her. Dr. Courtland's oldest sister was the old maid with the elegant, mischievous face. She wore her faded hair as she had worn it when she was Laurel's first-grade teacher, in a Psyche knot.

“Miss Laurel, I keep *a-calling* Miss Fay but she don't sit up to her breakfast,” said Missouri. “She going to be late even for his funeral.”

“I'll excuse you, Polly,” said Miss Adele.

Laurel went up, knocked, and opened the door into the big bedroom. The bed faced her, instead of her mother's writing cabinet that used to stand between those windows. It was in a bath of pink light. The mahogany headboard, rising high as the mantelpiece, had been quilted from top to bottom in peach satin; peach satin covered the closed windows all around.

Fay slept on her face, both hands in slack fists above her head, as though whoever woke Fay must expect, each new day, to answer for it. Laurel waited. Suppose Fay had been gentle and loving and compassionate toward Father, she thought, and he'd been able to bear to listen to her: Would I be any happier that she had taken Mother's place? Is there any sleeping person you can be entirely sure you have not misjudged?

“Fay!” she cried.

Fay gave no sign. Laurel saw the new green shoes placed like ornaments on top of the mantelshelf.

“Fay, it's morning.”

“Oh, go back to sleep.”

“This is Laurel. People are coming in, downstairs, asking for you.”

Fay pushed herself up on her arms and cried over her shoulder, “This ought to be at Freathy's Funeral Parlor! I thought that was what funeral parlors were *for! You* made it a social occasion!”

“So now it's Clint's turn to bring you back to us,” said an old lady when Laurel joined the early crowd downstairs. Dumbly, Laurel could not call this first old lady by her name; she could only remember that a child's ball thrown over her fence was never to be recovered.

“Yes, daughters ought to stay put, where they can keep a better eye on us old folks,” said Miss Tennyson Bullock tenderly, and a little later, while the rest of them ceremoniously made way, she planted herself bodily in Laurel's path: She stood to hide the coffin coming in.

A fire snapped in the parlor fireplace, and the floor creaked suddenly, louder than the fire. The folding doors between the parlor and the library had been rolled back and the coffin installed across this space upon a row of dining-room chairs.

“Fairest, most impartial, sweetest man in the whole Mississippi Bar,” said Major Bullock. He scraped his face against Laurel's with a groan for morning come. He had for years been her father's law partner.

A man came forward out of the flowers, a stranger who presented a full, square face with small features pulled soberly to the center—what her mother had called “a Baptist face.”

“Miss Laurel, I'm Mr. Freathy again. I recall your dear mother per-

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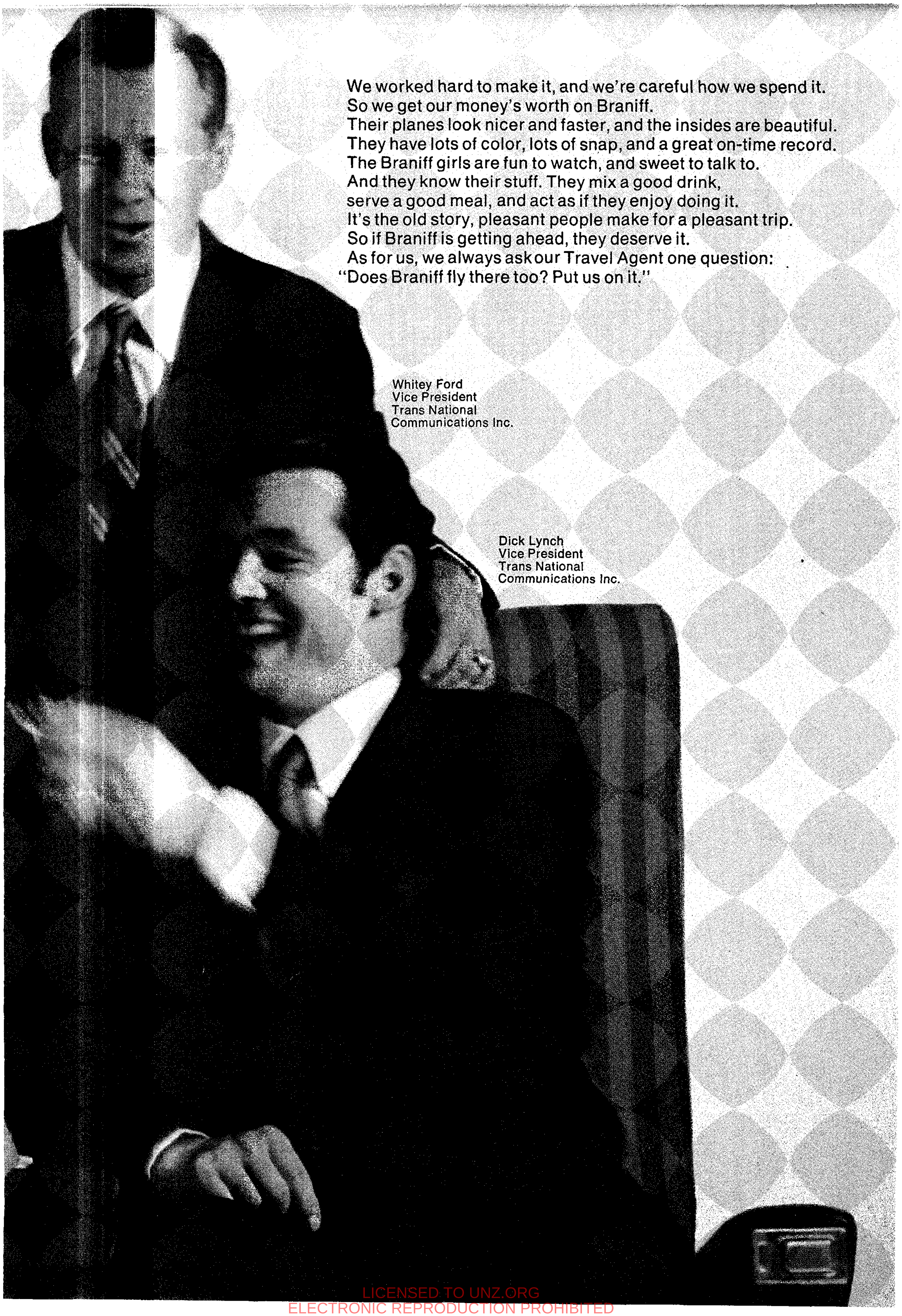

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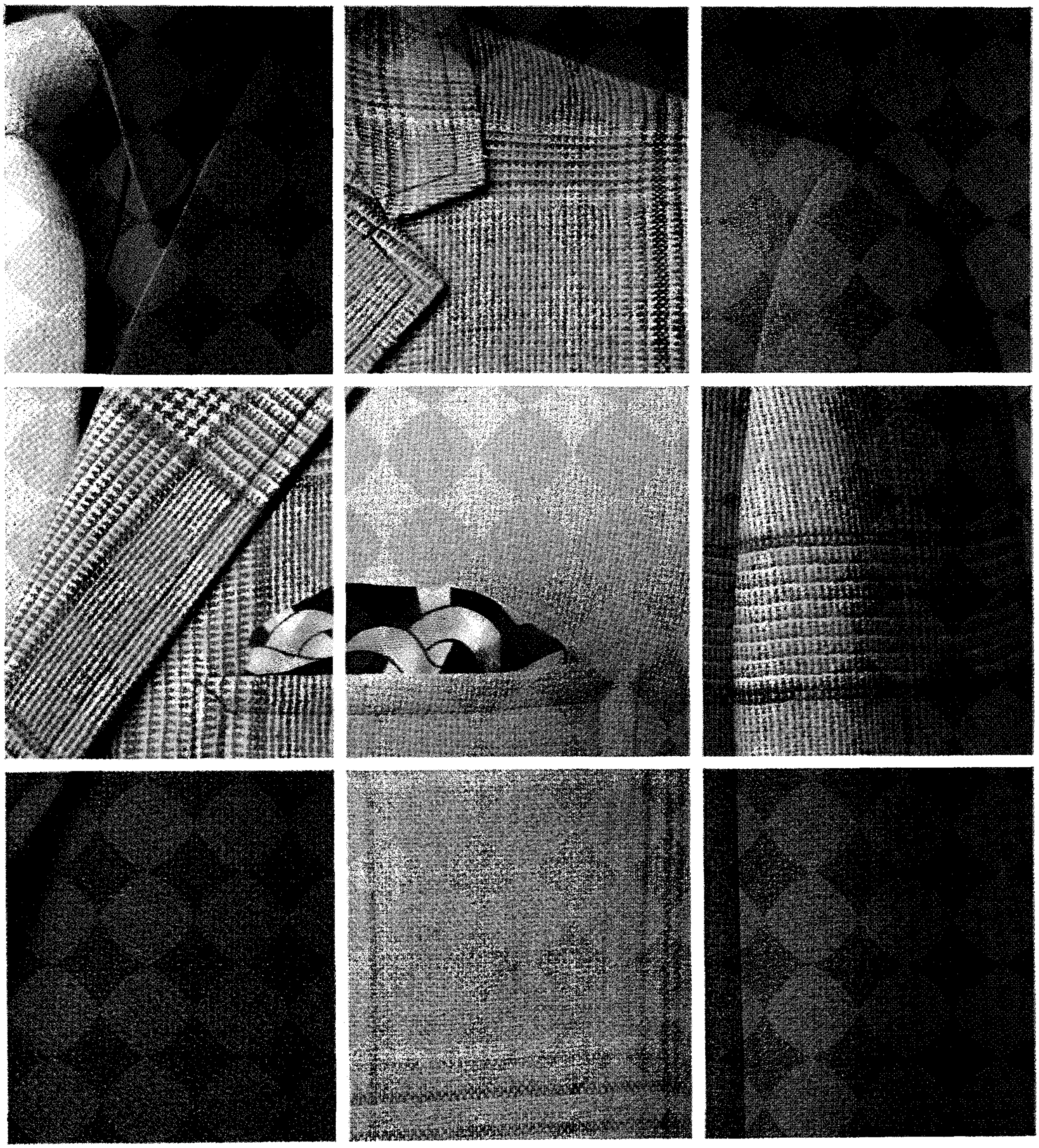

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fectly. I think you'll be very pleased."

She saw that the coffin behind him now stood open.

"But Father would never allow—he protected Mother from—" Laurel turned from one old friend to the other.

"But honey, he's a Mount Salus man. He's a McKelva, a public figure. You can't deprive people. For a matter of fact, you can't deprive Fay!" said Miss Tennyson Bullock, as Fay herself, in black satin, bolted into the room and ran, ran toward the coffin.

"Oh, he looks so good with that mean old bandage pulled off his eye!" Fay cried, and turned her accusing face back onto the room, and fixed her look on Laurel.

"I think you'll be as pleased as she is, Miss Laurel," the undertaker said, extending his arm.

"Thank you, but I'll stand just where I am," she heard herself politely reply.

"I can tell you're going to be a little soldier," Major Bullock said, going to Fay.

At once she began to cry. Major Bullock remained with her, patting her steadily on the shoulder.

It was a warm day, but because of the day it was, the fire was kept going at a blaze. Gritting and hissing against any fall of silence, it forced out the oily scents of florist's chrysanthemums and carnations. Like framed oblongs of clear water reflecting sets of lights from the long narrow white-hung windows, the Chinese prints brought home by the missionary McKelvas hung in their changeless grouping around the mantel clock.

"How is poor Fay going to get through it?" people whispered to Laurel.

"Of course you realized her family would be coming," said Miss Adele Courtland.

"Who told *them* to come?" cried Fay.

"Why, I did," said Major Bullock. "I got the addresses out of his papers at the office—no trouble at all, little girl."

"I didn't ask you-all to walk in on me," Fay said as an older and a younger woman, both of them fat, and a man walked past Miss Tennyson into the parlor.

Laurel was astonished to hear herself, where she stood, being introduced.

"Mamma and Sis, this is Judge and Becky's daughter," said Fay.

"Becky's the one she takes after, then," said the mother, now seating

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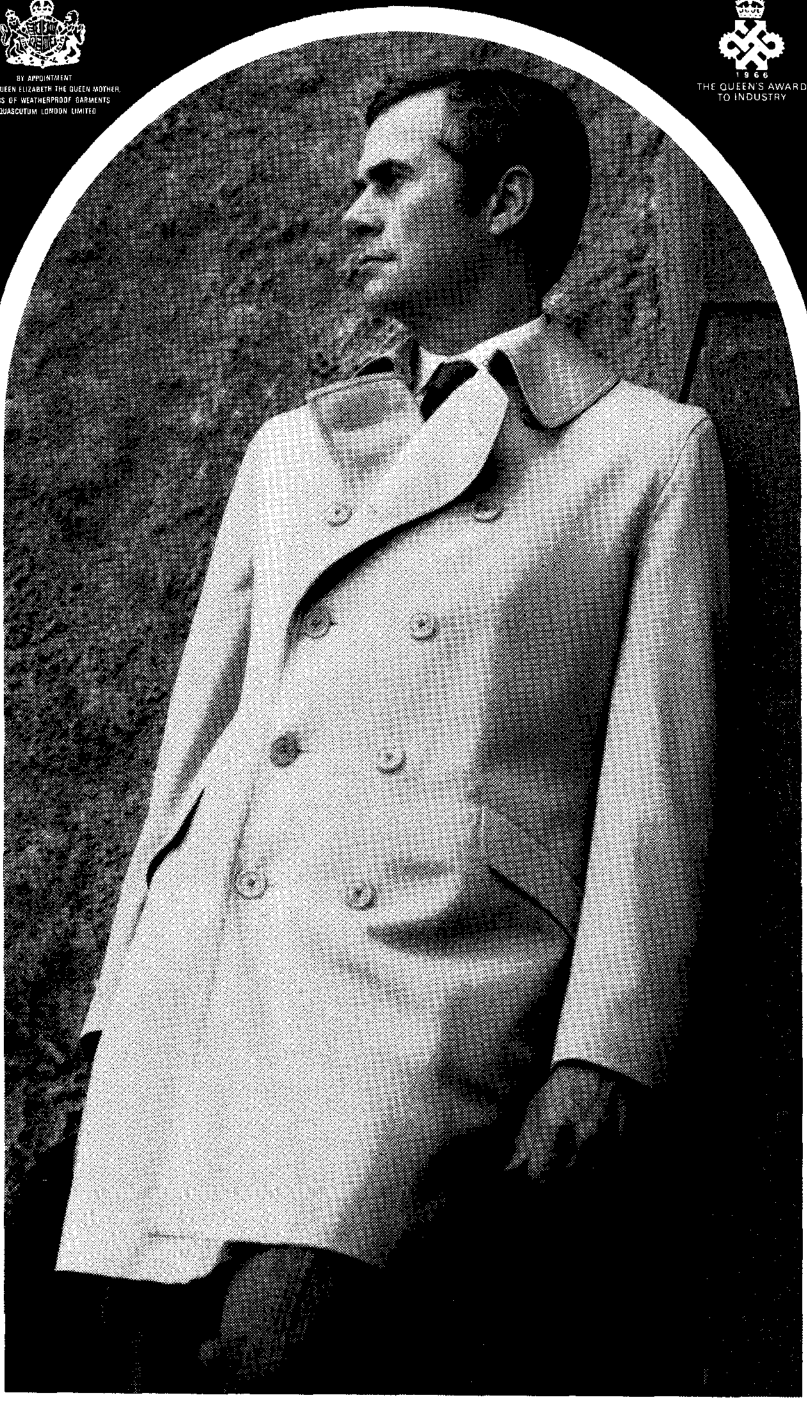

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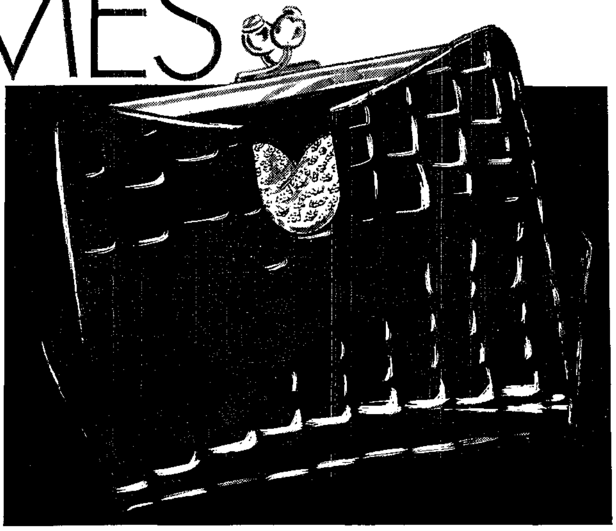

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herself in Judge McKelva's smoking chair, which of course itself belonged in the library. "You don't favor him," she told Laurel. "A grand coffin you afforded. Makes me jealous," she told Fay.

"Mr. Freathy's been a help, if nobody else was," said Fay.

"Irma says excuse her for staying away but she's fixing to have another one in July," said the man to her.

"If I could come, she could," said the sister. "Irma is always looking around for the easiest excuse to stay home."

"Bubba, this is Becky's daughter, and I don't know why she didn't stay home. Her home is Chicago, Illinois," said Fay.

A man in his thirties raised his arm from the elbow and waved at Laurel from close range. He wore a windbreaker.

"Hey. I got here myself from Beaumont, Texas, in close on eight hours' driving. Crossed the river at Vicksburg." He turned to Fay. "The kids wanted to pile in, but their mamma said you don't ever know what germs they might pick up in a strange place. And she's right. So I left 'em with her in the trailer and didn't bring but one of 'em. Where's Wendell?" he asked, and the young woman answered from the piano stool. "He's looking over the house."

Fay said, "Let me show you Judge."

"I just finished seeing him," the brother said. "Real young-looking for a man pushing seventy-two."

"That's right. Not a bit wasted. I'm proud for you, Wanda Fay," Mrs. Chisom said to her daughter. "Your pa was wasted and they didn't have the power to hide it." She turned to Miss Adele Courtland. "But I reckon he'd lasted longer on nothing but tap water than anybody ever lasted before. Tap water, that's all Mr. Chisom could get down. I kept listening for some complaint, never got one. He had cancer but he didn't whimper about it, not to me. That's because we both of us was good old Mississippi stock!"

Laurel could see over the coffin into the library behind it, where a number of her father's old friends were evidently listening to some story the mayor had to tell. Farther back still were the two loaded bookcases, like a pair of old, patched, velvety cloaks hung up there on the wall.

"And here I've been wondering who it was I was saving my Tennessee ham for," said the mayor's wife, squeezing her arm. "It was your moth-

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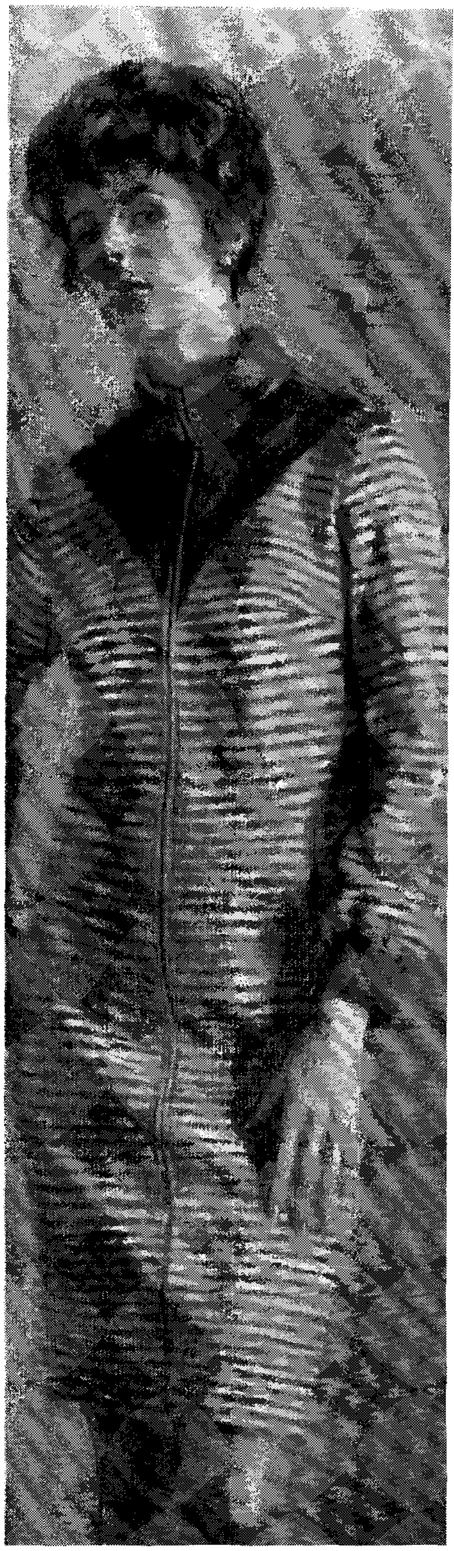

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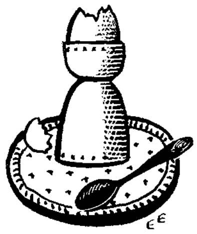
er first told me how I could harness one of those and get it cooked so anybody could eat it.”

“I'm sure Wanda Fay had a mighty good rival in her,” said Sis's complimentary voice. A silence fell, in which the gritting of the fire and the terrier-like barking of some dog running after squirrels in the yard took the place of voices.

“Sis,” said Fay. “This is his first wife's daughter.”

“You told me once. Anyway, I knew who she was, you didn't have to introduce us,” said the sister, adding to Laurel, “I told my bunch they could just play outside in the yard, and watch for us all to come out, and that was enough.”



There was a constant creaking of the floor, as though people were dancing on it without music.

“May I see him?” the Presbyterian preacher's wife asked right and left as she elbowed her way in, as if Judge McKelva's body were the new baby. “Oh, isn't he lovely?”

She creaked back to embrace Laurel and to whisper, as they all whispered, “How is poor Fay going to last?”

Laurel felt a finger twine its way around her own finger, scratch under the ring. “You have bad luck with *your* husband, too?” Mrs. Chisom asked her.

“Six weeks after she married him,” said the old lady who kept children's lost balls. “The war. Body never recovered.”

“*You* was *cheated*,” Mrs. Chisom pronounced.

“But he was somebody from Chicago,” Fay said.

“So you ain't got father, mother, brother, sister, husband, chick nor child.” Mrs. Chisom dropped Laurel's finger to poke her in the side as if to shame her. “Not a soul to call on, that's you.”

“All you see around me are my oldest friends,” Laurel said, and the mayor clapped her on the shoulder as he said in his sweeping way, “Bank's closed, a lot of uptown's agreed to close for the hour of services, besides the county offices. Courthouse has lowered its flag. I thought you'd feel better satisfied if you knew what all closed.”

“Friends are here today and gone tomorrow,” Mrs. Chisom told Laurel and the mayor. “Not like your kin. Hope the Lord don't ask me to outlive mine. I'd be much obliged if He'd take me the next round. Isn't that a good idea, children?”

A little boy came into the room at a trot while she waited for an answer. He did not look at her or anybody else. He was wearing a cowboy suit and double holsters.

“Wendell, you pull off your hat if you think you know who you came to see,” called Fay's sister.

The child bared his head, continued to the coffin, and stood there on tiptoe. He was about seven, fair and frail.

“Nothing like kin. Yes, me and my brood believes in clustering just as close as we can get,” said Mrs. Chisom. “Bubba pulled his trailer right up in my yard when he married, and Irma can string her clothesline as far as she pleases. Sis got married and didn't even try to move away. Duffy just snuggled in. And you couldn't find fault with his manners, either—he's like Mr. Freathy.”

“He says for me to apologize for him not coming to the funeral,” said Sis. “But a hatchery and pullorum like where he works doesn't hand out all those holidays.”

“But DeWitt!” Fay said. “He's the brother that can talk my language. Where's he?”

“DeWitt? He's still in Beaumont, in a sull. He's been in a sull ever since you married Judge McKelva and didn't send him a special engraved invitation to the wedding,” said Bubba.

Fay set her little jaw.

Mrs. Chisom said, “I said, ‘DeWitt, now! You get up out of that and come on with us to the funeral. You can take the wheel in Lake Charles.’ But DeWitt is DeWitt—he expects his feelings to be considered.”

“Why does he have to be dressed up?” asked Wendell at the casket.

Laurel might have taken a step forward then to put her arms around Wendell, guard him. He was like a young, undriven, unfalsifying, unvindictive Fay. His face was transparent—he was beautiful. So Fay might have appeared to her aging father, with his slipping eyesight.

Miss Thelma Daggett creaked over the floor and stood above the casket. She had been Judge McKelva's chief secretary for years and years. Her shoulders sagged as she said, “He had a wonderful sense of humor. Underneath it all!”

“And under that cloak of modesty he loved to wear, a fearless man! Fearless man!” Major Bullock moved in on Laurel as she had moved in on Wendell. “Remember the day, Ten-

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nyson, when Clint McKelva stood up and faced the White Caps!" The floor creaked agonizingly as he rocked back and forth on his feet and all but shouted the length of the parlor to his wife. "The time Clint sentenced that fellow for willful murder and the White Caps let it be known they were coming to town out of all their holes and nooks and crannies to take that man from the jail!"

Bubba Chisom laughed. Major Bullock looked confused, and all but forgot what came next.

"But that cloak of modesty he wore fooled 'em! Clint sent out word of his own: He was going to ring that jail and courthouse of ours with Mount Salus volunteers, and they'd be armed and ready. And the White Caps came, too—came a little bit earlier than they promised. But Clint there by himself walked out on the front steps of that courthouse and said, 'Come right on in! The jail is on the second floor!'" Major Bullock went irrepressibly on; the generations of Baptist preachers who'd made him sang in his voice, and he'd been a Baptist, too, until Miss Tennyson had jerked him over to the Presbyterian side. "'But before you enter, you take those damn white hoods off, and every last one of you show me who you are!' Well, that backed 'em right out of there, the whole pack, right on out of town. And finished 'em, too, for a while."

"But who do you call him, Dad?" asked Wendell, plucking at his father's sleeve.

"Shut up. Or I'll take you back to your mother before you see the funeral," he was answered.

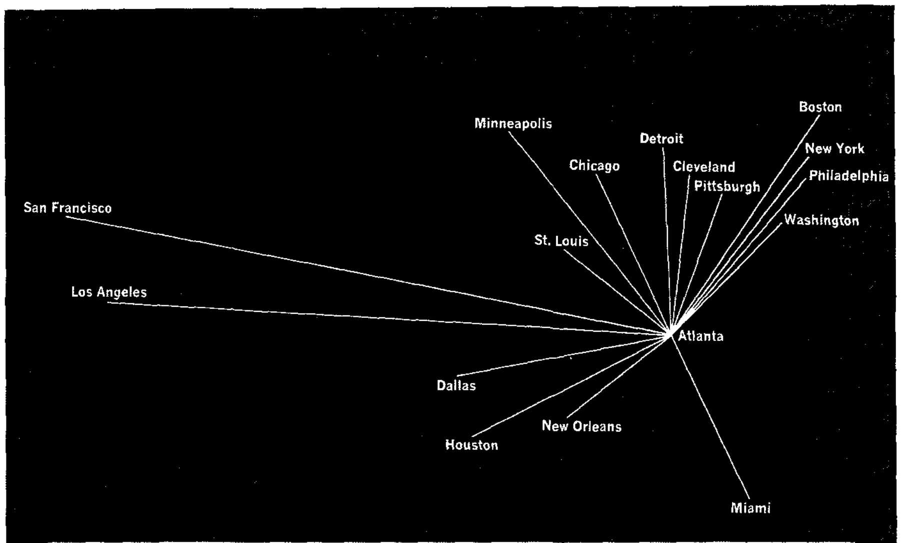
"Laurel, nobody ever told you the story of Clint and the White Caps?" Major Bullock pleaded. "Under that cloak of modesty he wore—"

"Father really was modest," she said.

"Honey, you were away. You were sitting up yonder in Chicago, drawing pictures," Miss Tennyson told her.

A big apple-cheeked woman in a hairy tam smiled into Laurel's face from the other side. "I remember, oh, I remember how many *Christmases* I was among those present in this dear old house in all its hospitality. And they'd throw open those doors between these double parlors and the music would strike up and Clinton and I, we'd lead out the dance," she said.

This caller was out of her mind, yet even she was not being kept back from the viewing. It was by the run-down heels on her shoes as she lumbered away that Laurel knew her for the sewing woman. She would come to



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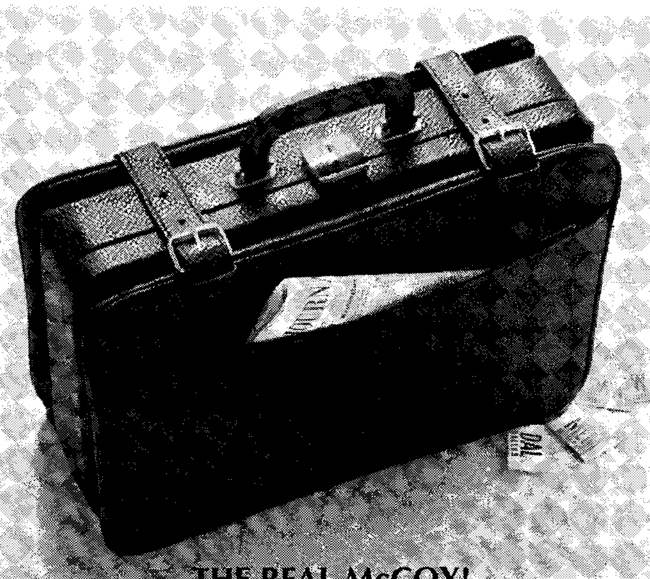

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people's houses and spend the whole day upstairs at the sewing machine, listening and talking and repeating and getting everything crooked.

Old Dr. Woodson was saying, "He and I used to take off as kids with the dogs and be gone all day in the woods here. I've been his doctor for years—we're the same age—but you know it's been a long time since I remembered his foot. Clint went swinging on a vine too far and soared off and came down barefoot on a piece of tin and liked to bled to death a mile from home. I reckon I must have carried Clint into town on my back and used strength I didn't know I had. You know, Clint always gave you the impression nothing could kill him, but I believe he was really kind of delicate. After I'd *got* him here, he fell out cold. I reckon I'm responsible for saving Clint's life for him, that time."

"Clint was always so chivalrous!" the Doctor's wife exclaimed, as if to agree with her husband.

"With everything the matter with me, you'd have thought he'd outlive me," the Doctor said.

"Not for me or you to ask the reason why," Mrs. Chisom told him. "It's like Grandpa and my oldest boy Roscoe. Nobody in Texas could understand what the Lord meant taking Roscoe when He did."

"What happened to Roscoe, Grandma?" Wendell asked, coming away from the coffin to hang over her lap and look up into her face.

"Son, you've heard me tell it. Stuffed up the windows, stuffed up the door, turned on all four eyes of the stove and the oven," said Mrs. Chisom indulgently. "Fire Department drug him out, rushed him to the Baptist Hospital in the fire wagon, tried all their tricks, but they couldn't get ahead of Roscoe. He was in Heaven already."

"He was beating the fire engines? Were you *there*, Grandma?" Wendell cried.

"I'm his mother. Well, his mother could be thankful he didn't do nothing serious to harm his looks. He hated more than anything having remarks made against him. In his coffin he was as pretty as a girl. Honey, he just stretched him out easy and put his head on a pillow and waited till he quit breathing. Don't you ever try that, Wendell," said Mrs. Chisom.

Wendell turned and went back to Judge McKelva's coffin.

"Roscoe told his friends in Orange, Texas, what he was figuring on doing. When it's all done, they wrote and told me he'd called 'em up crying and

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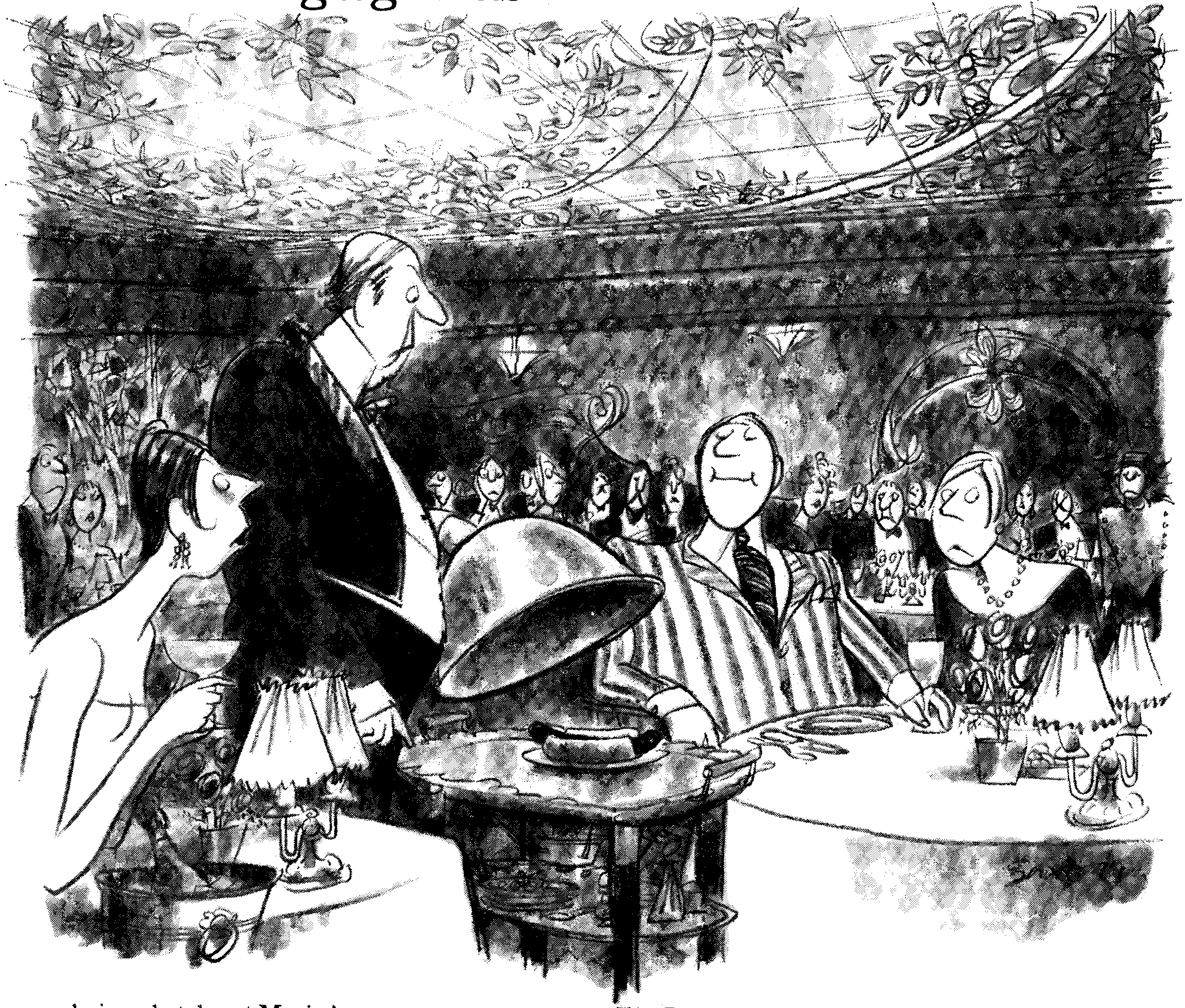

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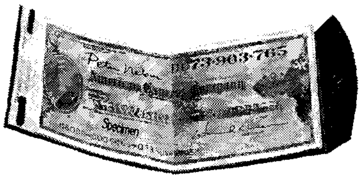

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they went and cried with him. ‘Cried *with* him?’ I wrote those people back. ‘Why couldn't you-all have told his mother?’ I can't get *over* people. I wrote and said, ‘I had the bus fare. I had the round-trip to Orange and back again.’ ” She was patting both feet.

"He's better off, Mamma," said Sis. "Better off, just like Judge McKelva laying yonder. Tell yourself what I do."

"I wrote and said at least tell his mother what had been fretting Roscoe, if they knew so much, and they finally got around to answering that he didn't *want* me to know," Mrs. Chisom said, her face changing all at once into an expression of innocence. It lasted for only a minute. She went on. "Roscoe was my mainstay when Mr. Chisom went. They said, ‘Prepare yourself, Mrs. Chisom. Mr. Chisom is not going to go anywhere but downhill.’ They were guessing right that time, the doctors were. He went down fast and we buried him back in Bigbee, and there on the spot I called Roscoe to me. ‘You're the mainstay now, Roscoe,’ I says. ‘You're the head of the Chisom family.’ He was so happy."

Wendell stood at the casket crying. Now, when Fay still looked towheaded as a child, Wendell somehow looked like a tiny grayhead.

"Child's wore out," Bubba said. "He's just crying because he ain't got it figured out yet who it is he come to cry for."

At that moment Wendell broke from them and went tearing toward the hallway. He threw his arms around the knees of an old man who had just come in.

"Grandpa Chisom! I can't believe my eyes! After nine years! It's Grandpa!" Fay cried out. She ran toward him, crying, "Oh, Grandpa, they let Judge die on my birthday!"

"Wanda Fay, I carried you some Bigbee pecans," said the old man. Wendell at his side, he came slowly into the room and through the crowd, carrying toward her a yellowed candy box in one hand and a paper sack in the other. Wendell had possession of his old black hat. "I thought you might not harvest their like around here." He explained that he had sat up most of last night, after walking to the Bigbee Crossroads to flag down the bus at three this morning, and had shelled the nuts on the way to keep busy. "Where I got lost was after I got inside Mount Salus," he said, giving her the box. "That's the meats. You can just throw the shells away for me," he added, handing her the sack. "I didn't like to leave 'em in that nice warm seat for the next passenger." He carefully dusted his hands before he walked up to the casket.

"Who is it, Grandpa?" asked Wendell.

"It's Mr. McKelva. I reckon he stood whatever it was long enough," said Mr. Chisom. "I'm sorry he had to go while he's so many miles short of home."

"Out of curiosity, who does he remind you of?" Mrs. Chisom asked him as he gazed down.

"Nobody," the old man said.

"Grandpa's just like Mr. Dalzell in the hospital—don't want somebody else to steal all the attention," Fay told the room, as if again she'd been coaxed from her tears. "I bet he's missing me now! If he's still alive to do it. His chances of leaving the hospital were a hundred to one. Against."

"That's Medicare for you," said Mrs. Chisom.

"I tell you, what they let go on in hospitals don't hardly bear repeating," said Sis. "Irma says the maternity ward in Amarillo would curl your hair."

"Doctors don't know what they're doing. They just know how to charge," said Bubba.

"And you know who I wouldn't trust for a blessed second behind my back? Nurses!" cried Mrs. Chisom.

Fay returned to her sobbing.

"She'll break down a little more before she's through," said Mrs. Chisom. "I think she'll take after me."

Kind friends had done everything for Laurel that they could except start the clock. She was painfully aware of the absence of its sound. She walked to the mantelshelf, reached for the key, wound the clock, set the hands by those of her own watch, and started the pendulum.

"Oh, how I hate that old striking clock!" cried Fay. "It's the first thing I'm going to get rid of!"

"She's cracking," said Mrs. Chisom. "Just like me. Poor little Wanda Fay."

Laurel turned around on the hearth and faced the room. The clock stood over her shoulder. "This is his house," she said. Yet he was not in any room; they had placed him between one room and another and exposed

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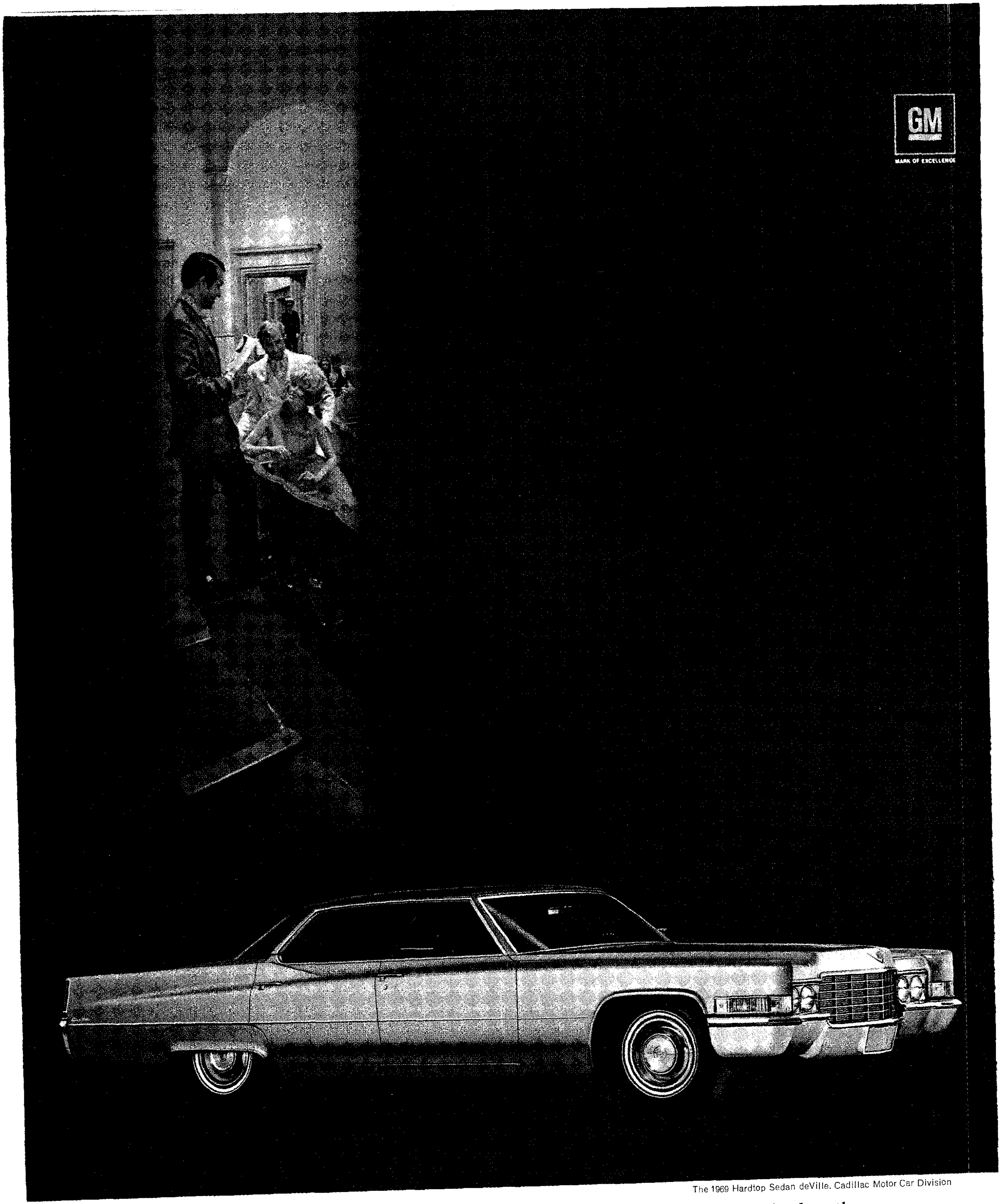

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him dead. "It's still his house you're in."

"It's mine and you know it," said Fay.

The clock whirred and struck two. Mr. Freathy gave the room a look of conspiracy and came toward Laurel smiling, on tiptoe. It was now time to close the casket, he whispered, and this was the moment for all those who had not yet paid their last respects to avail themselves of this opportunity and use their privilege.

Laurel stood perfectly still, with something more to say about her father, she could not choose what. But Fay's thin voice threaded toward her: "Somebody's going to have to drag her by main force before she'll look at him, her own father!"

And suddenly the coffin stood there for Laurel in the manner of a street barricade, and the bare floor under it reflected the chair legs like an overflow of water from some accident.

"If you'd keep back with your own family for a minute, Fay dear," Miss Tennyson Bullock said. "Laurel needs a moment by herself, everybody." Then she was the one to lead Laurel forward.

Laurel kept her eyes on the right-hand bookcase back against the library wall. She was close enough to recognize the shelf of Gibbon. Had she even read her father the book he wanted? Then she let her eyes fall. She saw the propped figure. The wrong book! The wrong book! her mind shrieked at her.

Yet the love of childhood friends was still around her, and as she pulled up her head she knew, without having to think, that only in the house where you were born would you be winked at by your oldest friend and maid of honor from across the room that held your father's dead body in its coffin, to convey this love and help bear the weight of that lid, to let it come down.

Suddenly Fay knocked her aside. "Oh, Judge, how could you be so unfair to me?" she screamed directly into the coffin, on which Mr. Freathy had posed his hand. "Oh, Judge, how could you go off and leave me this way? Why did you want to treat me so unfair?"

"Wanda Fay *needed* that husband of hers. That's why he ought to lived. He was a care, took all her time, but you'd do it again, wouldn't you, honey?" called Mrs. Chisom, pulling herself to her feet. "If you could have your husband back."

Fay screamed on into the coffin. "It wasn't fair! It's not fair! Everybody cheats me!"

Sis stood up, enormous, and said,

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"Here I am, Wanda Fay. Cry on me."

Fay struck out, hitting at Sis and at Mr. Freathy, fighting her mother too for a moment. Laurel saw Fay break from the hastening preacher's arms and throw herself forward across the coffin, and falling on the pillow in that peach satin box put her kiss on the bisque face. She was dragged away, screaming, by Miss Tennyson Bullock alone.

Laurel made her way into the hall, then went headlong into the arms of Missouri, who waited there with her hat on.

"There, now," Mrs. Chisom's voice came through the screams in the parlor. "She's like me. Though when I had to give up her dad, they couldn't hold me at all. I tore up that house, I did."

"Give me those little hands," Major Bullock's voice came.

"She bites." That was Fay's sister.

"And no wonder. It's hard to be asked to give up sweetness itself," said Major Bullock.

Hearing his voice disembodied, Laurel realized he was drunk.

"What are you mad at him for, Aunt Fay?" asked Wendell's voice.

A chorus said, "She's fainted."

"Shake her. That's something *I* didn't do—just drop," said Mrs. Chisom's voice.

"There's no telling when she last had a decent home-cooked meal with vegetables," said Miss Tennyson Bullock. "That goes a long way to explain everything. Now, this will be just a little slap."

Someone came into the hall and took Laurel away from Missouri. The others came out, too, with Fay restored to giving the soft cries of a hurt child and saying, "He had no business to do me like this, Major Bullock. Did he?"

Last of all came Miss Adele. Laurel had seen her drop sideways into the smoking chair Mrs. Chisom had vacated, and sit waiting with her drawn forehead against its old brown wing.

Then Mr. Freathy, as if he propelled it by using the simple power of immunity, moved through their ranks with the coffin; it was piled over with flowers. Laurel, Miss Adele, and Missouri watched it go.

Children at play and a little white dog watched it coming out, then watched the people coming out after it. Two children sat on the roof of a truck; they had picked the Silver Bells.

THE First Presbyterian Church had been built by McKelvas, who had given it the steepest steps in town. From her place in the family pew, Laurel heard the seven members of the

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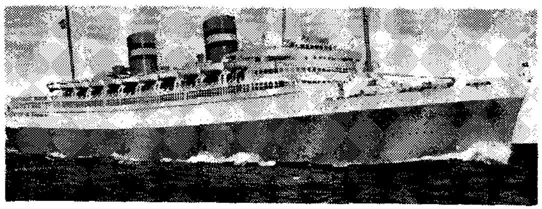

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Bar, or their sons, and Bubba Chisom in his windbreaker bringing up the thundering weight of Judge McKelva in his coffin. She heard them blundering.

"Heavenly Father, may this serve to remind us that we have each and every one of us been fearfully and wonderfully made," Dr. Bolt said, head bowed. But was that not Judge McKelva's table blessing? Laurel saw the minister frequently mop his face all over with his handkerchief while he performed the service, but what he was saying she failed to hear, from beginning to end.

"Wasn't it beautiful? So far," said Miss Tennyson riding in the car beside her. Laurel saw that she wore a drum-major hat.

There was a jolt from the cattle guard for each car as it passed between ironwork gates whose kneeling angels and looping vines shone black as licorice. On top of the hill ahead stood the giant cedar with blanched trunk and its branches all swung to one side. Crowded under it, winged angels and life-size effigies of bygone citizens in old-fashioned dress stood as if by count among the columns and shafts and conifers like a familiar set of passengers collected on deck of a ship, on which they all knew each other, embarked on a voyage that is always returning in dreams.

As they approached it, black wings moved and thudded in perfect unison, and a flock of migrant starlings flew up as they might have from a plowed field, still shaped like the grounds of the cemetery, like its map, and wrinkled in the air.

The road led to the base of the hill; only a track for walking, grass-grown, went to the burial plots on top.

"I'm glad the big camellia will be in bloom—that's his," said Laurel. She felt her gloved hand pressed in that of Miss Tennyson as Fay said from her other side, "How could the biggest fool think I was going to bury my husband with his old wife? He's going in where I'm going to go, in the new part."

A new road had been made to circle the cemetery at the base of its hill. Laurel looked up as they turned, and saw among the urns that marked the graves of the McKelvas the favorite camellia of her father, the old-fashioned *Chandlerii elegans*, that he had planted on her mother's grave, now big as a pony, saddled with unplucked bloom living and dead, on a fading carpet of its own flowers.

Laurel would hardly have thought

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of Mount Salus Cemetery as having a back; it was like being driven to the other side of the moon. Cleared of trees, it had dozens of graves, dotted uniformly with indestructible plastic Christmas poinsettias.

Laurel sat on her assigned chair next to Fay. Under Mr. Freathy's awning she could smell the fieriness of flowers restored to open air and the clay of the opened grave hidden like a wet wound under the pistachio-green of Mr. Freathy's grass; all voices were deadened. Miss Tennyson Bullock murmured, "Look behind you. The high-school band's attending in a body, sporting their instruments. They'd better—Clint gave 'em to 'em, gave 'em those uniforms, didn't he?"

As Dr. Bolt assumed position, Laurel did turn her head to search the profile of the hill, until among the monuments, all with their backs to her, she found a certain child angel. It scattered a star wired to its marble hand; the star had rusted and looked like a biscuit. She could see from here only the back heel lifted and the division between its wings, but she had found a landmark.

"WANDA FAY, I'm sorry I can't fool around any longer," said the brother, back at the house.

"Think nothing of it."

"That wrecking concern can't spare you the time even for something as short as a funeral."

Through the front windows could be seen the old grandfather already outside with his hat on, walking around looking at the trees. The pecan tree there was filled with budding leaves like green bees spaced out in a hive of light. There was something bright as well in the old man's hatband—the other half of his round-trip ticket from Bigbee.

"UGHMMMMM!" It was Miss Tennyson Bullock across the hall in the dining room, giving the great groan she always gave when a dish had been made right; it was her own chicken mousse.

Fay stared at the spread table, where Miss Tennyson, Miss Anita, Tish, and some of the other bridesmaids were setting platters around; Missouri, back in her apron but with cemetery mud sticking to her heels, was bringing in the coffee urn. Missouri looked up from her own reflection in the shield of its side and smiled at Laurel.

"Now!" she said softly. "The house looking like it used to look. Like it used to look!"

"There's enough food in sight to

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last one lone woman forever," said Bubba Chisom to Fay.

"Wanda Fay, who you going to put in this house besides you?" asked Mrs. Chisom.

"I just know who I'm not putting," Fay said.

"There's room for the whole nation of us here," Mrs. Chisom said and stepping back into the hall she looked up the white-railed stairway. She went outside and they heard her stepping along the front porch. "It'd make a good boarding house, if you could get your mother to come cook for 'em."

"The house can wait," said Fay. "Till somebody gets out of it, and takes her friends. I've got a good mind to jump in with you, Mamma. Hear?"

"For how long do you mean?" asked Mrs. Chisom, coming in to face her.

"Just long enough."

"You're going to rush into a trip right now?" Major Bullock asked, going to her other side.

"Major Bullock, I think when a person's got a free ride one way, the decision is made for them," Fay said. "And it just so happens I haven't unpacked my suitcase."

"I still haven't heard your excuse for going," said Sis.

"You surprised me, I'll surprise DeWitt," replied Fay. "I think I'm needed to straighten him out. I'll talk his language."

"You may have to stand out in front of his house and holler, if you do," said Bubba. "He's got folks' appliances stacked all over it. You can't hardly get in across those vacuum cleaners and power motors and bathroom heaters and old window fans, and not one of 'em running yet. Hasn't fixed one. He can't hardly get out of the house and you can't get in to fuss at him."

"Watch me," said Fay. "I'll pull him out of that sull."

"That's what he wants," objected Sis. "I bet he's even looking for you, Wanda Fay. You won't surprise him at all."

Fay cried, "I don't mind standing up in the back and riding with the children!"

"You'll wind up riding on my lap," said her mother. "I know you."

Fay had already run up the stairs.

"I believe a few days with your own family would do you good," Miss Tennyson Bullock told her when she'd come down again with her suitcase. "So have a nice time."

"Well, at least my family's not hypocrites," said Fay. "If they didn't want me, they'd say so."

"Come on, then," said Sis, who had pushed herself to her feet again. "Let's get going before the children commence to fighting and *Wendell* starts picking on *my* children." She took Laurel's hand and shook it. "We thought a heap of him, even if he couldn't stay on earth long enough for us to meet him," she said. "We always knew he was just plain *folks*."

They were taking old Mr. Chisom as far as the bus station, to be sure he found it.

"You got a lots of fat squirrels going to waste here," the old man said, bending down to Laurel and to her astonishment kissing her goodbye.

"What day will you get back? You must come to the office and let me go over things with you," Major Bullock told Fay. "Laurel's acquainted already with what there is to know, of course. You are to have this house, Fay, and anything in it you need. Laurel, who has her own place in Chicago, will be compensated as equally as possible from the sale of various—"

"I found out all that," said Fay. "I was a business woman to start with." She wheeled to Laurel and said, "By the time I get back, I reckon you'll be gone, won't you?"

At last they were in the truck, rolling down the street.

"Poor little woman. Got a bigger load than she knows yet how to carry by herself," said Major Bullock, waving.

Wendell was the only Chisom visible now, standing at the very back of the truck. He took one of his guns out of the holster and rode off pointing it at them.

"Do you know, Laurel, who was on my mind the whole way through?" Miss Tennyson Bullock asked. "*Becky!* And I've been thanking my stars she wasn't here! Child, I'm glad your mother wasn't alive to go through that! I'm glad it was you."

"I was thinking," said Miss Adele Courtland, "of who Becky *loved*. And Laurel loved." She forgot to kiss them, but stepped on out of the house and away into her own; it was only next door.

III

"POOR Fay!" the afternoon callers said to Laurel. "Well, poor Fay." The four elderly ladies were sitting

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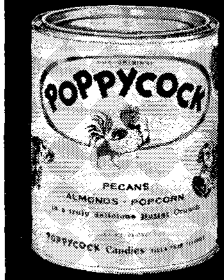

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about in the back yard idly watching Laurel pull chickweed out of the iris. The Dutch iris was already forking to bloom. Cardinals and a pair of mockingbirds were feeding here and there and crisscrossing the air about them.

"I used to waste my time feeling sorry for Clint. But he's in Heaven now, and I can just sit here in sunshine feeling sorry for Fay," Miss Tennyson Bullock said. She had the ancient deck chair, which engulfed her like a hammock.

"Oh, she won't stay here in Mount Salus, will she? Without a husband?" asked the preacher's wife. "She'll go away."

"Little waif! I wouldn't count on it," said old Mrs. Whitman. "You got a peep at her origins."

"She inherits the house, as everybody knows. Ask yourself what other roof she'd have over her head," said Miss Tennyson.

"What did she do with herself here before *he* was gone?" exclaimed Mrs. Bolt.

"Nothing but sit-and-eat," said Miss Tennyson. "And keep on looking like a sparrow."

"I expect she missed simply having something to occupy her hands," said old Mrs. Whitman, holding up a perfectly enormous afghan she was knitting by the porcelain light of the dogwood tree.

"Oh, surely you know she *missed* working," said Miss Adele Courtland, "missed going to work every day at a good steady job."

"Adele has the schoolteacher's low opinion of everybody. The house was not exactly a *sight*. Yes it was," said Miss Tennyson Bullock. "The way they set off and left it to come back to."

"Their bed wasn't made," suggested the preacher's wife.

"Well, if she made him happy. And I'm sure she did," said Miss Tennyson Bullock.

The wild phlox was blue as a lake behind Miss Adele Courtland as she said, "Oh, indeed, he doted on her."

"Doted. You've hit on it. That's the word," said Miss Tennyson.

"Surely you believe he did, Laurel." Often Miss Adele's teasing was to say: Surely you don't want to be like *me* in disbelieving most of what you hear, do you?

"It couldn't be for her bridge game, if he did. Beggar-my-neighbor was more in her line of accomplishment," said old Mrs. Whitman grimly.

"Oh, he doted on her, like a man will. I'd only like to ask your precious father one question, if I could have

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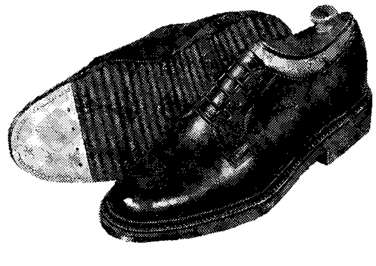

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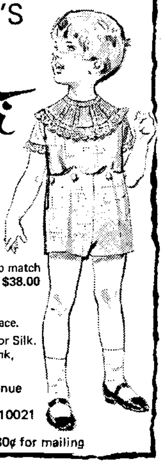

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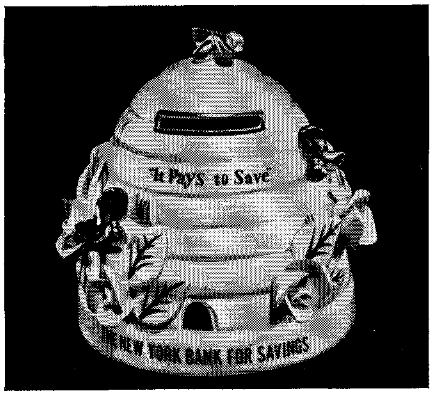

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him back just long enough for that, Laurel," said Miss Tennyson, and she bent forward and asked it hoarsely: "What happened to his judgment?"

"He wasn't as old as all that," agreed Mrs. Whitman. "I'm older, by a trifle."

"A man can feel sorry for a poor child like Fay and still not go that far," said Miss Tennyson.

"Laurel is who should have saved him from that nonsense. Laurel shouldn't have married a naval officer in wartime. Laurel should have stayed home after Becky died. He needed him somebody *in* that house, girl," said old Mrs. Whitman.

"And that didn't mean Fay," said Miss Tennyson. "Laurel, do you know that when he brought her here to your house she had very little idea of how to separate an egg?"

"Father wouldn't have shipped her back to Texas for that."

"A frying pan was the one thing in your mother's kitchen she might have told you the name of. Things like that get over town quickly, you know. I hate to tell you the upshot, but on Sundays, when Missouri wasn't coming, they walked from church and took their Sunday dinner in the Iona Hotel, in that dining room."

"Oh, it's been the most saddening exhibition in my memory," said old Mrs. Whitman, crablike over her wintry wool.

"We just happen to walk that way, too, when we go home from church. Time after time we saw 'em through the plate-glass window," said Miss Tennyson. "Billing and cooing."

"Why must you remind me," said Mrs. Bolt. "*My* husband hasn't yet rehearsed his sermon to me." She took her leave.

"That service of his wasn't up to your father, either. To my notion," Miss Tennyson said to Laurel after she'd gone. "At the time, I liked it; the catch was in thinking it over later. It lacked fire. Seemed a letdown," she added vaguely.

"The Lord had no further use for Clinton on earth. That's why He took him. You Presbyterians are so much comfort to each other, and besides you're always right," said Miss Adele. "*That* could hardly be improved on."

"The worst Baptist funeral I ever had to go through with was the one they gave your very own father. Bar none," said old Mrs. Whitman, a Presbyterian. "Adele, didn't you-all resurrect that old preacher from Friar's Crossing to deliver that funeral sermon? Sermon it was. I hear him now,

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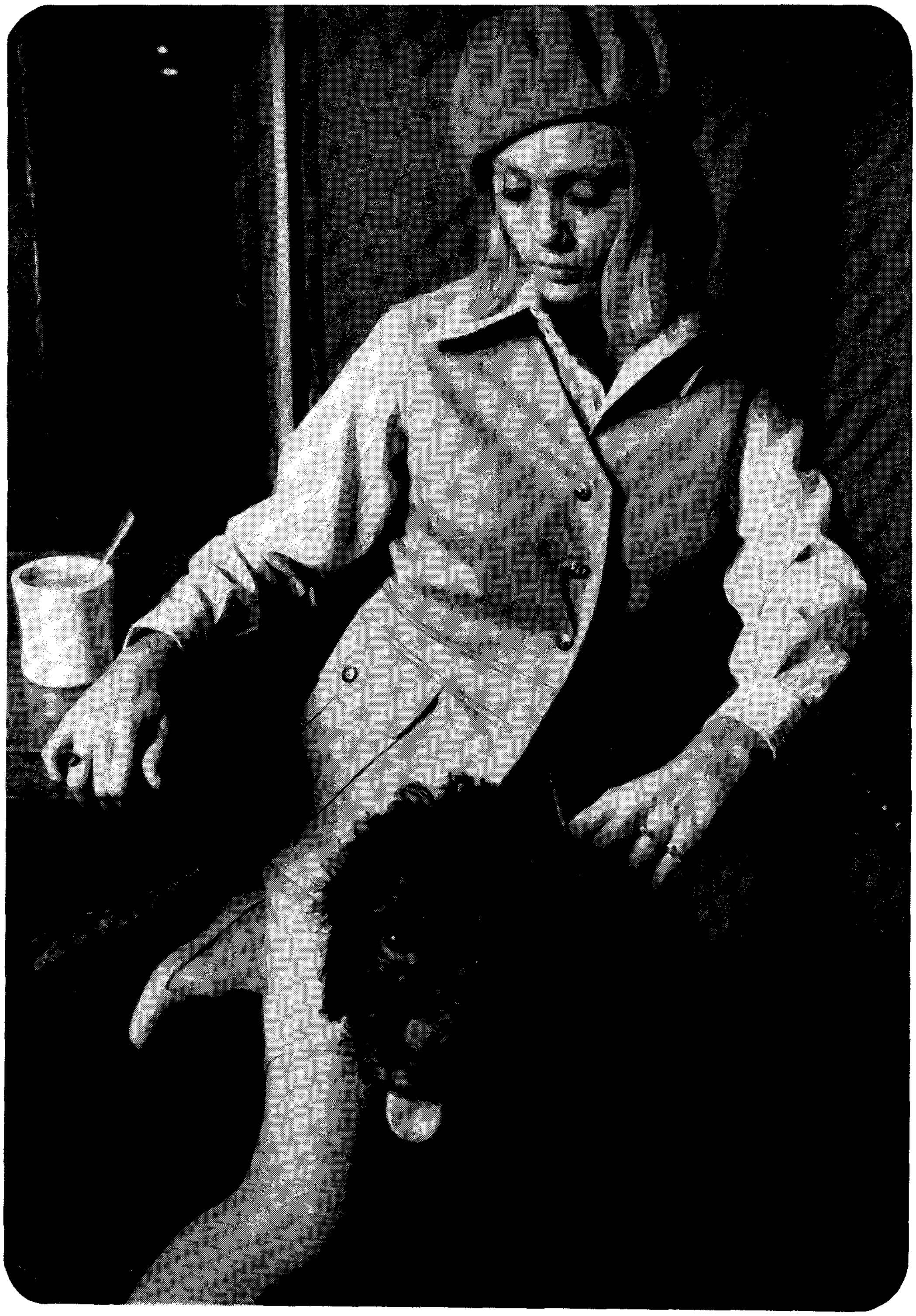

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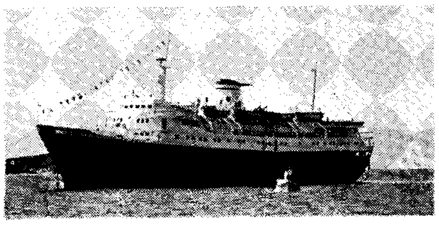

cackling out the title across your father's coffin there—'Something Is Going to Get Everybody—What's Got You?' "

Miss Adele bowed. "Friar's Crossing is where Papa came from and where we all grew up. That's where he and Mamma and Baby Sister are all buried, old preacher along with them now."

After moving to town, the Courtlands plowed the field behind the house next door, and farther back, in the pasture, kept cows. In Laurel's early memory, Mrs. Courtland had sold milk and upset Judge McKelva by having her children drink it skimmed blue so she could sell all the cream.

It was not until that night when Dr. Courtland told her, that Laurel ever heard he owed part of his medical schooling to her father. Never had Judge McKelva been well off until the last few years. He had come unexpectedly into a little oil money from a well dug in those acres of sand he still owned in the country—not a great deal, but enough, with his salary continuing for life, to retire on free of financial worry. "*See there*?" he had written to Laurel—or rather dictated to Miss Daggett, who had underlined it for him on her typewriter. "There was never anything wrong with keeping optimistic about the '27 Flood. *How well would you like to knock off* and go see England and Scotland in the spring?" The next thing she heard, he was about to marry Fay.

"You can't curb a Baptist," Mrs. Whitman was insisting. "Can't keep 'em down when somebody dies. Look at those Chisoms. I was afraid we were going to be treated to a full-scale fit when Freathy wanted hold of that casket. I thought the only safe way to get through that whole business, myself, was not say a word, just sit still as a mouse."

"Major said they were nothing but just good Anglo-Saxons," Miss Tennyson Bullock said. "I said pooh. They tried to run away with the funeral, pure and simple. I was ashamed of *us*," she told Laurel.

"I'll tell you one hard fact. From his funeral on, *you* won't be able to do anything but pity Fay," Mrs. Whitman said, pointing at Laurel with her loaded needle.

"Have you started, Laurel?" asked Miss Adele.

"Well, answer!" exclaimed Miss Tennyson Bullock. "I never knew you to be mealymouthed. Or is that how they teach you to be in Chicago, Illinois?"

"Although I guess when people don't *have* anything," said old Mrs. Whitman reluctantly. "Live so *poorly*—"

"*That* hasn't a thing to do with it," Laurel said, right along with Miss Adele Courtland, who was saying it for her.

"There, Laurel, you got it out—Fay's a trial," said Miss Tennyson Bullock. "Why don't you stay on here, and help us with her?"

"Why not indeed?" said Miss Adele. "Laurel has no other life."

"Chicago's *the only* home I've got," said Laurel, looking up at both of them with affection. "And if I don't get back to work—"

"Back to *work*?" Miss Tennyson pointed her finger at Laurel and told the others, "That girl's had more now than she can say grace over. And she's going back to that life of labor when she could so easily give it up?"

"Once you leave, you'll always come back as a *visitor*," Mrs. Whitman warned her. "Feel free, of course—but it was always my opinion that people don't really want visitors."

"I mean it. Why go back to the North Pole?" asked Miss Tennyson. "*As I was saying to* Tish, 'Tish, if Laurel would stay home and Adele would retire, we could have as tough a bridge foursome as we had when Becky was playing.' "

"Are you figuring on running me out? Or what?" asked old Mrs. Whitman, who had tottered to her feet.

"No, play on as you're playing now," said Miss Adele. "Nate's adorable French wife would agree with Laurel perfectly: There's not enough Mount Salus has to *offer* a brilliant mind."

"There!" exclaimed Miss Tennyson. "I'd begun to despair that we weren't going to make Polly McKelva laugh on this trip at all. The next thing is seeing about your reservation," she added.

"I'm trying to leave day after tomorrow on the three-o'clock flight."

"And she will. Oh, Laurel can do anything. If it's been made hard enough for her," said Miss Adele on the bench. "She makes me furious. Of *course* she can give up this house and say goodbye to it all, and to us, and the

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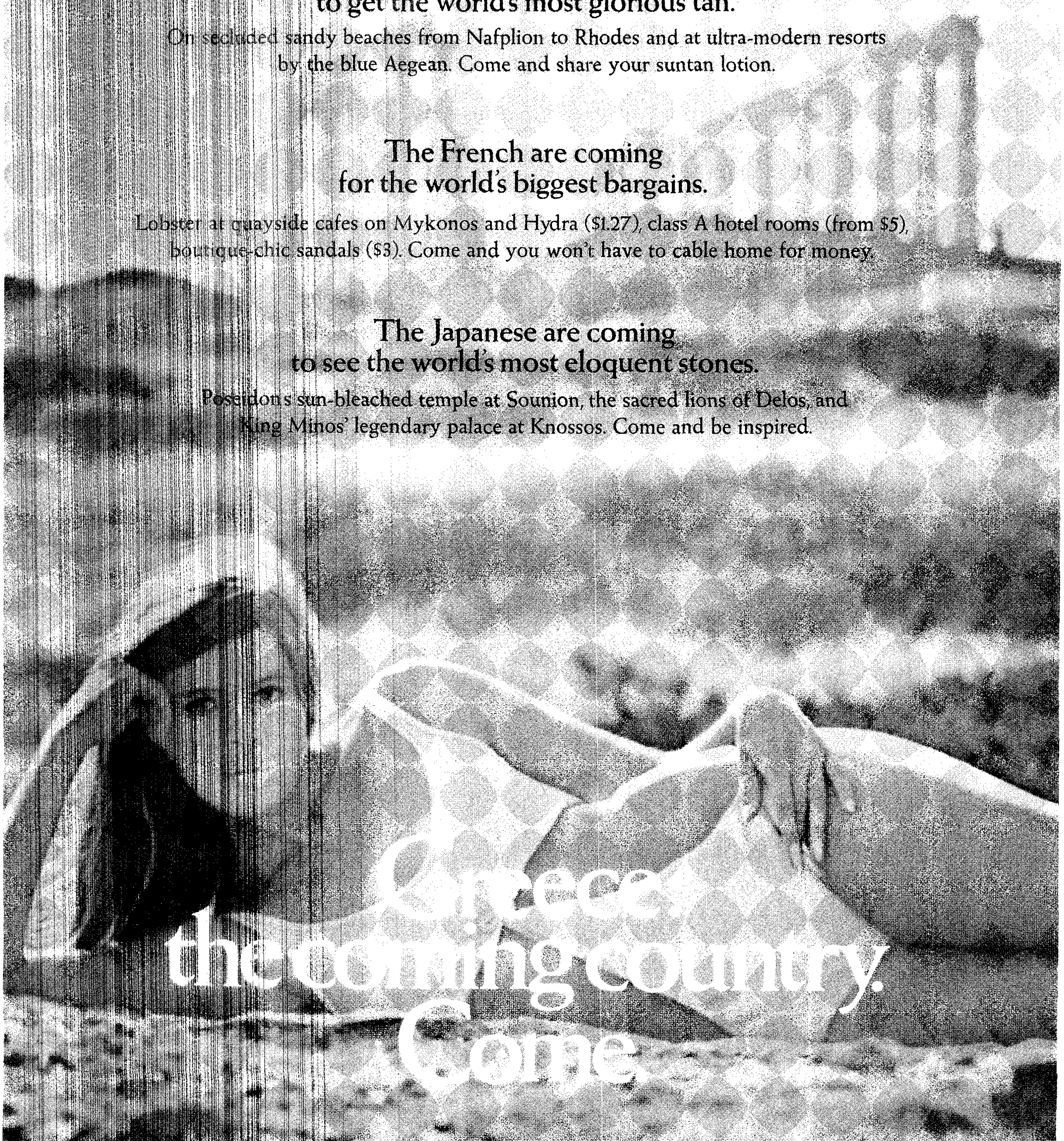

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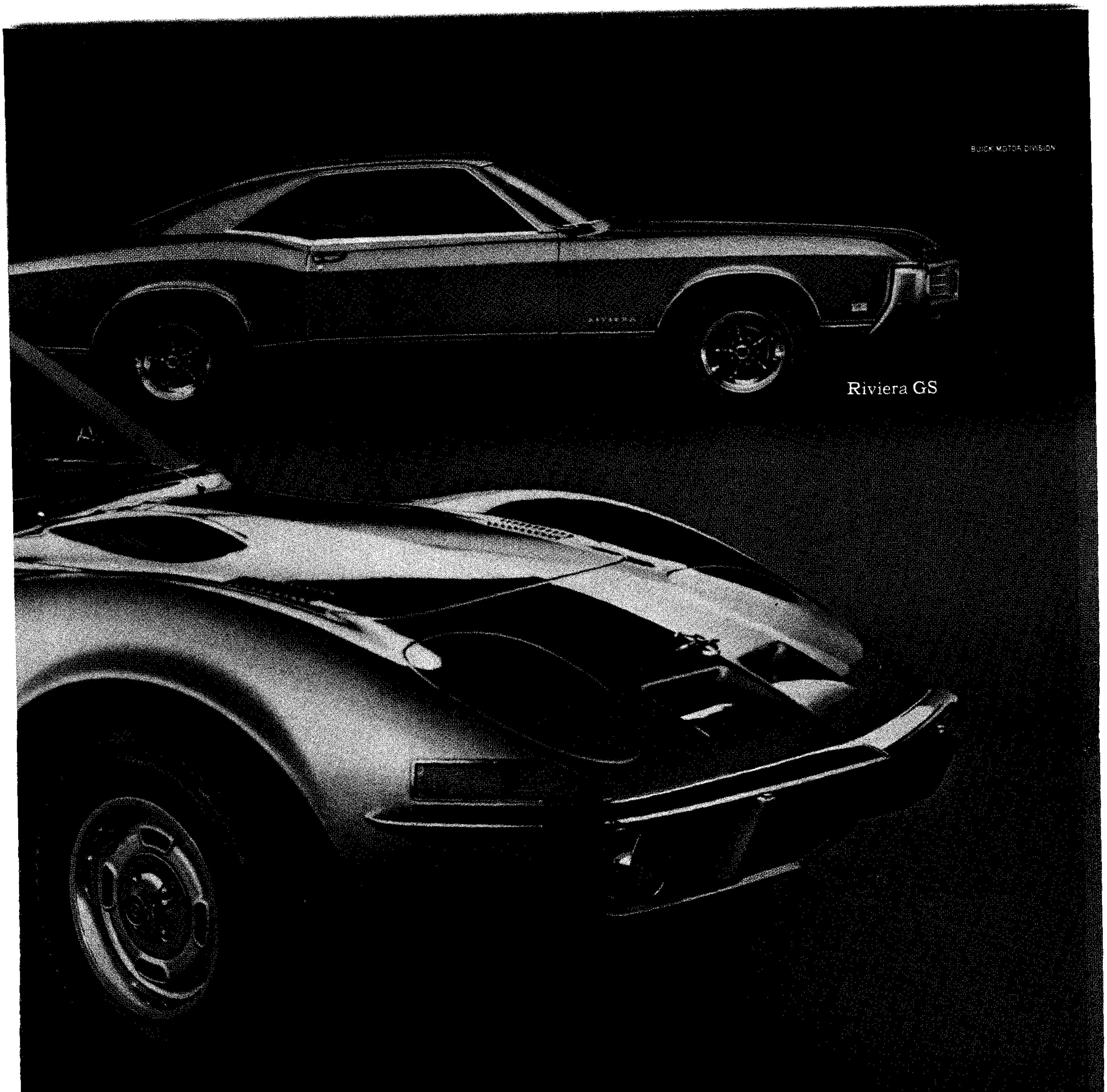

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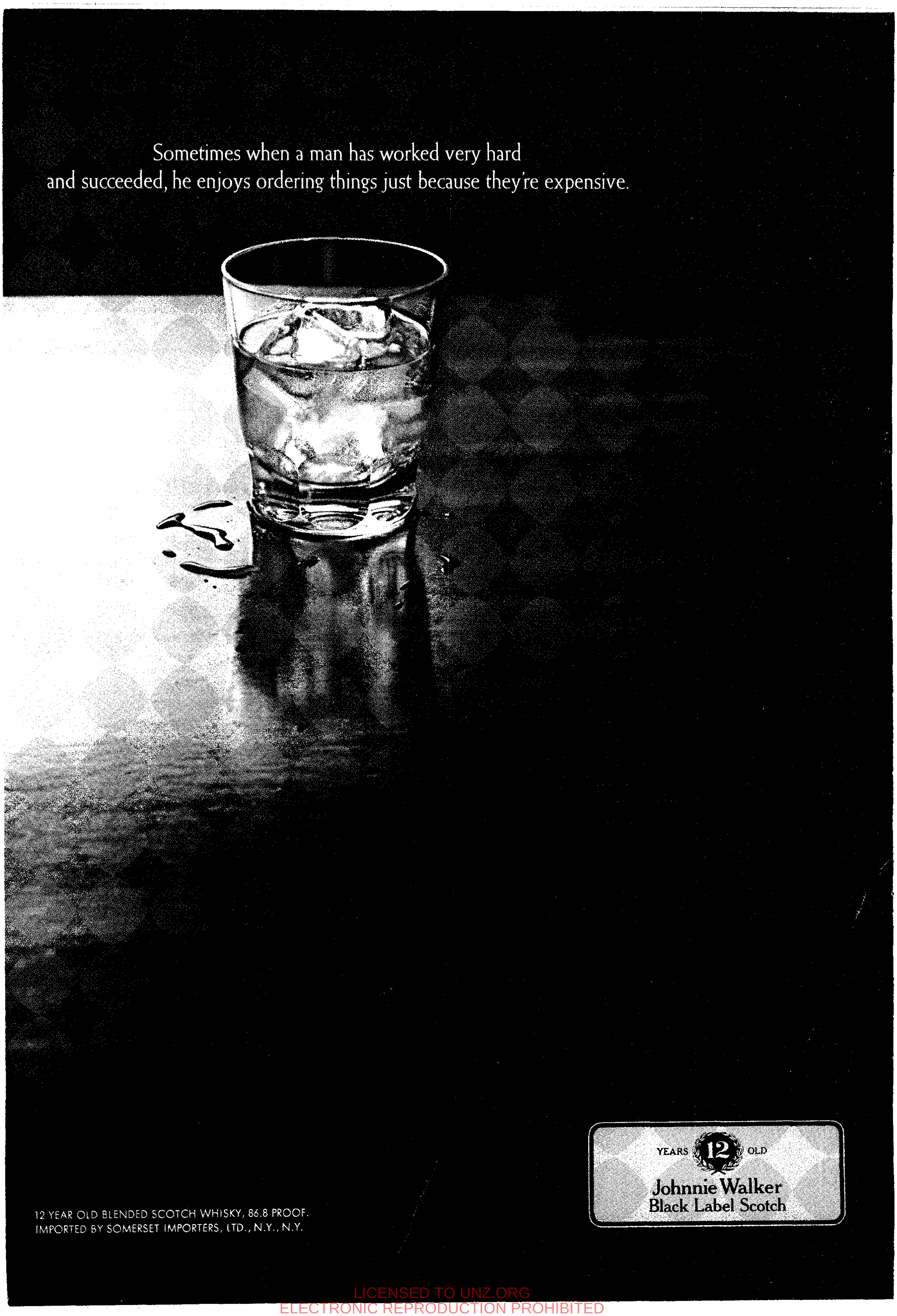
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past, and go on back to Chicago day after tomorrow, flying a jet. It's no problem to her to take up one more time where she left off!"

Laurel stood up and kissed the mischievous, wrinkled cheek.

"Laurel, if you've made up your mind to go, you still might change it if you could see the roses bloom, see Becky's Climber," said old Mrs. Whitman, not notoriously a rose lover herself.

"I can imagine it, when I'm back in Chicago at work."

"But you can't smell it," Miss Tennyson told her.

All of them looked across the rose bed, where every hybrid tea stood low with cut branches staggered. They were hiding themselves in an opalescent growth of leaf. Behind them rose the climbers—Mermaid, solid as a thicket, on the Whitman side, and Banksia in its first feathery bloom on the Courtland side, and next to it the width of bare white fence where Becky's Climber belonged. Judge McKelva had recalled himself at Becky's Climber.

"I'd give a pretty to know what that rose is!" Laurel's mother would say every spring when it opened its first translucent flowers of the true rose color. "It's an old one, with an old fragrance, and has every right to its own name, but nobody can give it to me in Mount Salus. All I did was uncover it and give it the room it asked for. It's on its own roots, of course, utterly strong. That old root there may be a hundred years old!"

"Or older," Judge McKelva had said, giving her, from the deck chair, his saturnine smile. "Strong as an old apple tree."

It had every intention in the world of recovering, Laurel had observed. More and more sienna-bright leaves and thorns like red and yellow spurts of flame had pierced through the severely cut-back trunk. If it didn't bloom this year, it would next. "That's how gardeners look at it," as her mother would have said.

Memory returned like spring, Laurel thought. Memory had the character of spring. It was the old wood that did the blooming.

"If I'd just known Clint was looking around for somebody to take Becky's place, I could've found him one a whole lot better than Fay. And right here in Mount Salus," Miss Tennyson Bullock declared. "I could name one now that would have *leaped*—"

"He didn't find Becky in Mount Salus," Miss Adele reminded her with a smile.

"And of course that's one of the peculiarities Laurel inherited from *him*. She didn't look at home to find Philip." Miss Tennyson regarded Laurel sidewise, with an old grudge.

They walked on toward the house. Mrs. Whitman walked ahead, slowly too, folding her afghan, and turned to go through the gate that opened into her own fenced yard and closed behind her.

"Laurel, I said it before and I'll say it again: It's all brought your mother back so. When's her fig tree coming out?" asked Miss Tennyson Bullock.

"Just in time for the Easter Snap," said Miss Adele.

"Don't let it get those figs," said Miss Tennyson, looking up at Heaven greedily. "Ughmmmmm!" She waved herself out of the garden.

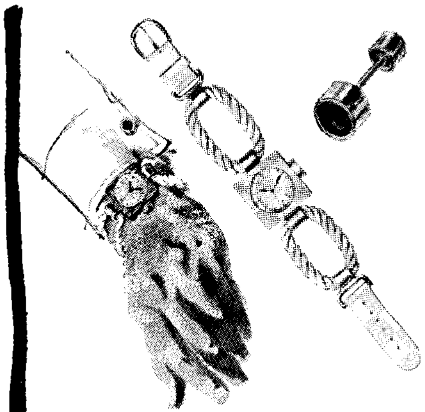
There could now be heard a softer sound, faint, as from the shaking of a tambourine.

"Little mischiefs! Will you look at them showing off," said Miss Adele.

A cardinal flew into the fig tree and brushed wings with a bird-frightener, and it crashed faintly. Another bird followed, then a small band of them. Those thin shimmering discs were polished, rain-bright, and the redbirds, all rival cocks, were flying straight at their rocking reflections. At the tiny crash, the birds cut a figure in the air and tilted in again, and again.

"Oh, it's a game," Miss Adele declared as she, too, left the garden.

Laurel faced the library. This was where, after his retirement, her father had moved everything he wanted around him from his office in the Mount Salus Bank Building. Papers, books, file boxes were shelved in the open around the walls that remained to them, with markers and tapes hanging out. The desk—it had been his great-grandfather's, made in Edinburgh—stood in the center of the room, massive in its presence as a grand piano. Behind it yawned his leather chair, now in its proper place. Above the shelves hung his stick-framed map of the county—he had known every mile—and the portraits of his father and grandfather, the lawyer and the missionary as alike as two peaches, painted by the same industrious hand on boards always too heavy to hang straight, but hanging side by side; the four eyebrows had been identically outlined in the shape of little handsaws placed over the eyes teeth-down, then filled in with



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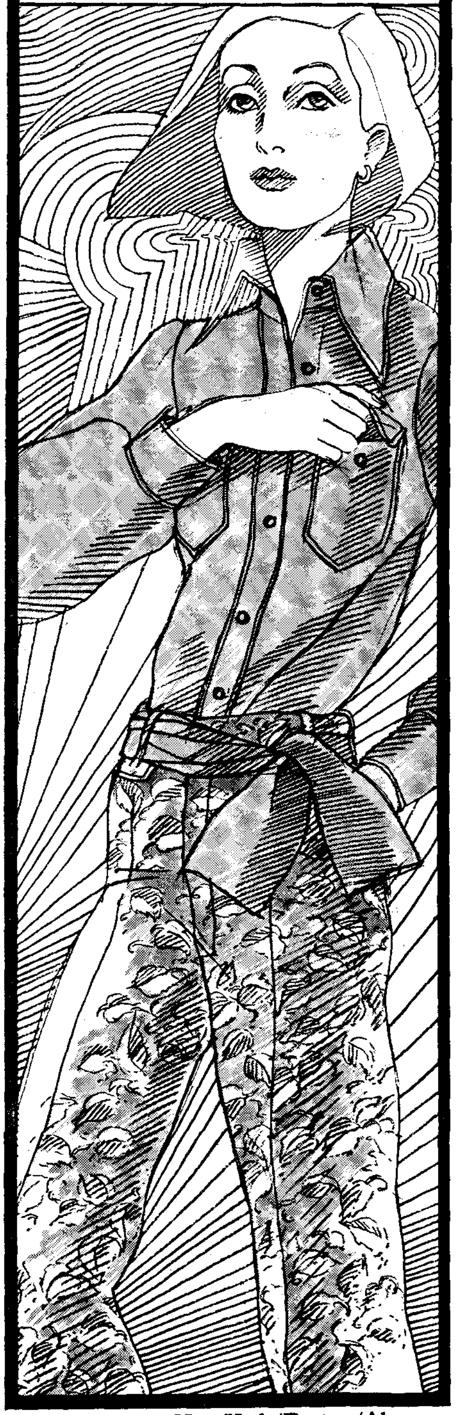

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lampblack. The window that had looked out at the Courtland house was covered now by his office bookcase; this was jammed with lawbooks and journals, dictionaries, and the office Bible, and along its top his telescope was propped extended, like a small brass cannon.

She walked slowly up to the desk. There used to be standing on it a photograph of her mother, who had been asked to stop what she was doing and sit on the garden bench—if asked to do either, she took a severe picture—and it was gone; that was understandable. The only photograph here now was of herself and Philip running down the steps of the church after their wedding; her father had given it a silver frame. (So had she. Her marriage had been of magical ease, of *ease*—of brevity and conclusion, and all belonging to Chicago and not here.) There was his last new cigar box—she touched it: empty. There was nothing else, but something had been spilled here. There were vermillion drops of hardened stuff on the dark wood—not sealing wax: nail polish. They made a little track toward the chair, as if Fay had walked her fingers over the desk from where she'd perched on its corner.

Laurel suddenly reached for the top drawer of his desk, which she had never thought of opening in her life. Shouldn't it have been locked? The drawer rolled out almost weightless, as light as his empty cigar box. She opened the drawers one after the other on both sides of the huge desk: they had been cleaned out. Someone had been here ahead of her.

Troubled, she began at the wall with the sliding doors and set the shelves in order. Maybe Judge McKelva had been able to put his finger on everything in this room, but to her eyes some things needed straightening. She sorted, gently dusted, polished, put back neatly what she came to. She emptied a file box: civic papers dating from the days when he was mayor of Mount Salus, an old dedication speech made at the opening of the new school ("I promise you, ladies and gentlemen, and more importantly I promise you, all the young people I see before me . . ."). She lifted out a heavy file of papers having to do with the '27 Flood, the one that had ruined the McKelva place across the river; it was jammed with the work he had done on floods and flood control—and Laurel had forgotten all about that part of it, his work.

This town deserved him no more than Fay deserved him. All at once

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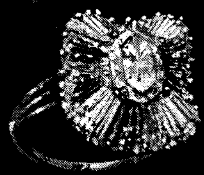

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she crumpled the stiff long pages in her hands. Anger was always the first emotion to penetrate her numbness after something had happened, as her mother had pointed out to her, warned her about, when she was a child: "Laurel, why is it that when one of us is the least bit threatened with something out of the ordinary you always get mad about it?"

She sat down in his chair, as if she needed his pardon, and after she had rested there a moment she realized that what she had been looking for and what she had missed finding anywhere in this room was any sign of his personal papers.

Of course, his will and such documents he had placed in the office safe; they were in Major Bullock's charge now. But what of all the letters written to him—her mother's letters?

Her mother had written to him every day they were separated; she had said so. He went about to court, made business trips; and she, ever since she had married him, had spent a month of every summer in West Virginia, "up home," usually with Laurel along. Where were the letters? Put away somewhere, like the photograph?

They weren't anywhere, because he hadn't kept them. He'd never kept them: Laurel should have known it. He had dispatched all his correspondence promptly, and dropped letters as he answered them straight into the wastebasket; Laurel had seen him do it. He dispatched his answer and, when it concerned her mother, if that was what she asked for, he *went*.

There was nothing of her mother here for Fay to find, or for herself to retrieve. Laurel studiously went to work on the drops of nail varnish; she lifted them from the surface of the desk and rubbed it afterward with wax until nothing was left to show of them, either.

ALL the bridesmaids still lived within a few blocks of one another in Mount Salus; their husbands had come mostly from the old set, and now their children were close by in college.

"Polly! Remember when we really *were* the bridesmaids?" Tish cried as they sat over drinks in her new patio. "And remember Mamma at the wedding, crying when it was over, saying to your father, 'Oh, Clint, isn't it the saddest *thing*?' And Judge Mac saying, 'Why, no, Tennyson, if I had thought there was anything sad

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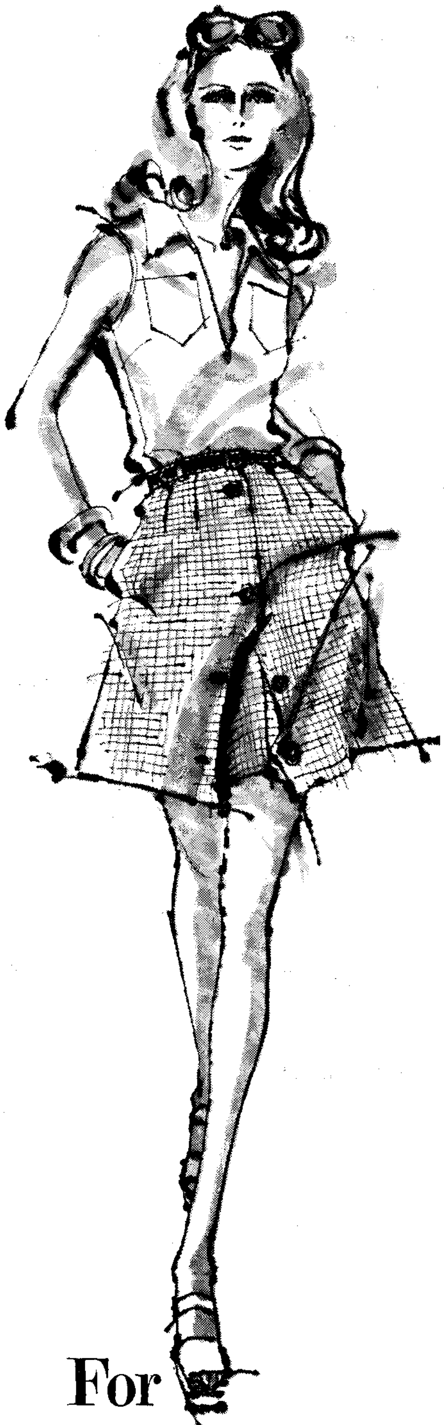

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about it, I should have prevented it.' ”

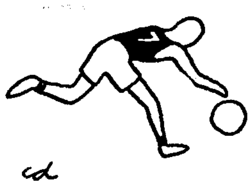
“*Prevented* it? I never saw a man enjoy a wedding more,” said Gert.

“Wartime or no wartime, we had pink champagne that Judge Mac sent all the way to New Orleans for!” one of the others cried.

“Miss Becky thought it was child-foolishness. But Judge Mac insisted on it all, a big wedding right down the line.”

“Well, Polly was an only child.”

“Mother had a superstitious streak underneath,” Laurel said defensively. “She might have had a notion it was unlucky to make too much of your happiness.”



“Judge Mac laughed her out of it, then. Remember the parties we had for you?” Gert gave Laurel a loving slap. “That was before the Old Country Club burned down; there never was another dance floor like that.”

“Polly, why not get married again?” asked Tish.

“And we could have another wedding? Turn back the hands of the clock for everybody?” Laurel asked.

Tish laughed with the rest, but in Mount Salus easy laughter didn't necessarily mean giving up a good idea. “At least your *daddy* knew how to enjoy a grand occasion—as long as it stayed elegant, and as long as Papa didn't get too high before it was over,” she said.

“But Miss Becky would rather go through anything than something grand,” said Gert.

“I remember—it must have been the Bar Association Meeting, or maybe when he was mayor and they had to function at some to-do in Jackson. . . . Anyway, once Judge Mac bought Miss Becky a dress to wear, came home with it and surprised her. Beaded crêpe. Shot beads. Neck to hem, shot beads,” said Tish. “Where were you, Laurel?”

“He'd picked it out in New Orleans. Some clerk sold it to him,” said Gert.

“Miss Becky said, ‘Clinton, if I'd just known you were going to make me an extravagant present, I'd have asked you for a load of floor sweepings from the cottonseed oil mill. My roses would have paid you back tenfold.' Can't you hear her?” Tish cried.

“She wore it, though, didn't she?” asked one of them, and Tish said, “Oh, they'd do anything for each other! Sure she wore it. And the weight! Miss Becky told Mamma in confidence that when she wasn't wearing that dress, which was most of the time, she had to keep it in a bucket.”

The bridesmaids laughed till they cried.

“She made him proud! No matter how far out of her way she went. What floored me, Laurel, was *him* getting married again. When I saw Fay!” said Gert. “When I *saw* what he had there, batting its eyes at me! Not at you,” she added.

“Mamma for his sake asked at the beginning if she wouldn't be allowed to give some sort of little welcome for her—a sitdown tea, I believe she had in mind. And Fay said, ‘Oh, please don't bother with a big wholesale reception! That kind of thing was for Becky.' Poor Judge Mac! Because except when it came to picking a wife,” Tish said, smiling at Laurel, “he was a pretty worldly old sweet.”

“Since when have you all thought my father and mother were just figures to make a good story?” Laurel asked in a trembling voice. She turned on Tish. “Since when have you winked over Father?”

“Polly!” Tish grabbed her. “We weren't laughing at them. They weren't funny—no more than my father and mother are! No more than all our fathers and mothers are!” she chided her. She laughed into Laurel's face. “Aren't we grieving? We're grieving *with* you.”

“I know. Of course I know it,” said Laurel.

“I'M glad there's nobody else for you to lose,” Miss Tennyson Bullock said softly, telling Laurel goodbye.

“She's got Fay,” Major Bullock protested.

On this last night, a north wind began to blow and a rain moved in. Laurel had eaten supper with the Bullocks and now Major Bullock drove her home. The leafing maples were bowing along the two blocks of the way, and the small No U-Turn sign that hung over the cross street was swinging and going around in circles.

The house was dark among its trees.

“Fay hasn't come,” said Major Bullock. “Still hasn't come.”

“She's giving me time to go,” Laurel remarked.

“Oh, no,” said Major Bullock, adding, “Seems polite and natural on both sides to tell each other goodbye and good luck and the rest.”

Pushing his umbrella before them, Major Bullock took her to the door and went with her inside to turn on the lights in the hall. Laurel kissed him

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and saw him out, then shut the door on him fast. She had seen something wrong: There was a bird in the house. It was one of the chimney sweeps. It came out of the dining room and now went soaring up the stairwell in front of her eyes.

Laurel, still in her coat, ran through the house, turning on the lights in every room, shutting the windows against the rain, closing the doors into the hall everywhere behind her. She ran upstairs, slammed her own door, ran across the hall into the big bedroom and put on the lights, and as the bird came fluttering directly toward the brightness she slammed the door against it.

It could not get in. But had it been in already? For how long had it made free of the house, shuttling through the dark rooms? Now Laurel could not get out. She began to walk up and down. This had been her father's and mother's room, but now it was Fay's; she had left it entirely to Missouri to do the cleaning. On the floor under the bed Missouri had overlooked one of the fruit dishes of her mother's china in the arbutus pattern, filled with a mound of cigarette stubs dry as an old wasp's nest.

Windows and doors alike were singing, buffeted by the storm. The bird touched, tapped, brushed itself against the inside walls and closed doors, never resting. Laurel thought with longing of the telephone just outside the door in the upstairs hall.

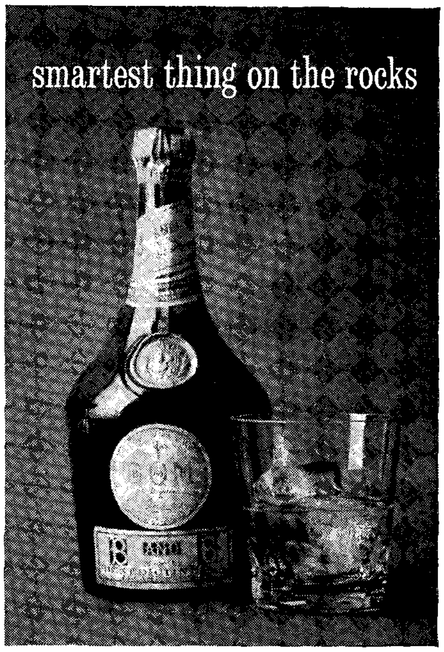
What am I in danger of, she wondered, her heart pounding. Am I not safe from *myself*?

Even if you have kept silent for the sake of the dead, you cannot rest in your silence, as the dead rest. She listened to the wind, the rain, the blundering, frantic bird, and wanted to cry out, as the nurse cried out to her, "Abuse! Abuse!"

Try to put it in the form of facts, she ordered herself. For the person who wishes to do so, it is possible to assail a helpless man; it is only necessary to be married to him. It is possible to say to the dying, "Enough is enough," if the listener who overhears is his daughter with his memory to protect. The facts were a verdict, and Laurel lived with this verdict in her head, walking up and down.

It was not punishment she wanted for Fay, she wanted acknowledgment out of her—admission that she knew what she had done. Suddenly the question came to astound Laurel: Does Fay know it herself? And Fay, she knew then, knew beyond question,

smartest thing on the rocks



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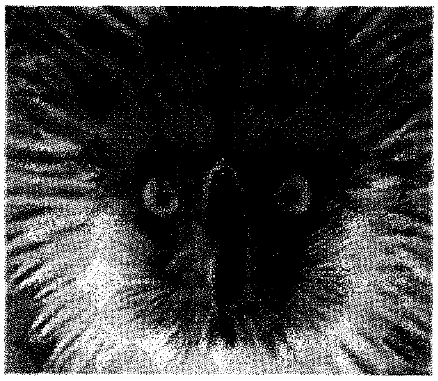

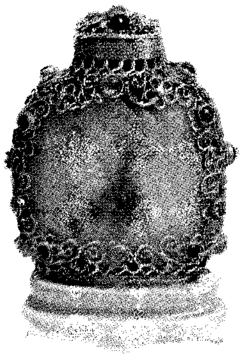

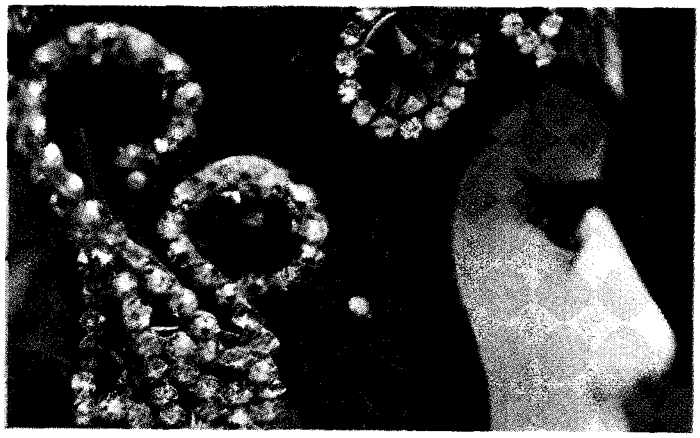

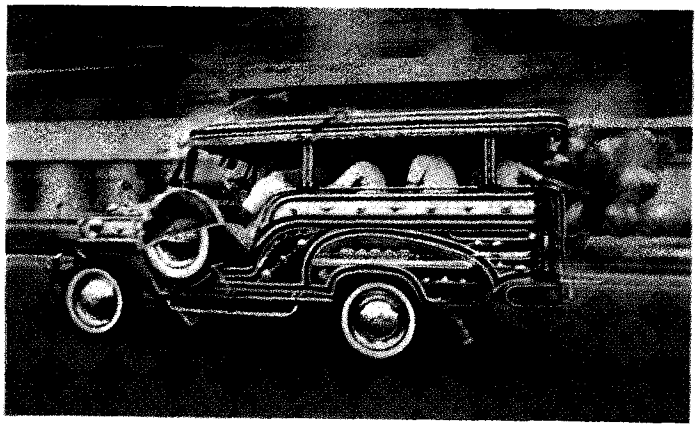

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would answer, "I don't know what you're talking about." This would be a fact. Fay had never dreamed that in that shattering moment in the hospital she had not been just as she always saw herself—in the right. Fay had only been making a little scene—that was all.

Very likely, making a scene was, for Fay, like home. Fay had brought scenes to the hospital—and here, to the house—as Mr. Dalzell's family had brought their boxes of chicken legs. Death in its reality passed her right over. Fay didn't know what she was doing—it was like Tish winking—and she never will know, Laurel thought, unless I tell her. Laurel asked herself: Have I come to be as lost a soul as the soul Fay exposed to Father, and to me? Because, unlike Father, I cannot feel pity for Fay until she realizes what she has done.

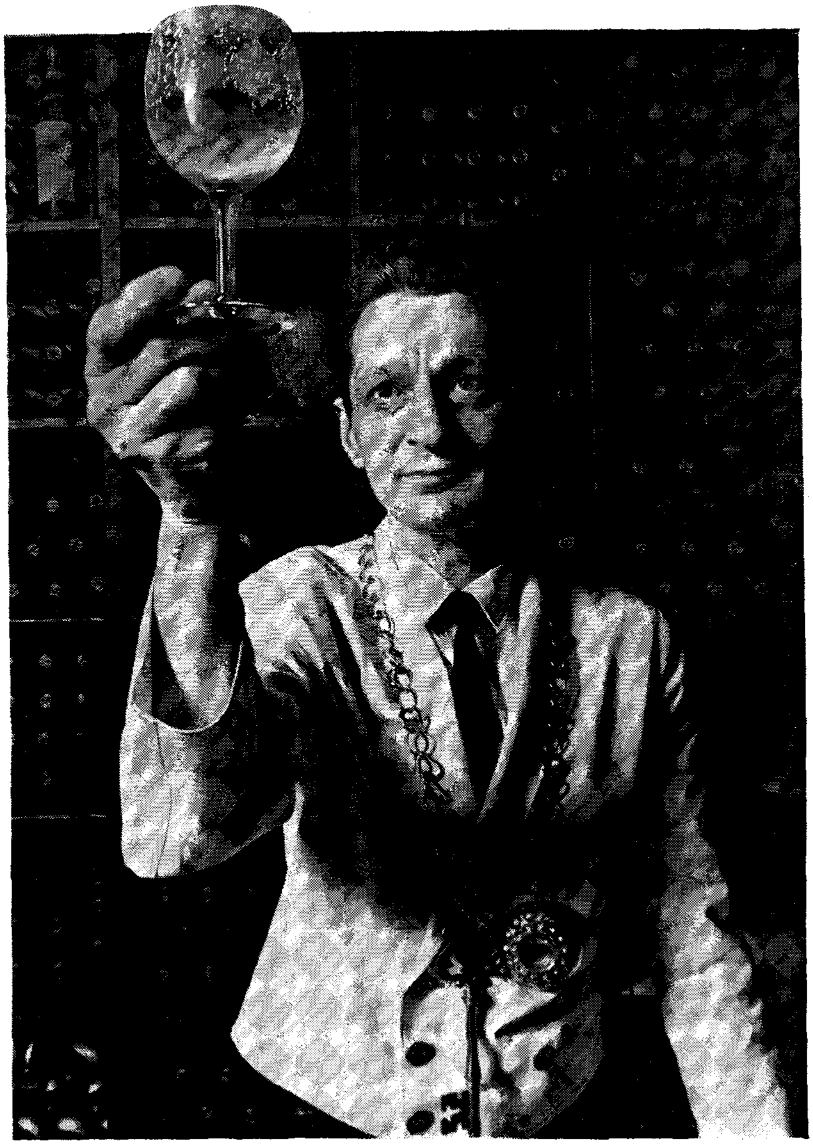
And I can't stop realizing it, she thought. I saw Fay come out into the open. Why, it would stand up in court! Laurel thought as she heard the bird beating against the door and felt the house itself shake in the rainy wind. Fay betrayed herself: I'm released! she thought, shivering; one deep feeling called by its right name names others. But to be released is to tell, unburden it.

But who could there be that she wanted to tell? Her mother. Her dead mother only. Laurel must have deeply known it from the start. She stopped at the armchair and leaned on it. She had the proof, the damnable evidence ready for her mother, and was in anguish because she could not give it to her, and so be herself consoled. The longing to tell her mother was brought about-face, and she saw the horror.

Father, beginning to lose his sight, followed Mother, but who am I at the point of following but Fay? Laurel asked herself. The scene she had just imagined, herself confiding the abuse to her mother, and confiding it in all tenderness, was a more devastating one than all Fay had acted out in the hospital. What would I not do, perpetrate, she wondered, for consolation?

She heard the bird beat itself against the door from top to bottom. Her hands went to her hair and she backed away, went out of the room entirely and into the little room that opened out of it.

It was the sewing room, all dark; she had to feel about for a lamp. She turned it on—her old student gooseneck lamp on a low table. By its light she saw that here was where her



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mother's secretary had been exiled, and her own study table; some familiar chairs; there was the brassbound three-layer trunk; there was the sewing machine.

Even before it had been the sewing room, it had been her room, until she was old enough to move into one of her own across the hall. It was cold in here, as if there had been no fire all winter; there was only a grate, and it was empty, of course. How cold that old sewing woman's hands might have got, Laurel thought—coming here, sewing and making up tales or remembering all wrong what she saw and heard. A cold life she had lived by the day in other people's houses.

But it had been warm here, warm then. Laurel remembered her father's lean back as he sat on his haunches and spread a newspaper over the mouth of the chimney after he'd built the fire, so that the blaze caught with a sudden roar. Then he was young and could do everything.

Firelight and warmth—that was what her memory gave her. Where the secretary was now, her bed had been, with its railed sides that could be raised as tall as she was when she stood up in bed, ready to be lifted out. The sewing machine was still in place under the single window. When her mother—or, at her rare, appointed times, the sewing woman—sat here in her chair pedalling and whirring, Laurel sat on this floor and put together the fallen scraps of cloth into stars, flowers, birds, people, or whatever she liked to call them, lining them up, spacing them out, making them into patterns, families, on the sweet-smelling matting, with the shine of firelight, or the summer light, moving over mother and child and what they both were making.

It was quieter here. It was around the corner from the wind, and a room away from the bird and the disturbed dark. It seemed as far from the rest of the house itself as Mount Salus was from Chicago.

Laurel sat down on the slipper chair. The gooseneck lamp threw its beam on the secretary's warm brown doors. It had been made of the cherry trees on the McKelva place a long time ago; on the lid, the numerals "1817" had been set into a not quite perfect oval of different wood, something smooth and yellow as a scrap of satin. It had been built as a plantation desk but was graceful and small enough for a lady's use; Laurel's mother had had entire claim on it. On its pediment stood a lead-mold eagle spreading and clasp-

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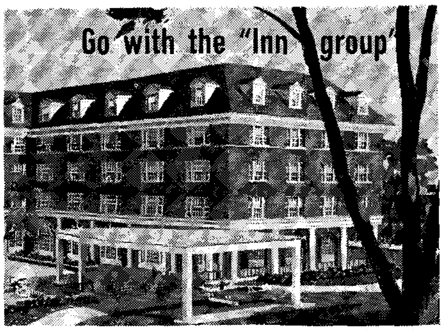
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ing the globe: it was about the same breadth as her mother's spread-out hand. There was no key in either keyhole of the double doors of the cabinet. But had there ever been a key? Her mother had never locked up anything that Laurel could remember. Her privacy was keyless. Now, suppose everything was gone?

Laurel touched the doors where they met, and both swung open. Within, the cabinet looked like a little wall out of a country post office which nobody had in years disturbed by calling for their mail. How had her mother's papers lain under merciful dust in the year past and escaped destruction? Laurel was sure: her father could not have borne to touch them; to Fay, they would have been only what somebody wrote—somebody who in being reduced to the need to write had lost to Fay as a rival.

Laurel opened out the writing lid, and reaching up she drew down the letters and papers from one pigeonhole at a time. There were twenty-six pigeonholes, but her mother had stored things according to their time and place, she discovered, not by ABC. Only the letters from her father had been all brought together, all she had received in her life, surely—there they were; the oldest envelopes had turned saffron. Laurel drew a single one out, opened the page inside long enough to see it beginning "My darling Sweetheart," and returned it to its place. They were postmarked from the courthouse towns her father had made sojourn in, and from Mount Salus when he addressed them to West Virginia on her visits "up home;" and under these were the letters to Miss Becky Thurston, tied in ribbons that were almost transparent, and freckled now, as the skin of her mother's hands came to be before she died. In the back of the pigeonhole where these letters came from was some solid little object, and Laurel drew it out, her fingers remembering it before she held it under her eyes. It was a two-inch bit of slaty stone, carved by her father's penknife. "A little dish!" Laurel the child had exclaimed. "A boat," corrected her mother. The initials C.C.M.McK. were cut crowded into the base. That had gone from his hand to hers, that was a river stone; they had been courting, up home.

A small, square snapshot book might be here tonight in this cabinet; Laurel felt along the shelf at the top and found it. Still clinging to the first facing pages with what must be iron glue were a pair of grayed home-printed snapshots: Clinton and Becky up home,

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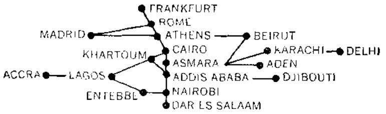

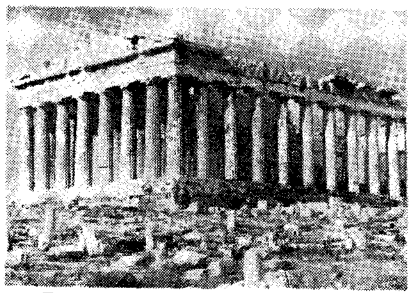

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How darling and vain she was when she was young, Laurel thought now.

Judge McKelva, who like his father had attended the University of Virginia, had met her when he worked one carefree year at a logging camp with quarters in Beechy Creek, where her mother had taught school.

"Our horse was Selim. Let me hear you pronounce his name," her mother had said to Laurel while they were here sewing. "I rode Selim to school. Seven miles over Nine Mile Mountain, seven miles home. To make the time pass quicker, I recited all the way, from horseback. I learned by heart with no great effort, dear," she'd replied to the child's protest. "Papa hadn't had an entirely easy time of it, getting books up home."

Laurel had been taken up home since a summer before she remembered. The house was built on top of what might as well have been already the highest roof in the world. There were rocking chairs outside it on the roofless green grass. From a rocking chair could be seen the river where it rounded the foot of the mountain. It was only when you wound your way down the mountain nearly to the bottom that you began to hear the river. It sounded like a roomful of mesmerized schoolchildren reciting to their teacher. This point of the river was called Queen's Shoals.

Both Becky's father and mother had been Virginians. The mother's family (fathered by a line of preachers and teachers) had packed up and gone across the border around the time of the Civil War. Becky's own father had been a lawyer, too. But the mountain had stood five times as high as the courthouse roof, straight up behind it, and the river went rushing in front of it like a road.

They must have had names. Laurel never remembered hearing them. They were just "the mountain," "the river," "the courthouse"—parts of "up home."

In the early morning, from the next mountain, from one stillness to another, travelled the sound of a blow, then behind it its echo, then another blow, then the echo, then a shouting and the shouting falling back on itself. On it went.

"Mother, what are they doing?" Laurel asked.

"It's just an old man chopping wood," said one of "the boys."

"He's praying," said her mother.

"An old hermit that is," said Grandma. "Without a soul in the world."

"The boys"—there were six—saddled the horse for their sister; then they rode off with her. They lay on blankets and saddles under the apple tree and played the banjo for her. They told her so many stories she cried, all about people only she knew and they knew; had she not cried she would never have been able to stop laughing. Of her youngest brother, who sang "Billy Boy" and banged comically on the strings, she said, "Very well. He went out and cried on the ground when I married."

In sight of the door there was an iron bell mounted on a post. If anything were ever to happen, Grandma could ring this bell.

The first time Laurel could remember going to West Virginia, her mother and herself had got down from the train in early morning and stood, after it had gone, by themselves on a steep rock, all of the world that they could see in the mist being their rock and another iron bell on a post with its rope hanging down. Her mother gave the rope a pull and at the sound, almost at the very moment, close to them appeared a gray boat with two of the boys at the oars. At their very feet had been the river. The boat came breasting out of the mist, and in they stepped. All new things in life were meant to come like that.

Bird dogs went streaking the upslanted pasture through the sweet long grass that swept them as high as their noses. While it was still day on top of the mountain, still warm on the cheek, the valley was dyed blue under them. While one of the boys was coming up, his white shirt would shine for a long time almost without moving in her sight, like Venus in the sky of Mount Salus, while grandmother, mother, and little girl sat, outlasting the light, waiting for him to climb home.

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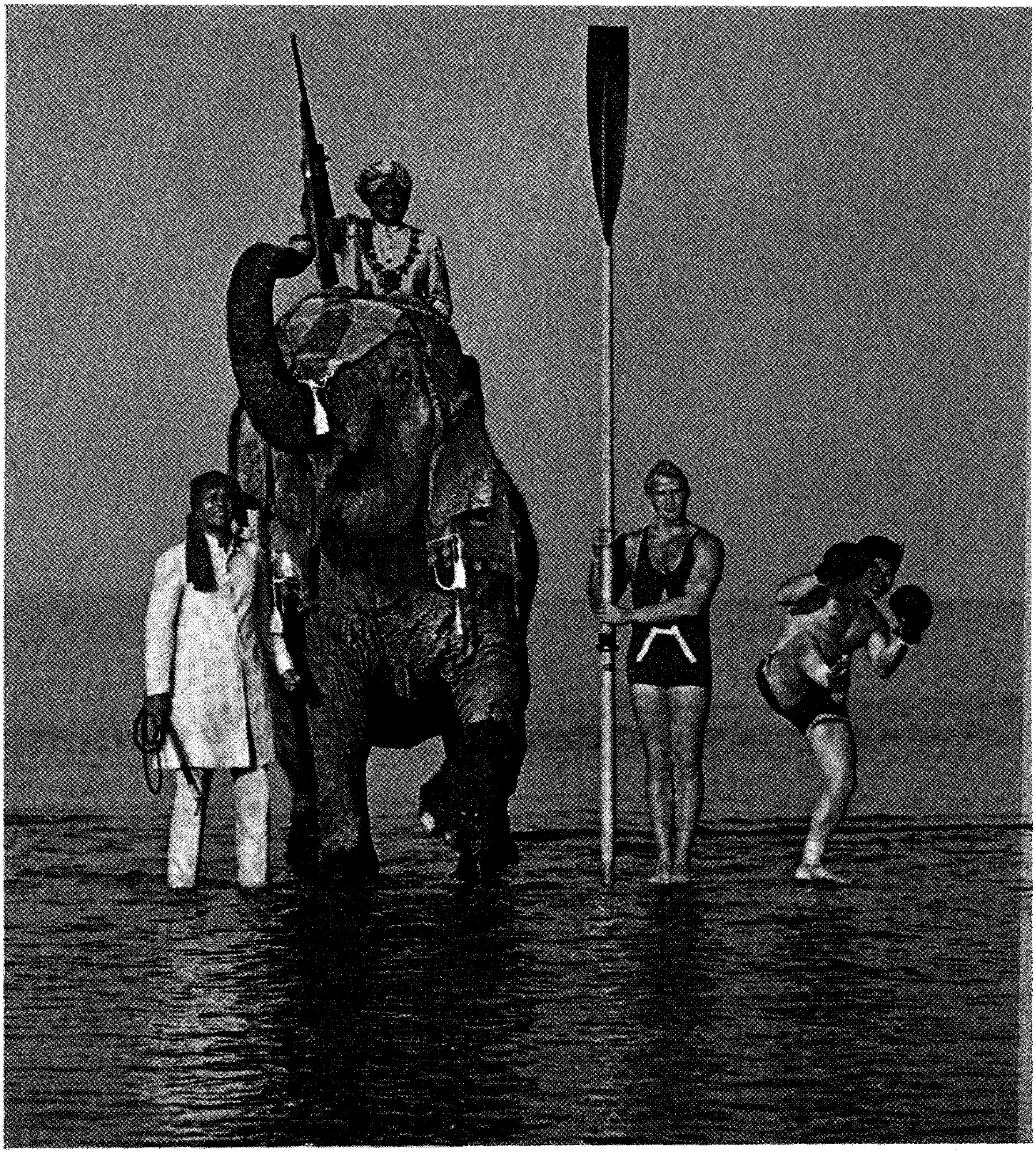

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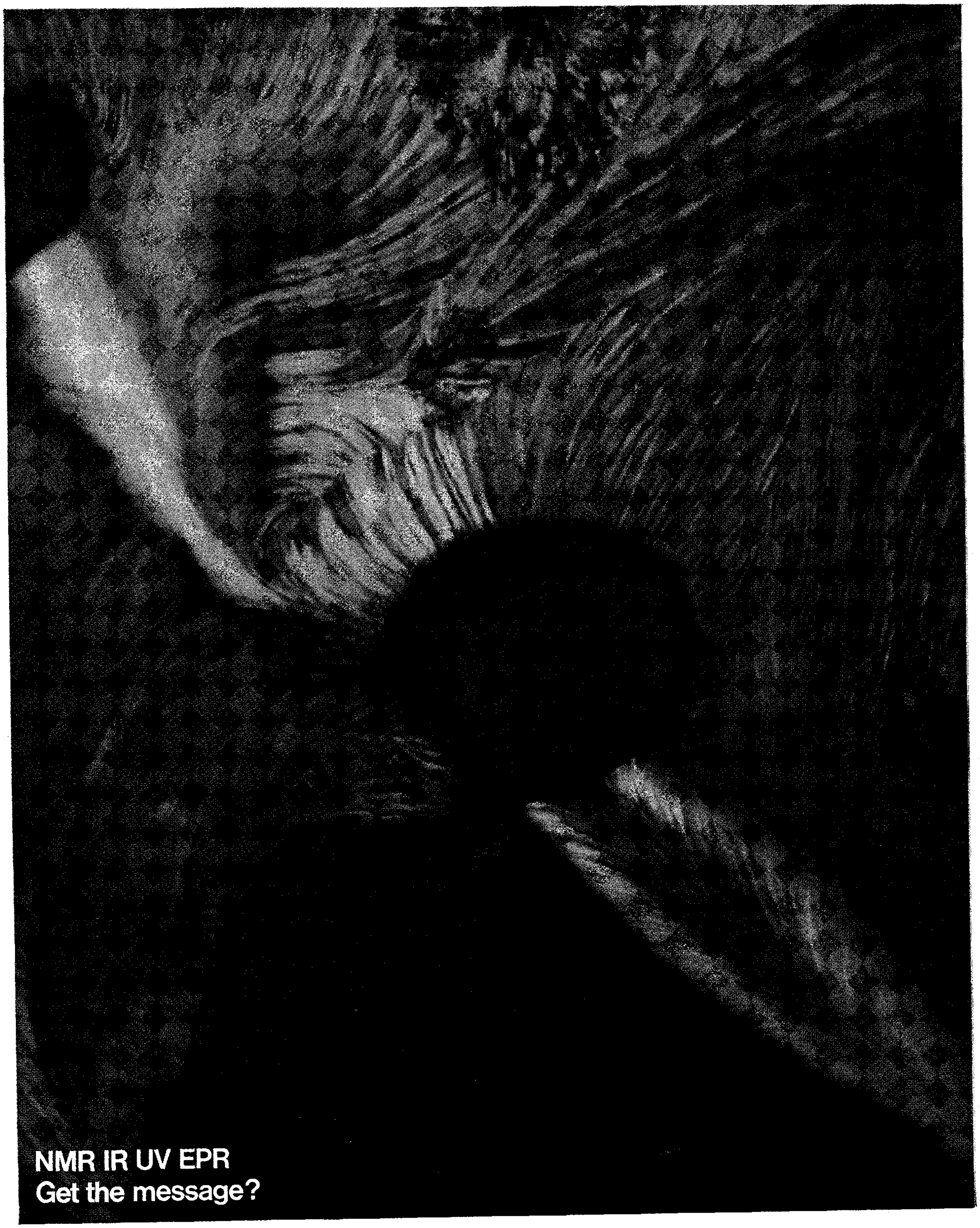

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pigeons had formed a cluster; they all twinkled as one. Like a great sheet of cloth whipping in a wind of its own making, they were about her ears. They came down to her feet and walked on the mountain. Laurel was afraid of them, but she had been provided with biscuits from the table to feed them with. They walked about, opalescent and solid on worm-pink feet, each bird marked a little differently from the rest and each with a voice soft as a person's.

Laurel had stood panic-stricken, holding a biscuit in a frozen gesture of human generosity.

"They're just Grandma's pigeons." Her grandmother, down on her knees, smoothed Laurel's already too straight hair and pushed it behind her ears. "They're just hungry."

But Laurel had kept the pigeons under eye in their pigeon house and had already seen a pair of them sticking their beaks down each other's throats, gagging each other, eating out of each other's craws, swallowing down all over again what had been swallowed before: They were taking turns. The first time, she hoped they might never do it again, but they did it again next day while the other pigeons copied them. They convinced her that they could not escape each other and could not be escaped from. So when the pigeons flew down, she tried to position herself behind her grandmother's stiff dark skirt, but her grandmother said again, "They're just hungry, like we are."

Just as Laurel had not known that rivers ran clear and sang over rocks, her mother might not have known that pigeons were waiting to pluck each other's tongues out. Up home, just as Laurel was in Mount Salus, her mother was too happy to know what went on in the outside world. Besides, when she looked closely, it was not in order to see pigeons but to verify something—the truth or a mistake; hers or another's. Laurel was ashamed to tell anybody else before she told her mother; as a result the pigeons were considered Laurel's pets.

"Come on!" cried the boys to Grandma. "*Let* the little beggar feed her pigeons!"

Parents and children take turns back and forth, changing places, protecting and protesting each other—so it seemed to the child.

Sometimes the top of the mountain was higher than the flying birds. Sometimes even clouds lay down the hill, hiding the treetops farther down. The highest house, the deepest well,

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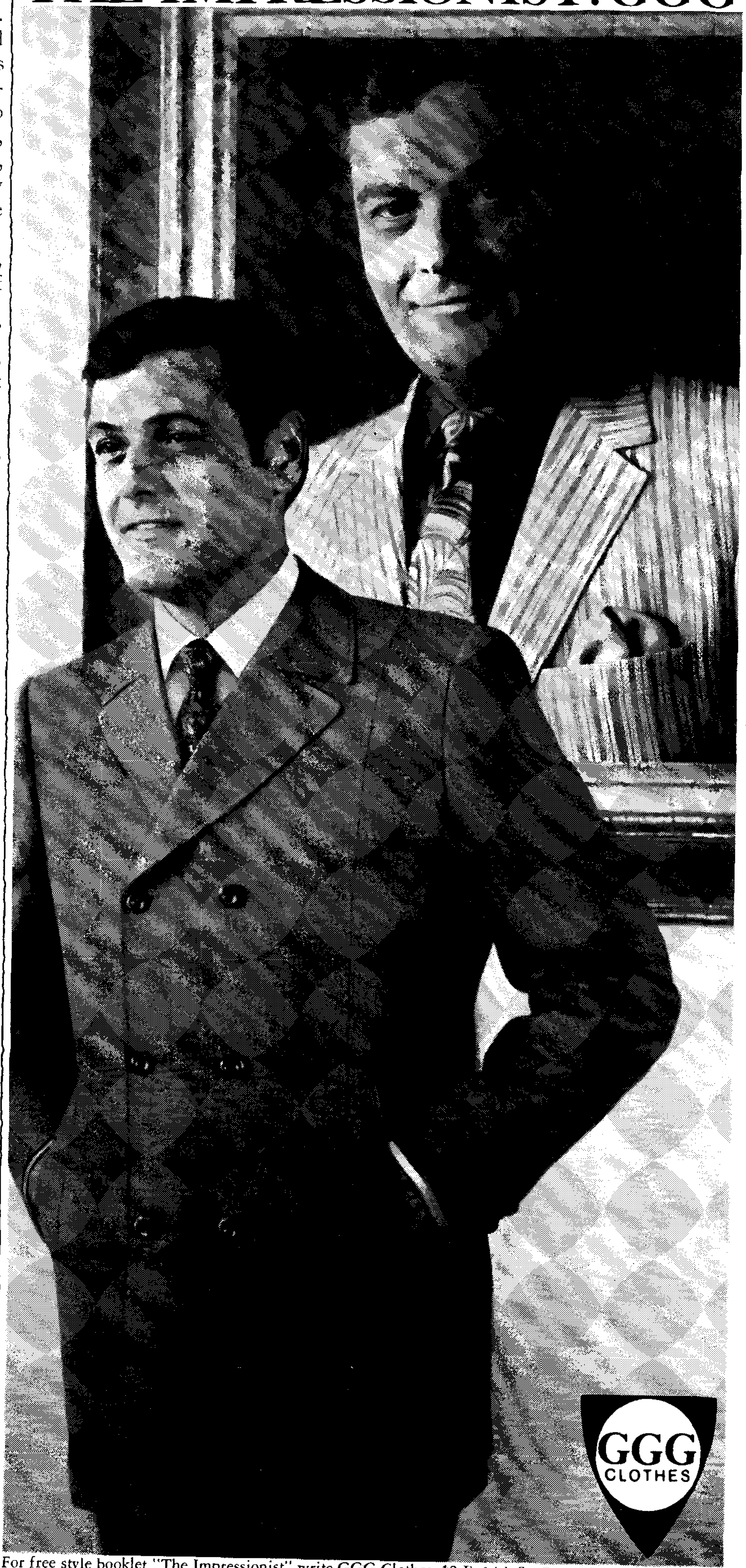

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the tuning of the strings; sleep in the clouds; Queen's Shoals; the fastest conversations on earth—no wonder her mother needed nothing else!

Eventually her father would come for them—he would be called Mr. McKelva—and they would go home on the train. They had taken a trunk with them—*this* trunk, with all the dresses made in this room: they might have stayed always. Her father had not appeared to realize it. They came back to Mount Salus. "Where do they get the *Mount*?" her mother said scornfully. "There's no mount here."

Grandma had died unexpectedly; she was alone. From the top of the stairs Laurel had heard her mother crying uncontrollably—the first time she had ever heard anyone cry uncontrollably except herself.

"I wasn't there! I wasn't *there!*"

"You are not to blame yourself, Becky, do you hear me?"

"You can't make me lie to myself, Clinton!"

They raised their voices, cried out back and forth, as if grief could be fabricated into an argument to comfort itself with. When, some time later, Laurel asked about the bell, her mother replied calmly that how good a bell was depended on how far away your children had gone.

Laurel's own mother, after her sight was gone, lay in bed in the big room reciting sometimes to herself what she knew by heart, as she had done on horseback at sixteen to make the long ride over the mountain go faster. She did not like being read to, *she* preferred to do the reading, she said now. She knew Dr. Courtland's step, and greeted him with " 'Man, proud man! Dress't in a little brief authority!' " Sometimes she spoke in quotations to her own family. " 'If the salt have lost its savour, wherewith shall it be salted?' " she had asked, the most reckless expression on her wasted face.

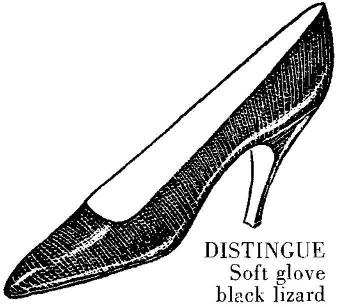
"Don't let them tie me down," her mother had whispered on the evening before the last of the operations. "If they try to hold me, I'll die."

Judge McKelva had let this pass, but Laurel had said, "I know—you're quoting the words of your own father."

She had nodded at them fervently.

When she was fifteen years old, Becky had gone with her father, who was suffering pain, on a raft propelled by a neighbor, down the river at night when it was filled with ice, to reach a railroad, to wave a lantern at a snowy train that would stop and take them on, to reach a hospital.

("How could you make a fire on a



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raft?" asked Laurel, here on the matting. "How could a fire burn on water?" "We had to have a fire," said her mother, sewing with her fingers. "We made it burn.")

In the city of Baltimore, when at last they reached the hospital, the little girl trusted the doctors with what he had told her: "Papa said, 'If you let them tie me down, I'll die.' " He could not then have told the doctors for himself; he was in delirium. It turned out that he had a ruptured appendix.

Two doctors came out of the operating room, to where Becky stood waiting in the hall. One said, "You'd better get in touch with whoever you know in Baltimore, little girl." "But I don't know anybody in Baltimore, sir." "Not know anybody in *Baltimore*?"

This incredulity on the part of the hospital was the memory that had stayed sharpest in Becky's mind, although afterward she had ridden home in the baggage car of the train, guided herself back to her mother and the houseful of little boys, bearing the news and bringing the coffin, both together.

Neither of us saved our fathers, Laurel thought. But Becky was the brave one. I stood in the hall, too, but I did not any longer believe that anyone could be saved, anyone at all. Not from others.

The house shook suddenly and seemed to go on shaking after a long roll of thunder.

"Up home, we loved a good storm coming, we'd fly outdoors and run up and down to meet it," her mother used to say. "We children would run as fast as we could along the top of that mountain when the wind blew, holding our arms wide open. The wilder it blew the better we liked it." During the very bursting of a tornado that carried away half of Mount Salus, she said, "*We* never were afraid of a little wind. Up home, we'd welcome a good storm."

"You don't know anybody in Baltimore?" they had asked Becky.

But Becky had known herself.

THERE had been so much confidence when first her vision had troubled her. Laurel remembered how her mother, early in the morning of her first eye operation (and after an injection supposed to make her sleepy), was affected with the gayest high spirits and anticipation, and had asked for her dressing case, and before the inadequate mirror had powdered and dabbed rouge on her face and put on a touch of lipstick and even sprayed about with her scent, as though she were going to

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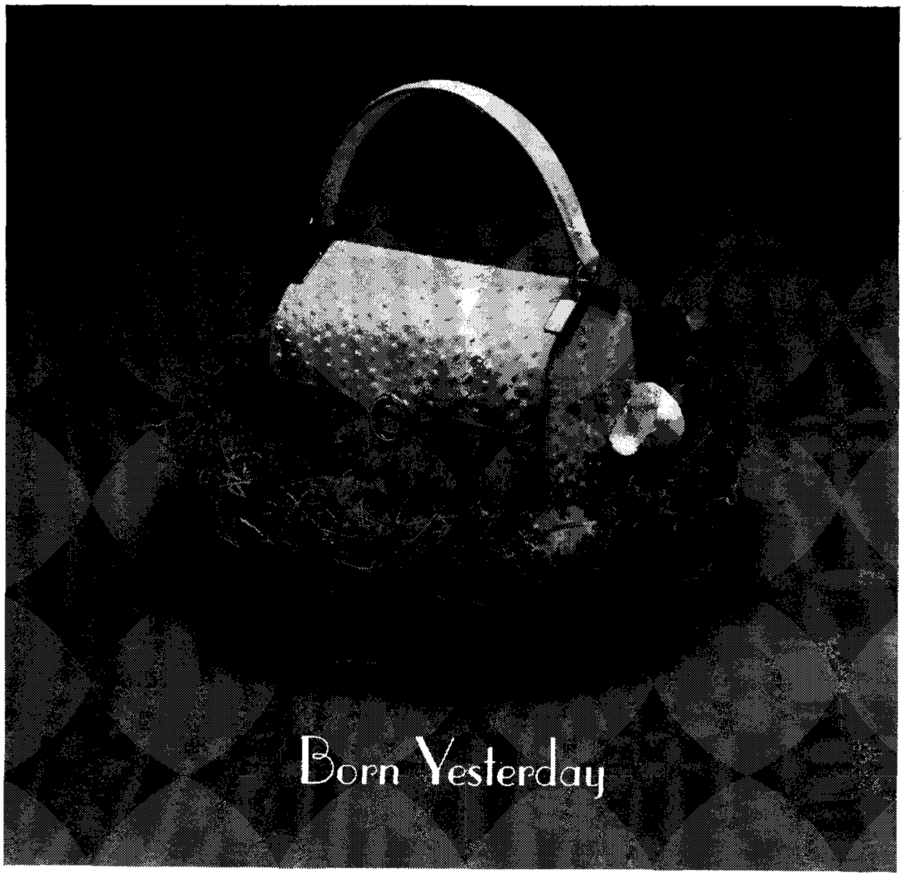

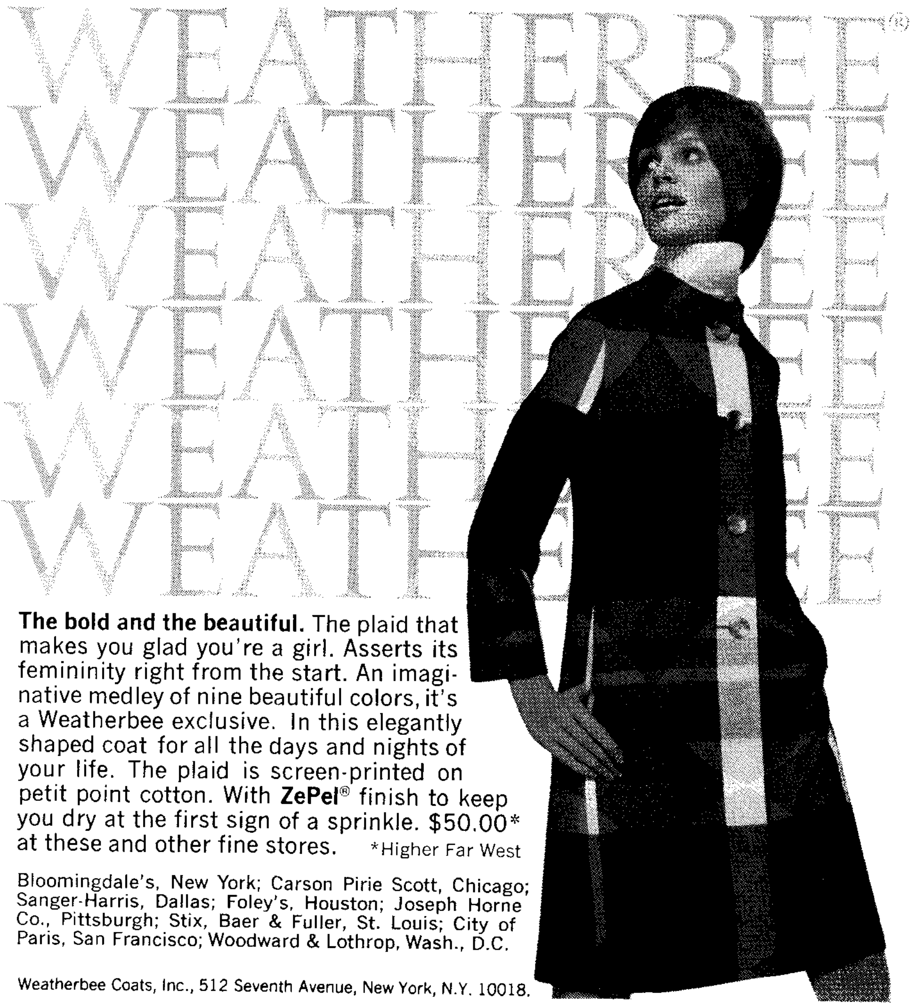

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SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST

an evening party with her husband. She had stretched out her hand in exhilaration to the orderly who came to wheel her out, as if after Nate Courtland had removed that little cataract in the Mount Salus Hospital she would wake up and be in West Virginia.

When someone lies sick and troubled for five years and is beloved, unforeseen partisanships can spring up among the well. During her mother's long trial in bed, Laurel, young and recently widowed, had somehow turned for a while against her father: he seemed particularly helpless to do anything for his wife. He was not passionately enough grieved at the changes in her! He seemed to give the changes his same, kind recognition—to accept them because they had to be only of the time being, even to love them, even to laugh sometimes at their absurdity. "Why do you persist in letting them hurt me?" her mother would ask him. Laurel battled against them both, each for the other's sake. She loyally reproached her mother for yielding to the storms that began coming to her out of her darkness of vision. Her mother had only to recollect herself! As for her father, he apparently needed guidance to see the tragic.

Laurel listened to the accelerated rain on the roof. What burdens we lay on the dying, she thought: seeking to prove some little thing that we can keep to comfort us when they can no longer feel—something as incapable of being kept as of being proved: the lastingness of memory, vigilance against harm, self-reliance, good hope, trust in one another.

Her father in his domestic gentleness had a horror of any sort of private clash, of divergence from the affectionate and the real and the explainable and the recognizable. He was a man of great delicacy; what he had not been born with he had learned in reaching toward his wife. He grimaced with delicacy. What he could not control was thinking all his wife's troubles would turn out all right because there was nothing he would not have given her. When he reached a loss he simply put on his hat and went speechless out of the house to his office and worked for an hour or so getting up a brief for somebody.

Then, later, he had stood helpless in bewilderment by his wife's bed and she had whispered, "Why did I marry a coward?"—then had taken his hand to help him bear it.

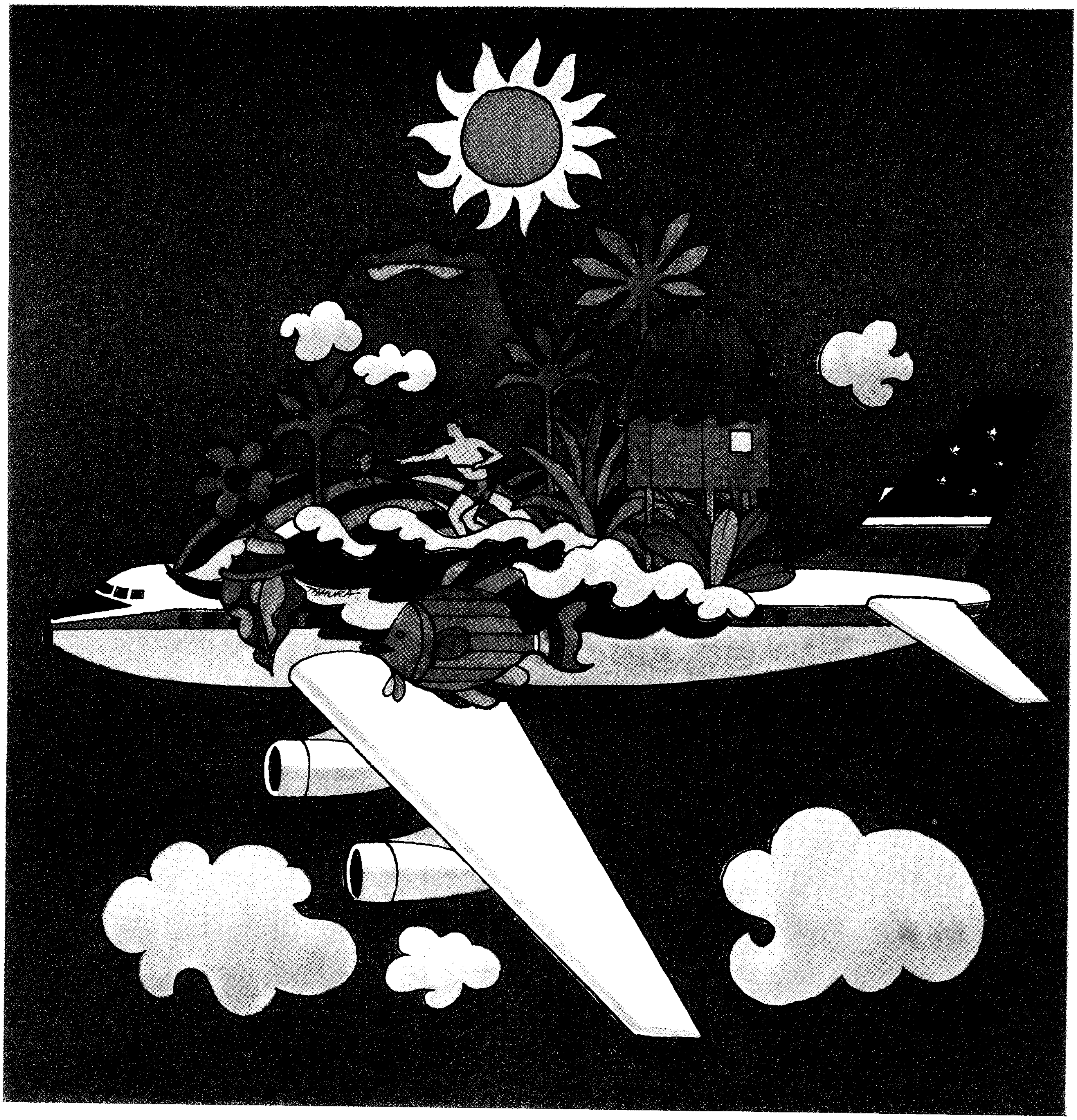
Later still, she began to say—and her voice never weakened, never harshened; it was her spirit speaking in the wrong words—"All you do is hurt me. I wish I might know what it is I've done. Why is it necessary to punish me like this and not tell me why?" And still she held fast to their hands—to Laurel's, too. Her cry was not complaint; it was anger at wanting to know and being denied knowledge; it was love's deep anger.

"Becky, it's going to be all right," Judge McKelva whispered to her.

"I've heard that before."

One day her mother had from her torments gasped out the words "I need spiritual guidance!" She, who had dared any McKelva missionary to speak his piece to her, sent out an invitation to the Presbyterian preacher to call upon her soon. Dr. Bolt was young then, and appealing to women—Miss Tennyson Bullock often said so—but his visit upstairs here had not been well taken. He had begun by reading her a psalm, which she recited along with him. Her tongue was faster than his. When he was left behind on everything he tried, she told him, "I'd like better than anything you can tell me just to see the mountains one more time." When he wondered if God intended her to, she put in a barb: "And in those mountains, young man, there's a white strawberry that grows completely in the wild, if you know where to look for it. I think it very likely grows in only one spot in the world. I could tell you this minute where to go, but I doubt if you'd see them growing after you got there. Deep in the woods, you'd miss them. You could find them by mistake, and you could line your hat with leaves and try to walk off with a hatful: that would be how little you knew about those berries. Once you've let them so much as touch each other, you've already done enough to finish 'em." She fixed him with her nearly sightless eyes. "Nothing you ever ate in your life was anything like as delicate, as fragrant, as those wild white strawberries. You had to know enough to go where they are and stand and eat them on the spot, that's all."

"I'll take you back to your mountains, Becky," her father had said into the despairing face after Dr. Bolt had tiptoed away. Laurel was certain it was the first worthless promise that had ever lain between them. And the house on the mountain had by that time, anyway, burned. Laurel had been in camp the summer it happened, but her mother had been up home. She had run back into the flames and at the risk of



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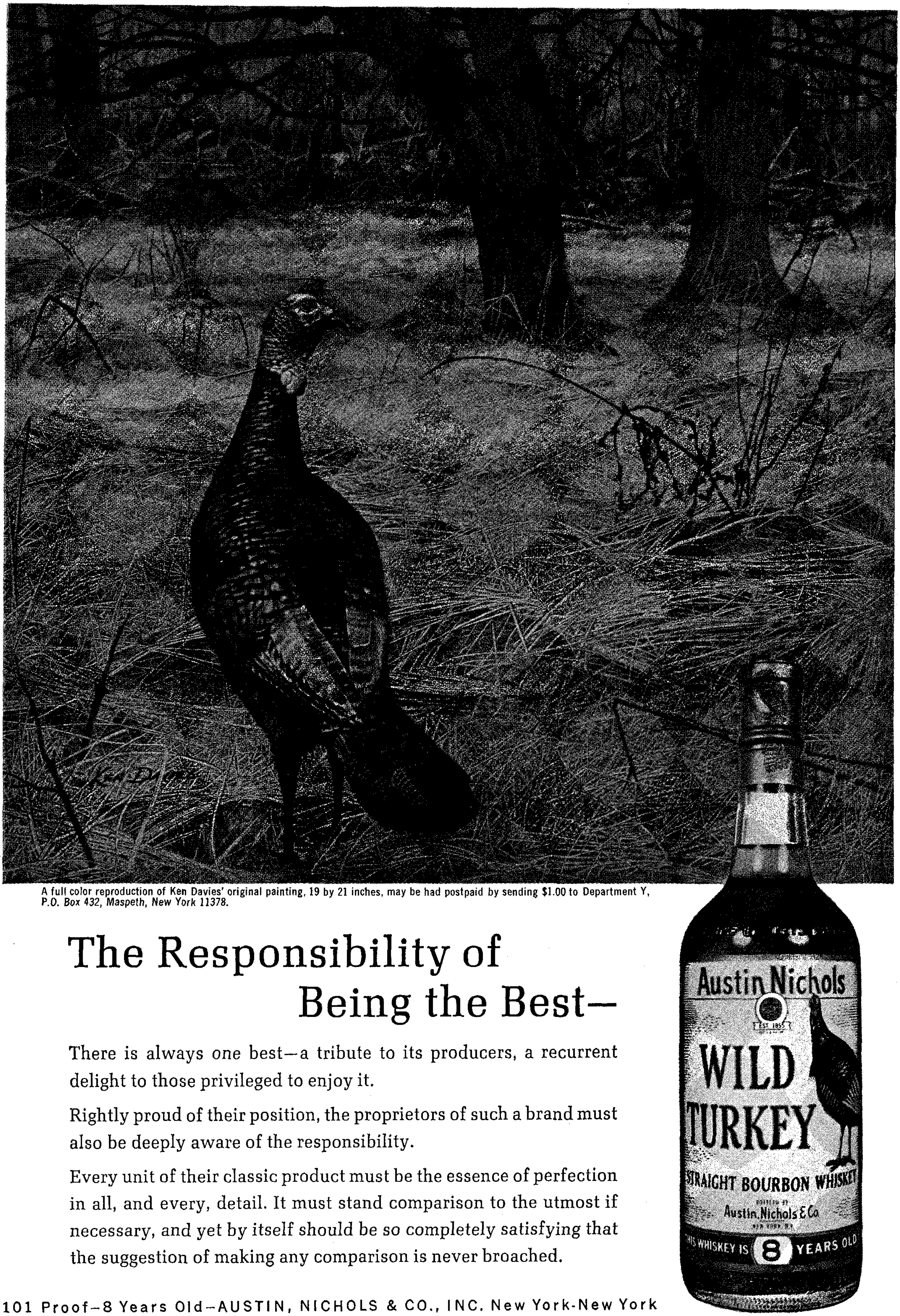
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her life rescued her dead father's set of Dickens, and brought the books down to Mount Salus and made room for them in one of the library bookcases—and there they stood now, bindings stiff all through and water-spotted, some of the spines scorched, some in rags. But before she died it had slipped from her mind that the house had ever burned at all.

"I'll carry you, Becky."

"Lucifer!" she cried. *"Liar!"*

That was when he started, of course, being what he scowlingly called an optimist; he might have dredged the word up out of his childhood. He loved his wife. Whatever she did that she couldn't help doing was all right. Whatever she was driven to say was all right. But it was *not* all right! Her trouble was that very desperation. And no one had the power to cause that except the one she desperately loved, who refused to consider it. It was betrayal on betrayal.

In her need tonight Laurel would have been willing to wish her mother and father dragged back to any torment of living, because that torment was something they had known together, through each other. She wanted them with her to share her grief as she had been the sharer of theirs. She sat and thought of only one thing, of her mother holding and holding on to their hands, her own and her father's holding on to her mother's, long after there was nothing more to be said.

Laurel could remember, too, her mother holding her own hands before her eyes, very close, so that she seemed to be seeing them, the empty, working fingers.

"Poor hands in winter, when she came back from the well—bleeding from the ice, from the ice!" her mother cried.

"Who, Mother?" Laurel asked.

"My mother!" she cried accusingly.

After a stroke had crippled her further, she had come to believe—without being able to see her room, see a face, to verify anything by seeing—that she had been taken somewhere that was neither home nor up home, that she was left among strangers, for whom even anger meant nothing, on whom it would only be wasted. She had died without speaking a word, keeping everything to herself, in exile and humiliation.

To Laurel while she still knew her, she had made a last remark: "You could have saved your mother's life. But you stood by and wouldn't intervene. I despair for you."

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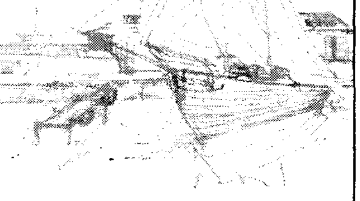

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could go with those you loved, and it was where they left you.

THEN Laurel's father, when he was approaching seventy, had married Fay. Both times he chose, he had suffered; she had seen him contain it. He died worn out with both wives—almost as if up to the last he had still had both of them.

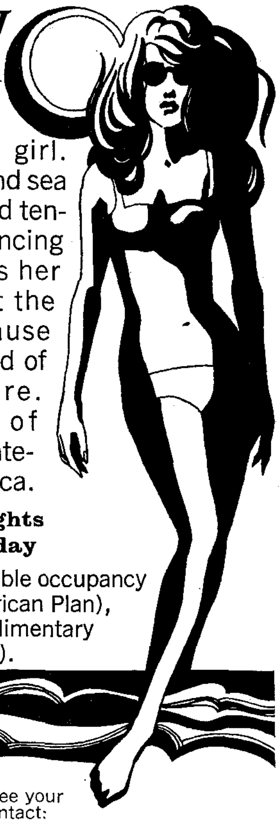
As he lay without moving in the hospital, he had concentrated utterly on time passing; indeed he had. But which way had it been going for him? When he could no longer get up and encourage it, push it forward, had it turned on him, started moving back the other way?

Fay had once at least called Becky "my rival." Laurel thought: but the rivalry doesn't lie where Fay thinks. It's not between the living and the dead, between the old wife and the new; it's between too much love and too little. There is no rivalry as bitter; Laurel had seen its work.

Later and later into the night, with the buffeting kept at its distance, though it never let up, Laurel sat under the lamp among the papers. She held in her hands her mother's yellowed notebooks—correspondence records, address books—Virginia aunts and cousins long dead, West Virginia nieces and nephews now married and moved where Laurel no longer quite kept up with them. The brothers had moved down the mountain into town, into the city, and the banjo player who had known so many verses to "Where Have You Been, Billy Boy?" had turned into a bank official. Only the youngest had been able to come to Mount Salus to his sister's funeral. He who had been the Evening Star climbed on two canes to her grave and said to Judge McKelva, as they stood together, "She's a long way from West Virginia."

A familiar black-covered "composition book" came off the shelf and lay open on Laurel's lap to "My Best Bread," written out twenty or thirty years ago in her mother's strict, pointed hand, giving everything but the steps of procedure. ("A cook is not exactly a fool.") Underneath it had lain something older, a class notebook. Becky had sent herself to teachers college, wearing the deep-dyed blouse. It was her *keeping* her diagrams of "Paradise Lost" and Milton's Universe that was so like her, pigeonholing them here as though she'd be likely to find them useful again. Laurel gazed down at the careful figuring of the modest household accounts, drifted along the lined

The Colony Girl



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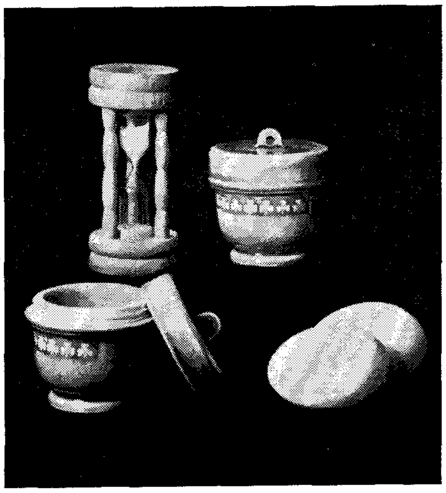

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pages (this was an old Mount Salus Bank book) to where they eased into garden diaries and the plots of her rose beds, her perennial borders. "I have just come in. Clinton is still toiling—I see him now, struggling with the Mermaid rose." "That fool fig tree is already putting out leaves. Never learns."

From the last pigeonhole Laurel brought out letters her mother had saved from her own mother, from up home.

She slipped them from their thin envelopes and read them now for herself. Widowed, her health failing, lonely, and sometimes bedridden, Grandma wrote these letters to her young, venturesome, defiant, happily married daughter as to an exile, without ever allowing herself to put it into so many words. Laurel could hardly believe the bravery and serenity she had put into these short letters, in the quickened pencil to catch the pocket of one of the boys before he rode off again, dependent—Grandma then as much as Laurel now—upon his remembering to mail them from the courthouse. She read on and met her own name on a page. "I will try to send Laurel a cup of sugar for her birthday. Though if I can find a way to do it, I would still like to send her one of my pigeons. It would eat from her hand, if she would let it."

A flood of feeling descended on Laurel. She let the papers slide from her hand and put her head down on the open lid of the desk and wept in grief for love and for the dead.

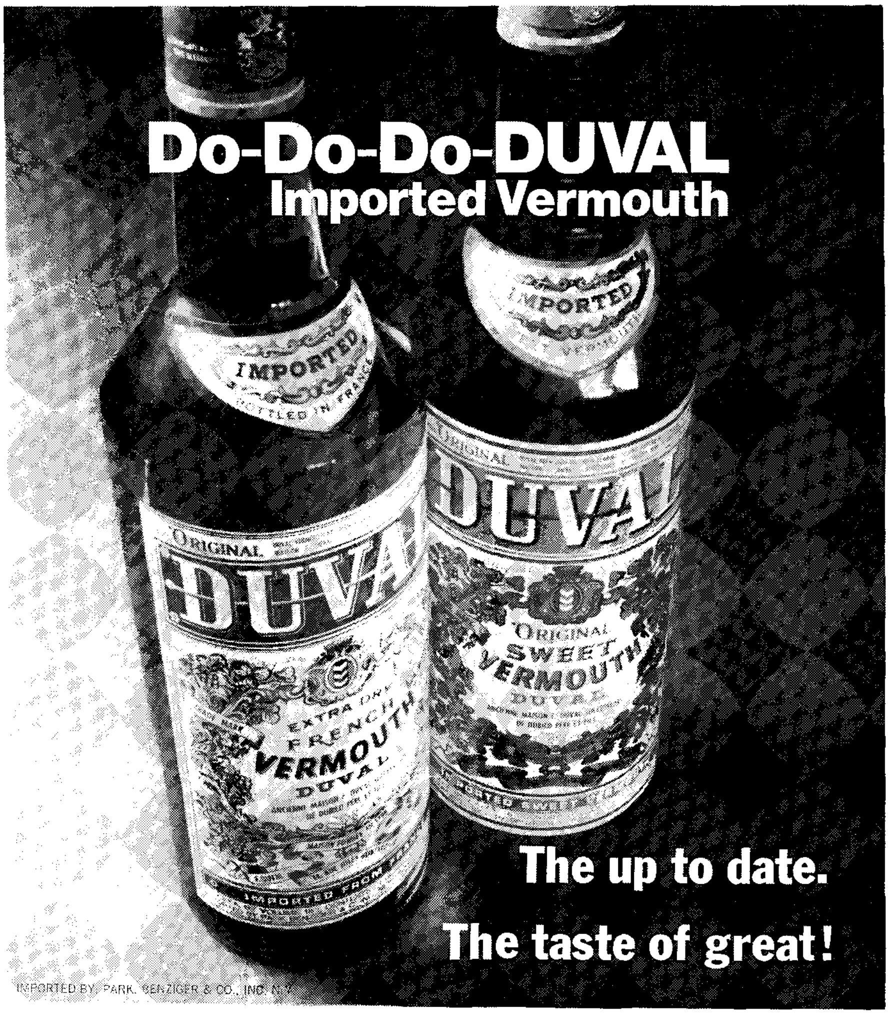
IV

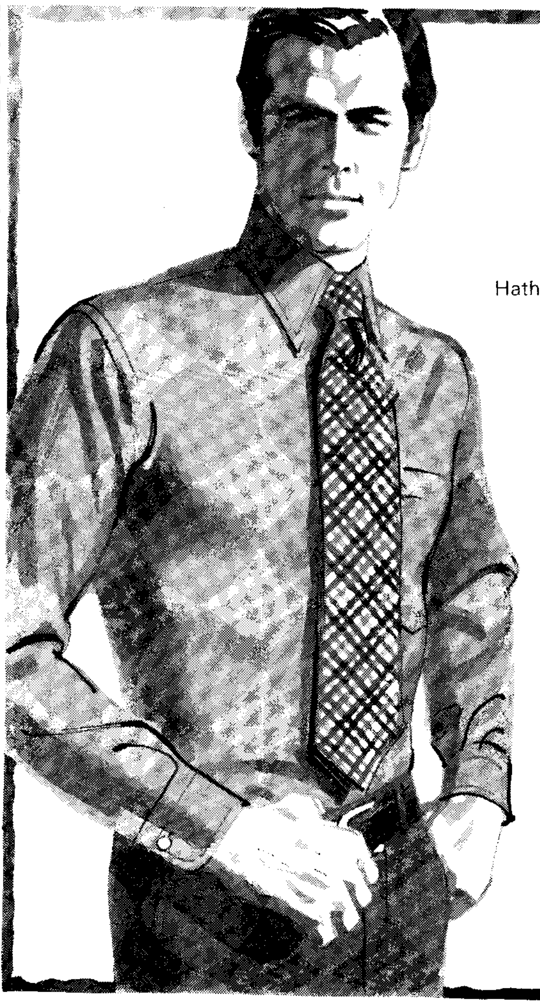
BRIGHT day woke her. Laurel stood up stiffly, like a traveller who has ridden all night.

The house was more still than she could remember its being even when she woke as a child and her parents were not yet ready to open their eyes in the next room. She went through, opened the door into the hall, and, putting on her glasses, saw the bird at once, high up in a fold of the curtain at the stair window; it was still, too, and narrowed, wings to its body.

As the top step of the stairs creaked under her foot, the bird quivered its wings rapidly without altering its position. She fled down the stairs and shut herself into the kitchen. Even after she had breakfasted, got upstairs again and into her own room, had dressed and come out again, the bird had not moved from its position.

Like a giant echo of the wingbeat-





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ing, a pounding began on the floor of the front porch. There was only one man in Mount Salus that could be, the perennial jackleg carpenter who appeared in spring to put in new window cords, sharpen the lawnmower, plane off the back screen door from its wintertime sag; he would be glad to commandeer a wagonload of river-bottom soil, which might turn out to be sawdust. He acted for widows and maiden ladies and for wives whose husbands were helpless around the house, as Judge McKelva had been.

"Well, now it's your dad. Old miss been gone a dozen year. I miss her ever' time I pass the old place," said Mr. Deedy. "Her and her ideas."

Was this a call of condolence? Laurel recollected that she had seen him at the funeral, or rather at the burial. He had been standing quite close to the grave, chin in hand, as if professionally interested.

"Locks holding?" he asked. "Ready for me to string your window cords? Change your furniture around?" He was the same. He mounted the steps and came right across the porch at a march with his knees bent and turned out, and the tools knocking together inside his sack.

Her mother had deplored his familiar ways and blundering hammer, had called him on his cheating, and would have sent him packing for good the first time she heard him refer to her as "old miss." Yet, with helpless Judge McKelva offering, there had been only Mr. Deedy to call on instead, and now he was moving in with a clear field.

"Roof do any leaking last night?"

"Now that you've walked in, you might get a chimney sweep out of the upstairs hall," Laurel said.

"Bird in the house?" he asked. "Sign o' bad luck, ain't it?" He still walked up your stairs with a strut and followed too close.

The bird had not moved from its position. Heavy-looking, laden with soot, it was still pressed into the same curtain fold.

"I spot him!" Mr. Deedy shouted. He stamped his foot, then clogged with both feet like a clown, and the bird, beating its wings wildly, dropped from the curtain into flight and, barely missing the wall, angled into Laurel's room—her bedroom door stood open! Mr. Deedy with a shout slammed the door on it.

"Mr. Deedy!"

"Well, I got him out of your hall."

Laurel's door opened again, of itself, with a slowness to show there was nothing behind it but the morning breeze.

"Get it out!" she cried, as a drumming of wings was heard against wire screen; well, she had left a window open.

Mr. Deedy marched on into her bedroom. His eye slid to the organdie curtains, wet, with the starch rained out of them, where the hideous, shineless bird was frantically beating its wings, but she could see he was only sizing up the frayed window cords.

"That bird's tried to get in every room in the house," Laurel said, her hands over her hair.

"It ain't trying to get in. Trying to get out," said Mr. Deedy, and crowed at her. He marched around the room, glancing into Laurel's suitcase—it was opened out on the bed—inspected the dressing table and himself in its mirror, while the bird whipped from curtain to curtain and flew out of the room ahead of him. It had left the dust of itself all over everything, the way a moth does.

"Where's young miss?" asked Mr. Deedy, and opened the other bedroom door. The bird flew in like an arrow.

"Mr. Deedy!"

"That's about my favorite room in the house," he said with a nod. He gave Laurel a black grin; his front teeth had gone.

"That's enough, Mr. Deedy, leave! You've come and made things worse than you found them. Exactly the way you used to!" Laurel said.

"Well, I won't charge you nothing," he said, clattering down the stairs behind her. "That's all right! I donate a little time, now and then, to the old-timers around here." He walked on out. Crossing the porch he said without looking behind him, "Old Mis' Whitman, she got me to setting out *baitses* for all these birds and squirrels peskying her yard. Reckon she ain't started none too soon."

"Poison? Don't you dare—!"

"That's one way!" he called, like a cheery farewell.

Missouri had arrived; she was in the kitchen. "What happen?"

"A chimney sweep! A chimney sweep got out of the fireplace into the house and flew everywhere!" Laurel said.

"It's because we get it all too clean," said Missouri.

"I asked Mr. Deedy to help. He

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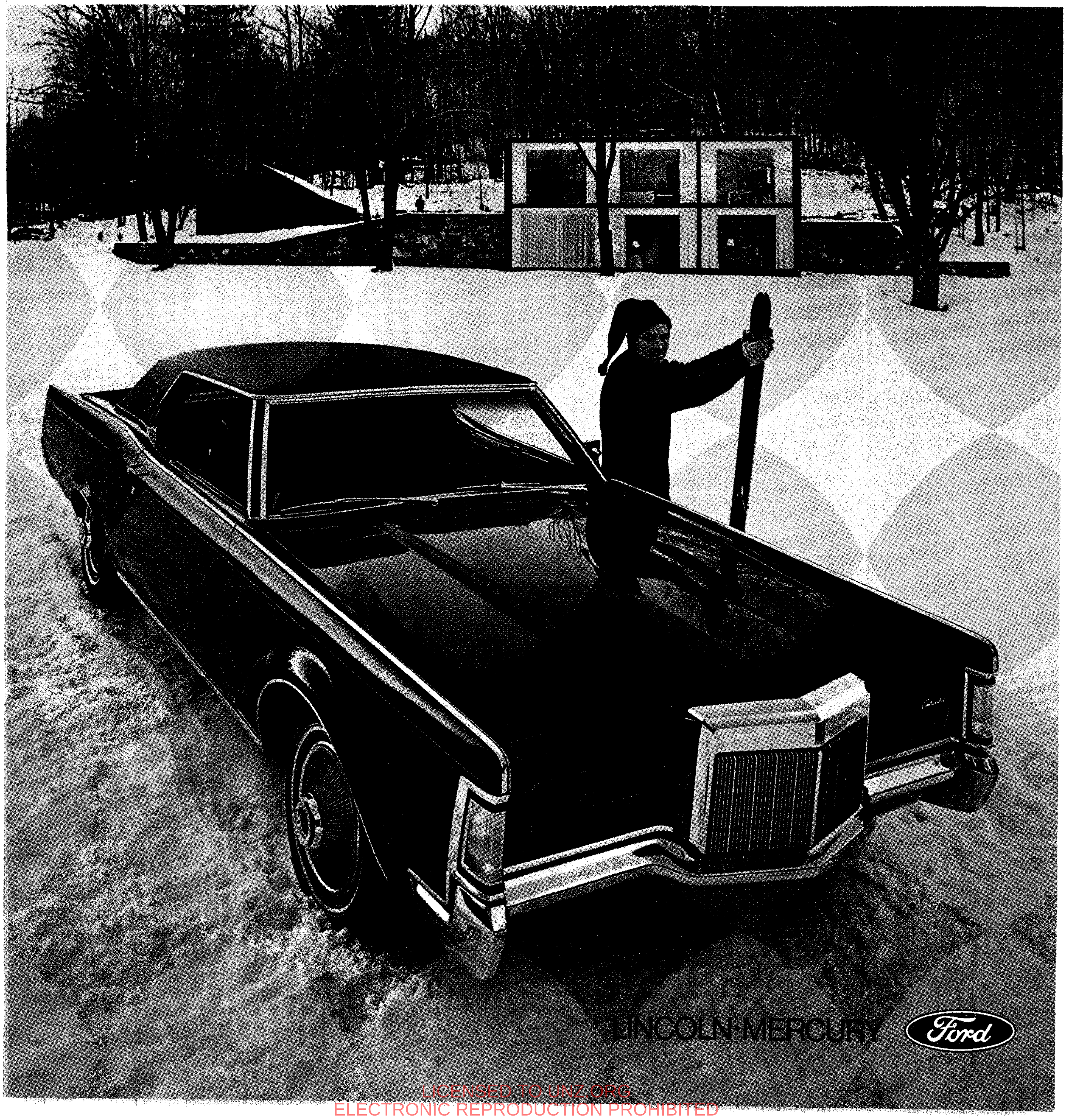

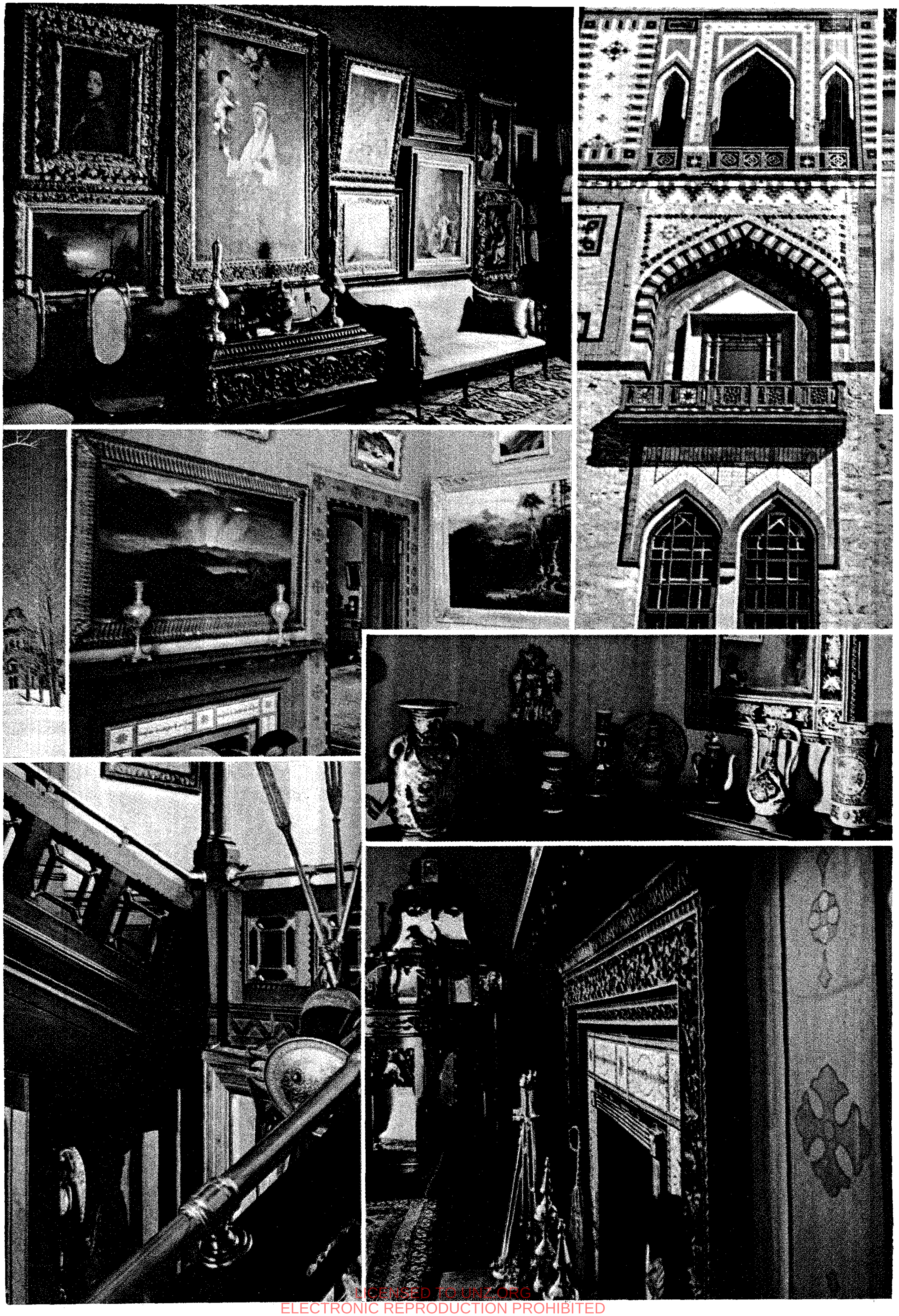

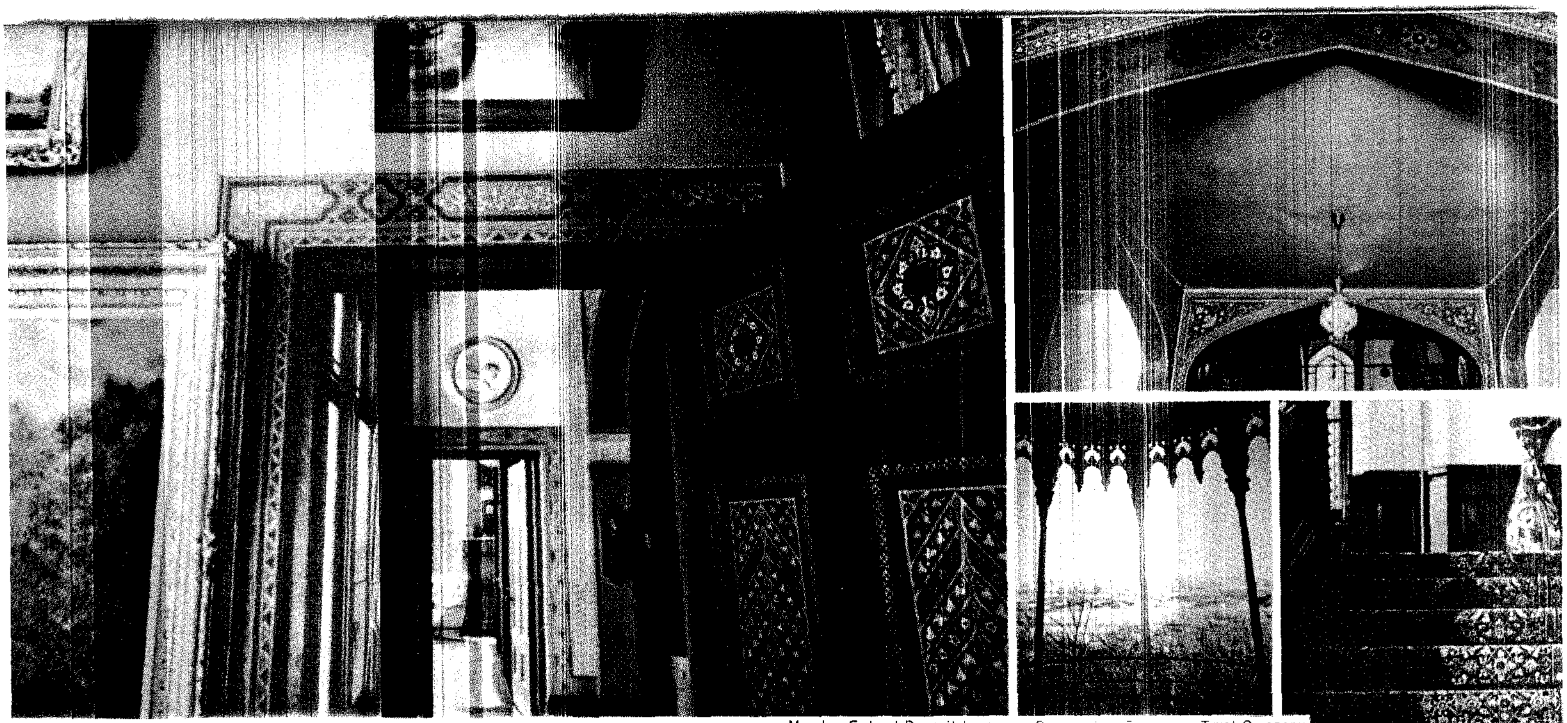

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The fight for Olana.

We can't say our decision on Olana was the easiest that Bankers Trust ever made.

Olana had been the home of Frederic Church, last of the Hudson River school of painters.

The place is almost a documentary on 19th Century art and manners and considered one of the country's authentic relics.

But Olana had become part of an estate and that's usually bad news for relics.

In administering the estate, we had started plans to put a tag on everything and disperse the collection to the four winds at auction.

The building itself seemed to be devaluing the land and looked as if it might have to be torn down.

It isn't that we're indifferent to the past. But our legal obligation is to get as much money as possible for the heirs of the estate.

At this point we talked with an interesting group. They wanted to preserve Olana as a museum and they wanted time to raise the purchase price.

It was both a good and a terrible idea.

It might save the paintings and objets d'art from a bad day on the auction block. (And the Moorish-Italian villa itself was probably worthless for anything but a museum.)

But on the other hand our primary duty is to realize the value of an estate promptly and not take a chance on fluctuations in the market place. Suppose Olana Preservation, Inc. (as they came to be known) couldn't raise the money?

What if the market value of the paintings and artifacts collapsed while we were waiting?

Doing something out of the ordinary like this might expose us not only to criticism but even financial liability. So not only Olana, but our stockholders' money and our reputation were involved.

But the essence of a banker's profession is the weighing of character and capability.

We don't believe a banker should duck a decision by hiding behind a rule book.

In this case, we decided these people were right and they were. But it took them nineteen months.

By then the State Senate and Assembly had approved, and Governor Rockefeller had signed, a bill authorizing the purchase of Olana as a museum and state park.

(Stop in and look it over, if you're ever in the vicinity. It's near Hudson, New York, off Route 9G.)

We like to think that more than Olana was saved.

In the future, any time an organization says to an executor "Give us a chance to save it,". the executor can seriously entertain the proposition.

And we'd like to think he'll consider the story of Olana a precedent.

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just waltzed through the house enjoying the scenery," said Laurel.

"He's good at that."

"We'll shoo it out between us."

"It look like I'm more scared of 'em than you are," said Missouri when she appeared again, stuffed back into her raincoat and hat and buckled in tight. She walked slowly up the stairs holding the kitchen broom bristles up.

"Where is it now?" Laurel asked. She saw the mark on the stairway curtain where the bird had tried to stay asleep.

"He on the telephone."

"Oh, don't hit—move behind it with the broom—"

"Look! He ain't got no business in your room," said Missouri.

"Just move behind it. Birds fly toward light—I'm sure I've been told. Here I am, holding the front door open for it." Missouri could be heard dropping the broom. "It's a perfectly clear way out. Why won't it just fly free of its own accord?"

"They just ain't got no sense like we have."

Finally Laurel propped the screen door open and ran upstairs with two straw wastebaskets. "I'll *make* it go free— Oh."

The bird was down on the floor, under the telephone table. It looked small and unbearably flat to the ground, like a child's shoe without a foot inside it.

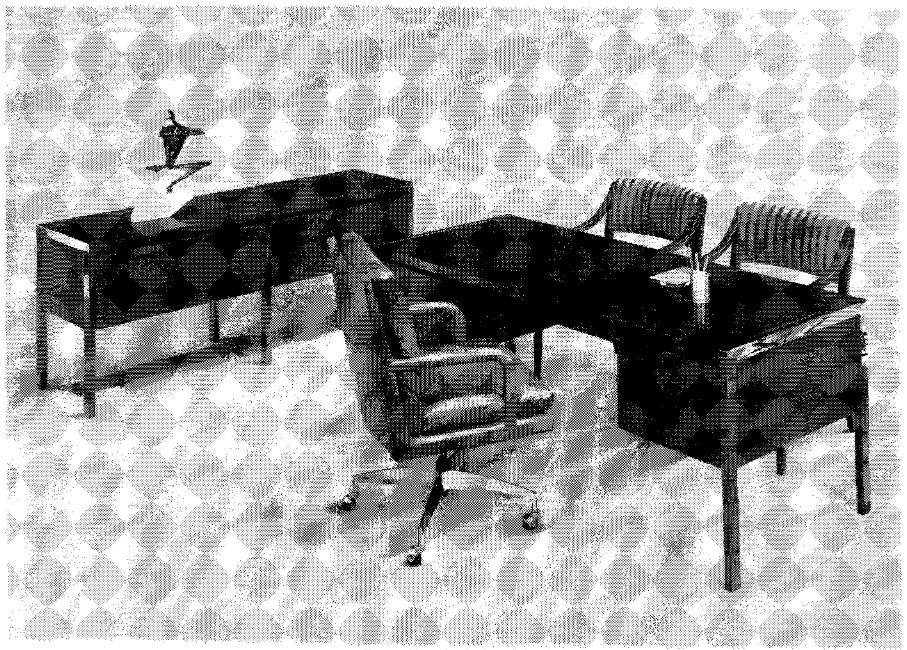
"Missouri, I've been scared of birds all my life," Laurel told her.

She dropped the first basket over it, then cupped the two baskets together to trap the bird and enclose it; the whole thing was soundless. She ran down the stairs and out of the house and down the front steps with the baskets together, then started to move them apart. The bird whipped out, quick as a glove slapped in her face, and was off in soaring oblivion.

"All birds got to fly, even them no-count dirty ones," said Missouri from the porch.

IT was spring in clear fact this morning. The crab-apple tree had rushed into green, all but one sleeve that was still flowery.

For the next hour Laurel stood in the driveway burning her mother's letters and little books and papers in the tall wire basket where pecan leaves were burned—"too acid for my roses." She'd made arrangements for the Salvation Army to take away the trunk with its layers of clothes. Besides the book of snapshots—she could never give up a picture—she had kept one thing. She had dropped the little stone



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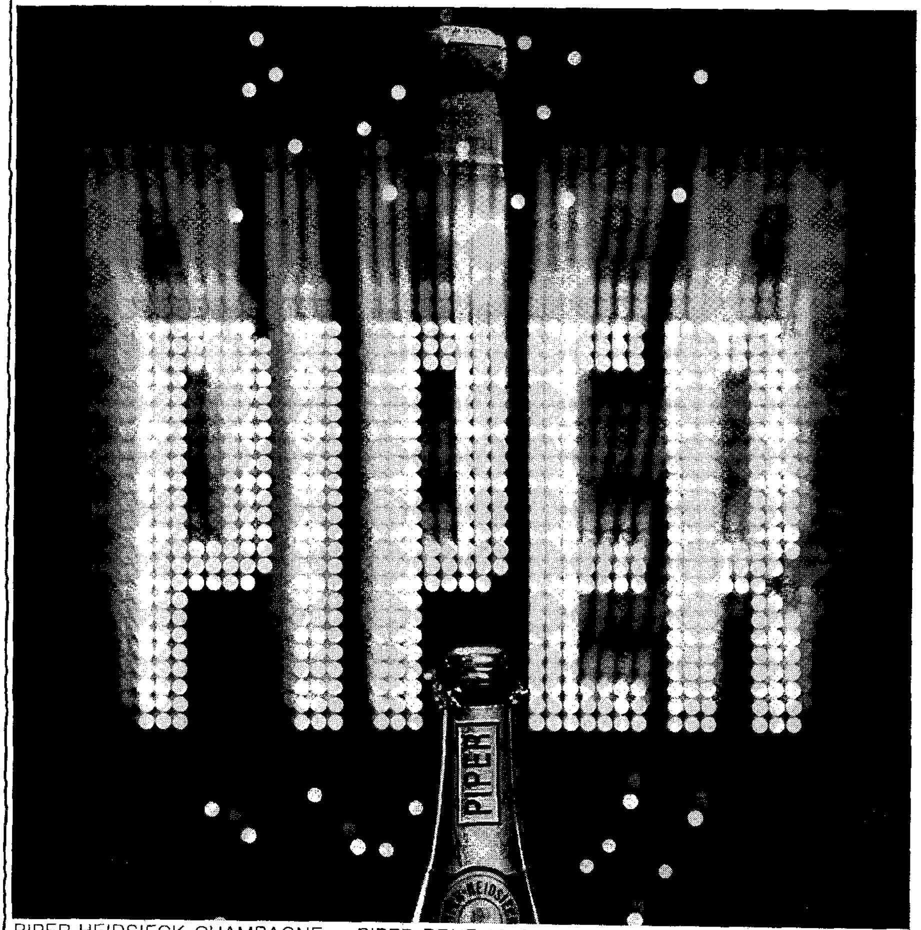

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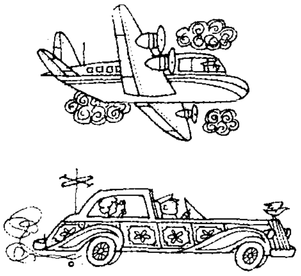

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boat, just as she'd found it, into her big Chicago handbag for her fingers to come upon some busy day. It was stolen from this house; she was a thief now. At the same time, having it there in her bag was a way to go back to Chicago. It was one of her ways to live—storing up to remember, putting aside to forget, then to find again—hiding and finding. Laurel thought it a modest game that people could play by themselves, and, of course, when that's too easy, against themselves. It was a game for the bereaved, and there wasn't much end to it.

As she went in at the back door, she noticed that every arm of the fig tree ended this morning in a new leaf, like a knowing schoolroom with every little hand raised.

OVER the white-painted mantel in the parlor, cranes in their circle of moon, the beggar with his lantern, the poet at his waterfall stood in their positions around the clock, which told her she still had ten minutes. She was being picked up by the bridesmaids, who would drive her to Jackson to the airport. Laurel walked through the shining rooms. All the windows, which Missouri had stripped to wash the curtains over again, let in the full volume of spring light.

Laurel walked through the hall, the dining room with Dutch iris on the table, through the pantry and into the kitchen. The new kitchen it was, one of those custom-designed kitchens, that her father had installed for Fay, with its dishwasher, disposal unit, and freezer, along with the new electric stove, its yellow counters lined up with mixer and blender under plastic covers, its rack of spice jars—there was even a glass tube with a real vanilla bean inside—its copper molds hung up on the wall of cabinets, and an electric can opener. She walked back into the pantry. And there she heard a sound—like an empty spool dropped down through the cupboard and rolling away.

The closed-in, seldom-used shelves of the pantry cabinet she had passed over in her cleaning, as she had forgotten to shut her own window. Laurel tugged at their wooden doors until they gave. She opened them and got the earnest smell of mouse.

In the dark interior she made out the fruitcake pans, the sack of ice-cream salt, the waffle irons, the punch bowl hung with its cups and glinting with the colors of a dark rainbow. Underneath all those things, shoved back as far as it would go but still on the point of pushing open the cupboard—for it belonged on

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the kitchen table—was the breadboard.

Moving the objects rapidly, one by one, Laurel cleared the board and drew it out into the light of day and looked at it. As she held it there, all the pride she had felt in the cleaning, the polishing, the burning of evidence, in all she had driven herself to do, changed suddenly and wholly into shame. Shame beat inside her, thudded against her chest.

She had conspired with silence, when she ought to have shouted "Abuse!" And perhaps shouted also "Love!" There was nothing in the whole house now to show for her mother's life and her mother's happiness and suffering, and nothing to show for Fay's harm; her father's turning between them, holding on to them both, then letting them go, was without its meaning. She herself had made it all shining surface, sweet smells, a drift of smoke. The house itself, in that moment, seemed to have died.

Footsteps tracked through the parlor, the library, the hall, the dining room, up the stairs and through the bedrooms, down the stairs, and at last came into the pantry, and stopped.

"There's a car out there with the horn blowing. You didn't go deaf waiting for me to get back from Texas, did you?" Fay said.

Laurel said, "What have you done to my mother's breadboard?"

"*Breadboard?*"

Laurel pointed. "Look. Look where the surface is splintered—look at those gouges. You might have gone at it with an icepick."

"Is that a crime?"

"All scored and grimy! Or you tried driving nails in it."

"I didn't do anything but crack walnuts on it. With the hammer."

"And cigarette burns—"

"Who wants an everlasting breadboard? It's the last thing anybody needs!"

"And there—along the edge!" With a finger that was trembling now, Laurel touched it.

"Most likely a house as old as this has got a few enterprising rats in it," said Fay.

"Gnawed and blackened and the dust ground into it, and Mother kept it satin-smooth and clean as a dish—"

"It's just an old board, isn't it?" cried Fay.

"She made the best bread in Mount Salus!"

"All right! Who cares? She's not making it now."

"Oh, my mother could see exactly what you were going to do!"

Laurel heard her own words with

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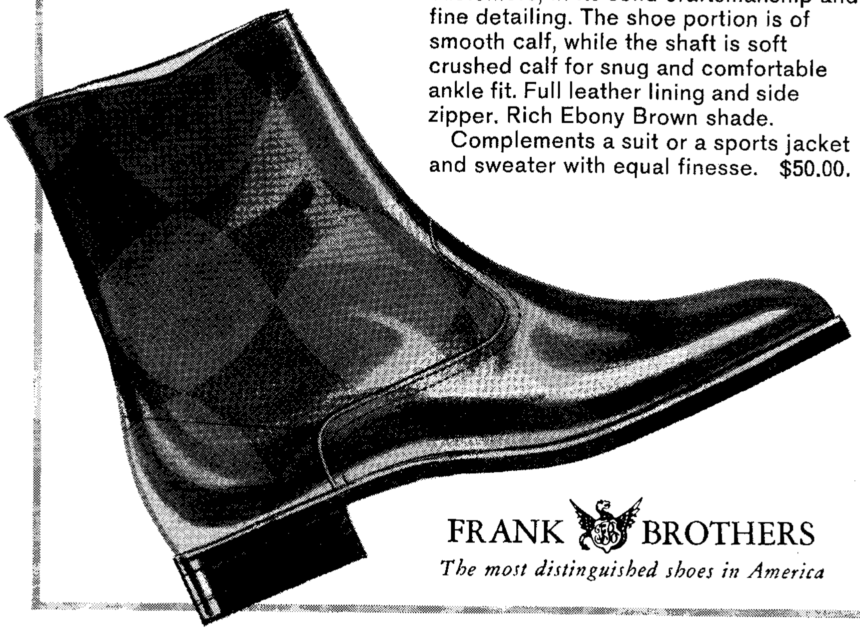

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no more than brief amazement. They'd come out of the truth, and they came to set experience into the right order at last. Experience couldn't always be seen according to its happening in time. It slipped somehow in the viewing. It was just as when she had cleaned the house before the bird got loose in it to dirty it. Her mother had suffered every symptom of having been betrayed, and it was not until she had died, had been dead long enough to lie in danger of being forgotten and the protests of memory came due, that Fay had ever tripped in. It was not until then, perhaps, that her father himself had ever dreamed of a Fay. For Fay was Becky's own dread. What her mother had felt and been afraid of might have existed right here all the time for her. Past and future might have changed places, in some convulsion of the mind, but that could do nothing to damage the truth of the heart. Fay could have walked in early as well as late. Suppose in the mystery of things there had even been a Fay before her. Suppose every time her father went on a business trip, went to sit in court at another town, perhaps when they were up home and her mother couldn't see what missing her meant, there had been a Fay.

Not even memory was safe! Not even from Laurel herself, now, unless all alone she could save it.

"You desecrated this house."

"I don't know what that word means, and glad I don't. But I'll have you remember it's my house now, and I can do what I want to with it," Fay said. "With everything in it."

"You pretended to love Father. It was all pretending," said Laurel.

"And did he *pretend* to like it?" Fay wobbled her head as she tried sarcasm; she was wearing the New Orleans eardrops. "After all, he married me. You're sorry he did, you think I wasn't as good as she was." Fay gave her laughing cry. "Don't you?"

"Yes, I do."

"You're crazy. You'll wind up like your mother. Your mother died a crazy!" Fay cried.

"That is not true. And nobody ever dared to say such a thing."

"In Mount Salus? But I heard it anyhow. Mr. Deedy put me wise. He told me he went in there one day where she was and she threw something at him."

"Stop," said Laurel.

"It was the little bell off her table. She told him she deliberately aimed at his knee, because she didn't have a wish to hurt any living creature. She was a crazy and so are you."

Laurel raised up the breadboard between herself and Fay. It was heavy, but with arms that trembled she held it there and was behind it.

But Fay's voice would carry to the farthest reaches, where no one else's would. "Is that what you hit with? Is a moldy old breadboard the best you can find? Listen, I hear that car horn blowing for you in the driveway. You're supposed to be leaving."

Laurel held herself without moving. Fay went on.

"And *I* came back to part friends! *I* was ready to kiss and make up. DeWitt talked me into it. DeWitt says in this old world we all need to make some allowance for the cranks in it. And after all, I'm the last McKelva now," said Fay. "Do you still want to knock me down?"

For as long as she could hold the board where she had raised it, Laurel was on the other side. She was safe on the side of the ones she honored, remembered; back on the side of the angels, to whom she belonged.

From the parlor came a soft whirr, and noon struck. Laurel heard the voice of the clock. When it finished counting, she drew a breath, and laid the breadboard down on the pantry shelf.

She passed Fay and went forward into the hall, took up her things. Missouri was waiting at the front door with her suitcase. Laurel pressed her quickly, sped out the front door and down to the car where the bridesmaids were waiting and impatiently calling her name.

"There, now. You'll make it by the skin of your teeth," said Tish, who was at the wheel when Laurel was swept inside.

They flashed by the courthouse, were approaching the school. Miss Adele was out with her first graders, grouped for a game in the yard. She waved. So did the children. The last thing Laurel saw before they whirled into speed was the twinkling of their small hands, little boys and girls she did not know wishing her goodbye. —EUDORA WELTY

●

The crunch is not far away, either. On March 11 there are a half-dozen aldermaniac elections to fill City Council seats vacated by machine stalwarts.
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THE THEATRE

USES OF THE PAST

“IN THE MATTER OF J. ROBERT OPPENHEIMER,” by a German playwright named Heinar Kipphardt, is a fascinating play for many reasons, not the least of which is that it is scarcely a play at all. Whatever it should be called—a mock documentary, perhaps, with concealed didactic intentions—it is being given an especially attractive production by the Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center. Mr. Kipphardt’s simple-seeming handiwork is a tour de force of dramaturgic abnegation; it has no surprising reversals of fortune, no sex, no violence, no climax, and no catastrophe, and yet it commands our unwavering attention from start to finish. Most of its strength is drawn from the fact that it, or something very like it, actually happened; once again, the sheer interestingness of history (even of history inaccurate by calculation) proves superior to invention. “Ah, did you once see Shelley plain,/ And did he stop and speak to you?” If so, what did he say? What was his voice like? And his eyes, his eyes! What was the color of his eyes? One never tires—at any rate, *I* never tire—of gathering up such morsels of information. If a chronicle like Mr. Kipphardt’s holds us spellbound, it is because it is not only about the past but also about a past so recent and so easily able to reawaken in us emotions painful in their ambiguity. The hearing at which Dr. Oppenheimer appeared before the Personnel Security Board of the Atomic Energy Commission “for the purpose of determining his security status with the United States Government” took place fifteen years ago next month, and although Dr. Oppenheimer died two years ago, most of the other principals in the case are still alive. Our own memories of the episode become, in effect, ghostly members of the cast of the play, standing invisibly onstage at the Vivian Beaumont and testifying in silence that to the best of our recollection this and this and this was how it was.

I am not sure that I approve of Mr. Kipphardt’s use of the mock-documentary form—a form that is also being explored, each in his own fashion, by Peter Weiss, Rolf Hochhuth, and a number of young playwrights in this country. From an aesthetic point of view, the form is, of course, highly effective; its ethical implications are what make me uneasy. In “Soldiers,” Mr. Hochhuth accuses Winston Churchill of having ordered the death of the Polish Prime Minister, General Sikorski. Churchill did nothing of the kind, and I do not see that Mr. Hochhuth has the right to make the accusation if he is unable to document it. Mr. Kipphardt happens to be on Dr. Oppenheimer’s side, and so makes him a figure more sinned against than sinning, but I have no doubt that he would claim the privilege of taking any side he pleased and altering the historical record in any way that suited his dramatic needs. The “villains” of this play are the lawyers who conduct the inquiry on behalf of the Personnel Security Board, and Dr. Edward Teller, Major Nicholas Radzi, and Walker Leroy Adams, who, called as witnesses, give testimony adverse to Dr. Oppenheimer. What are the villains’ rights? Can they not object to being impersonated and traduced onstage, for another man’s arbitrary purpose (and profit)? Particularly when that man has put into their mouths words they never uttered? What are the rights of the offstage Admiral Strauss and Thomas Finletter, of whom Mr. Kipphardt evidently holds a low opinion? Or what are the rights of Gordon Gray, who in 1969 can sit in a theatre and watch an actor using his name convey the impression that the Gordon Gray of April, 1954, was a well-mannered, craven ninny? The mock-documentary form is certainly thrilling; it can also be dangerous. The means of character assassination that Mr. Kipphardt employs against Dr. Oppenheimer’s enemies bear an ironic resemblance to the means of character assassination that Dr. Oppenheimer’s enemies once employed against him.

If the moral issue raised by the form of the play invites debate, so does its content. The author deals head on with the question that E. M. Forster posed when he wondered whether, given the necessity of betraying either his country or his friend, he would have the courage to betray his country. Dr. Oppenheimer’s difficulties sprang from a romantic and, at bottom, irrational hope of ignoring Forster’s “given” and betraying neither. Joseph Wiseman—tall, tweedy, courtly, enveloped in pipe smoke—admirably portrays Dr. Oppenheimer’s anguished revulsion from the obligation to conform; if there is a monotony in his performance, it is designed to express the conviction of a fastidious intellectual that there are times when it is wiser to endure than to prevail. Everyone in the Lincoln Center company reaches an unusually high standard of excellence; I single out for special praise Herbert Berghof, as Dr. Teller; Charles Cioffi, as Major Radzi; and Tony van Bridge, as Jacob Lehmann. The play has been superbly directed by Gordon Davidson, and the single handsome setting is by Peter Wexler.

LOOKING for new ways to perform Shakespeare is a common temptation—common and ill-advised. What the attempt often reveals is a lack of professional confidence on the part of those who make it, for it has become sufficiently clear after almost four hundred years that if Shakespeare is performed well by a talented company there is no need to riffle among the various texts of his plays for novel approaches, or to smarten him up by appliquéing certain currently modish methods of stagecraft onto his old conventions. Shakespeare is intensely of the twentieth century, as I assume he will be of the twenty-fifth, and the less tampering we do with him the better. One of the troubles with the APA-Phoenix production of “Hamlet,” which opened last week at the Lyceum, is that it is full of what amount to tricks, which, instead of illuminating the play, cast distracting shadows across it. Item: Ellis Rabb, who, with the assistance of Jack O’Brien, directed the play and who takes the leading role, has chosen to base this production in part on the so-called “surreptitious” First Quarto, which for most of us has as its sole advantage unfamiliarity—a distinction it has earned by being so un-

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satisfactory. Item: the designer, James Tilton, has provided a setting for the play that contains no castle great hall, no battlements, no cemetery, and no Queen's bedroom; instead, he has decked the exceptionally large stage of the Lyceum with hundreds of yards of black cloth and, with much ingenuity in the lighting, has made use of a long corridor that leads from the rear of the stage proper all the way to Forty-sixth Street. Actors appear and disappear along this shadowy thoroughfare to eerie effect. The only furniture consists of two not quite coffin-shaped boxes, also draped in black, on which people sit, sprawl, and recline. Item: not only is there no castle in Elsinore, there is no court, and when, in the last act, Claudius calls to his friends for help, the line is absurd, nobody being present except the handful of players required by the plot to meet, quarrel, and die. Item: some of the costumes, by Nancy Potts, look as if they had come under their own power from shops in the East Village and the rest off the black-leather rack at Cardin. Item: to give a fresh twist to the "To be or not to be" soliloquy, Mr. Rabb wanders onstage wearing horn-rimmed spectacles, and to give a fresh twist to Hamlet's father's ghost, Barry Bostwick lopes about in a cloud of plastic ectoplasm, while his hard-breathing voice beats down on us from an overamplified p.-a. system, leading us to speculate on whether the senior Hamlet, far from having been murdered by Claudius, was simply a victim of congenital bronchiectasis. And—final fraudulent attempt at chic novelty—surely for the first time in history we have a topless Ophelia (Amy Levitt), who bares her breast to a doll that exists only in order for Ophelia to be able to bare her breast to it. Tricks, tricks, tricks! No, as the Duke of Wellington said on another occasion, it won't do. This is a "Hamlet" that would earn favorable notices only if we were heartless enough to judge it as a comedy.

TWO plays came and went last week that ought never to have opened at all, here or anywhere. They were both fake comedies, showing not a trace of talent on the part of their authors, and they raised the usual question of what their backers could have been thinking of. The first of these totally unnecessary works, "The Wrong Way Light Bulb," was by Leonard Spigelgass, and had to do with a young Jewish liberal who, on inheriting a slum dwelling in Brooklyn, found himself beleaguered by illiberal blacks, browns, and fellow-

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whites. In an effort to be just to all parties, Mr. Spigelgass painted himself into a corner and then ruefully lowered the curtain. His play lasted seven performances at the John Golden Theatre. The second well-deserved flop of the week was "Zelda," by Sylvia Regan, which lasted five performances at the Ethel Barrymore. Everything about "Zelda" was preposterous, including the fact that its star, Ed Begley, wearing the map of Ireland on his face, was supposed to pass for a conventional Jewish poppa. At one point, Mr. Begley went so far as to say "*meshugana*," and it sounded as if it were spelled "McShanigan." The only thing I liked in the play was a prop that was wheeled in at the end—an ingenious brick-making machine. For a laugh, what it manufactured onstage was a clinker, but in that, of course, it had been anticipated by the unlucky author. —BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

Good as Gold

THAT the revival of "The Millionairess" at the Sheridan Square is so engaging is as much Philip Minor's doing as it is Bernard Shaw's. Mr. Minor, as he demonstrated in recent revivals of "Arms and the Man" and "Misalliance," has a special knack for directing lesser Shaw in small Off Broadway houses. Here again everything is in proportion, and the performance as a whole is always harmonious. Bucking the current trend, his direction is not so much a matter of self-expression as of Shaw-expression, and his choice of actors is impeccable. Shaw is the star of "The Millionairess," as he is of all his plays, but Barbara Caruso, an actress new to me, is exactly the stormy, willful, temperamental, father-fixated, bossy, impossible fascinator that the title role demands. She is as stylish and feminine as her behavior is not, and although she is not yet a star, she manages the illusion of giving a star performance (in a part that was first played here by Katharine Hepburn in 1952) without throwing the production out of scale. (I kept thinking about that stormy, willful, impossible fascinator Mrs. Patrick Campbell, who almost broke Shaw's spirit, and wondering whether he was thinking of her, too, when he wrote the character.) Among the many messages that are flashed to the audience in the course of the action is that the victims of the rich and powerful are those who knuckle under to them, either directly or indirectly. The principal knucklers-under to the hero-

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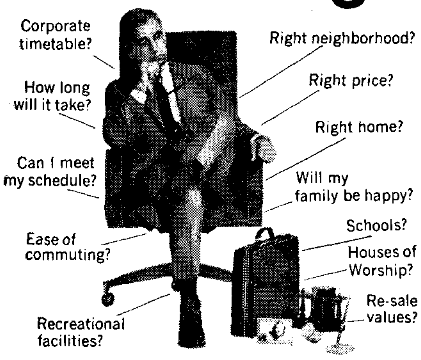
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ine are her dissatisfied and unsatisfactory husband, a famous and rather foolish athlete whose chief demand of a marriage is tranquillity (Peter Coffeen); her solicitor, a detached, humorous fellow always aware of which side his bread is buttered on (Robert Moberly); and the weak, sophisticated Other Man in her life (Tom Lacy), whom she beats up and flings down a flight of stairs when he makes a disparaging remark about her father. There are two non-victims—an Egyptian doctor with whom she falls in love but who is so unruffled by her and her money that he gives a hundred and fifty pounds of it away at one stroke (Nicholas Kepros is very funny in the part), and the calm, undemanding, shrewd Other Woman in her husband's life (Maria Lennard, a find). At the end, she gets her comeuppance and grabs her man at the same time. "The Millionairess" was written in 1935, when Shaw was seventy-nine, and although it is one of his weakest plays, and sometimes downright silly, it is no mere geriatric feat. It is bristling with notions—as refreshing and impudent as ever—on the rich, the poor, law, medicine, marriage, and, unfortunately, love and sex, among other abstractions, and, as usual, it is the characters who play out or just embody these abstractions that give the play its life and charm. The realistic settings, by John Wright Stevens, are extremely helpful, and the costumes, by Carrie Fishbein Robbins, along with such recorded songs as "Star Dust" and "I'll See You Again," place the action back in the thirties, where it belongs.

I HAD a better time than I expected at "Spitting Image," which was described in a press release as "a farce fantasy by Colin Spencer about two male homosexuals, one of whom gives birth to a baby"—an idea cute and whimsical enough to freeze the blood. Nevertheless, there is a surprising amount of fun in this set of variations on a gag, at the de Lys. The production wisely stresses the farce over the fantasy, and the lines, which are all right, become little more than cues to a helter-skelter of opening and closing doors, people banging in and out, and quite a lot of funny stage business. The cast is as competent as any that Off Broadway has to offer right now. Walter McGinn and Sam Waterston are properly earnest as the monosexual parents determined in the face of strong and outlandish opposition to hang on to their progeny, and Phil

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THE Equity Library Theatre's production of "Of Thee I Sing" has *now moved, virtually intact, to the* New Anderson, and I regret to report that any quality it may have had has been lost in transit from the little auditorium on West 103rd Street to the huge theatre on East Fourth. The cast doesn't seem able to make up its collective mind whether to play the show or fool around with it, and even George Gershwin's brilliant score now sounds dim and sluggish. There is no point in trying to absolve all concerned by saying that one era's Broadway smash hit is bound to be another era's Off Broadway failure, because a revival of "Anything Goes," at the Orpheum a few years ago, worked perfectly. The only thing that works at the New Anderson is Joy Franz's clear soprano in "Who Cares?" —EDITH OLIVER

•

Ohio State University President Novice G. Fawcett said Friday he is "prepared to defend the right of the majority" to attain an education without disruptive student descent.

Speaking during a question and answer session at the Ohio Newspaper Association convention, Fawcett said:

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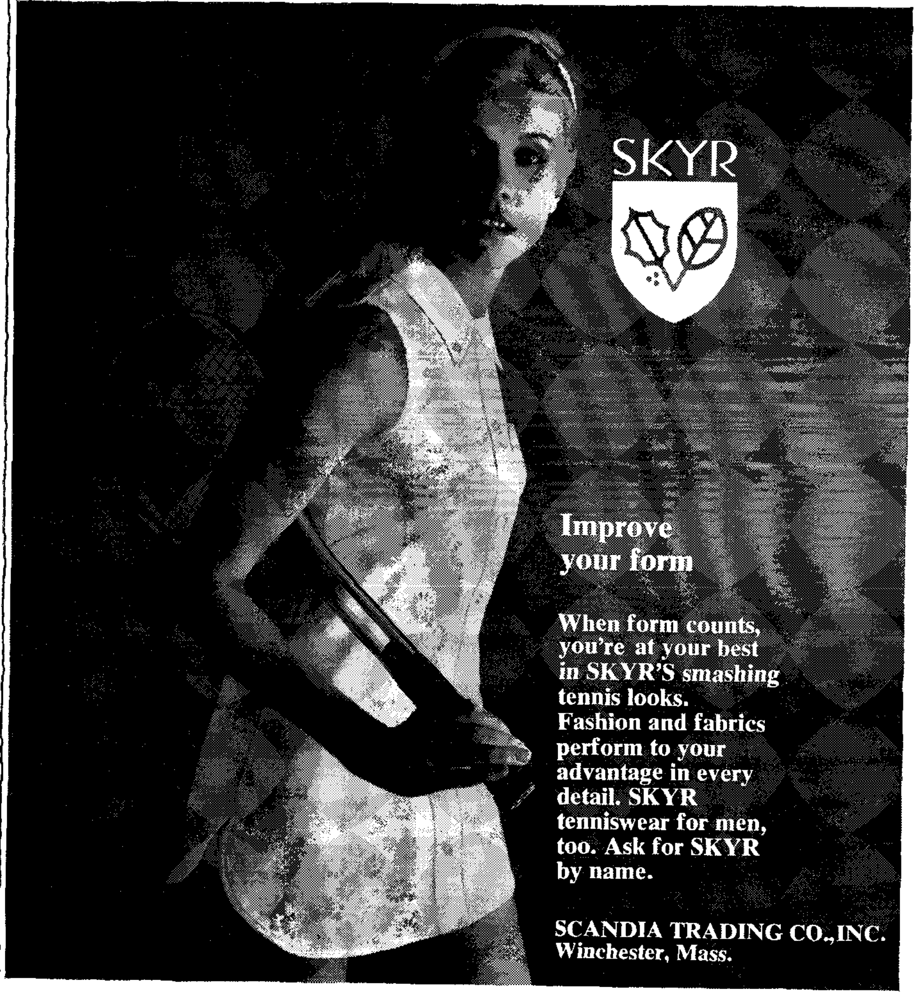

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JOHN
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THE RACE TRACK

Top Knight Back on Top

THOUGH the performances of the better three-year-olds at Hialeah have been perplexing for those who follow form, there's no question but that Steven Wilson's Top Knight, who is the high weight in the Experimental Free Handicap, made a triumphant comeback in the Flamingo Stakes, which wound up the meeting there last week. Dominating the scene from the start of the mile and a furlong, he won by two lengths from the Rokeby Stable's Arts and Letters. Ogden Mills Phipps' Beau Brummel was third, half a length farther behind. As I caught the race on TV, when the dozen runners settled down, Top Knight appeared to be going easily in third place behind Fast Hilarious and Arts and Letters. Continuing the lively pace, Arts and Letters passed Fast Hilarious on the turn into the stretch. Here Top Knight went wide, losing some ground, but then he shifted into high gear and caught Arts and Letters in the last furlong. Beau Brummel, who, as usual, was slow to begin, got into the picture in the final quarter. It was the sort of run after which people say, "Did you see that! Next time, when he goes a mile and a quarter . . ." For Top Knight, the Flamingo was a refutation of the doubts that have been cast on him—doubts that, of course, had a real foundation. He swerved (some observers thought he ran out of steam) and bumped Fast Hilarious in the Bahamas Stakes, at seven furlongs, and was disqualified for it. A fortnight later, he couldn't catch Arts and Letters in the Everglades, at a mile and a furlong. Needless to say, his objective now is the Florida Derby at Gulfstream Park on the twenty-ninth.

MOVING on to Gulfstream, the Wheatley Stable-Phipps establishment won its first stakes race of the Florida season. Wheatley's Funny Fellow did it, splashing his way over the sloppy track to win the Donn Handicap last Saturday from Tropic King, Out the Window, and six others, among them Yumbel, the recent winner of the Widener. The day before, the stable's King Emperor, who hadn't been out since he won the Pimlico-Laurel Futurity, wound up eleventh in the Hutcheson Stakes, which is Gulfstream's first tune-up for the Florida Derby. Baeza, who rode him, said, "He just got real tired." Comforting news, I'm sure, to his backers, who had made King Emperor an 11–10 favorite.

PERHAPS the law of averages had a hand in some recent occurrences at Santa Anita. Anyhow, if you care to make anything out of it, Nodouble, whose number was taken down after he had finished first in the Charles H. Strub Stakes last month, won the Santa Anita Handicap in a driving finish from Gamely. Gamely is owned by William Haggin Perry and is a stablemate of Dignitas, who was placed first in the Strub by the disqualification. Dignitas was fourth in the Santa Anita, a length behind Quicken Tree. From all accounts, Nodouble was last of the sixteen starters to leave the gate, but he quickly moved into a challenging position and took the lead in the last quarter. He drifted out in the stretch, but was well ahead of Gamely all the way to the wire.

BARBARA JO RUBIN was the star of Pimlico's opening program last week, winning her first ride at the track and then finishing second in another race, beaten by a nose on a 30–1 shot. Next day, she went to Waterford Park in West Virginia and rode two winners. First thing you know, she'll be at the Big A.

IF you haven't heard, there will be big-time flat racing at Liberty Bell Park, Philadelphia's posh trotting track, this summer and autumn. The first meeting will start on May 31st and will run through August 16th. This is going to play hob, in the bid for attendance and horses, with Delaware Park and Monmouth Park, both of which are scheduled to run at that time. And, as if there weren't enough tracks in the East already, with hardly enough horses to go round, a new racecourse, Dover Downs, opened last Saturday. It's a couple of miles from the Delaware state capital, and will have flat racing during the day and trots at night.

WELL, they're off and running at Aqueduct. Except for the snow, the place looks the same as it did when we left it last December. Of the horses, more anon. —AUDAX MINOR

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THE SPORTING SCENE

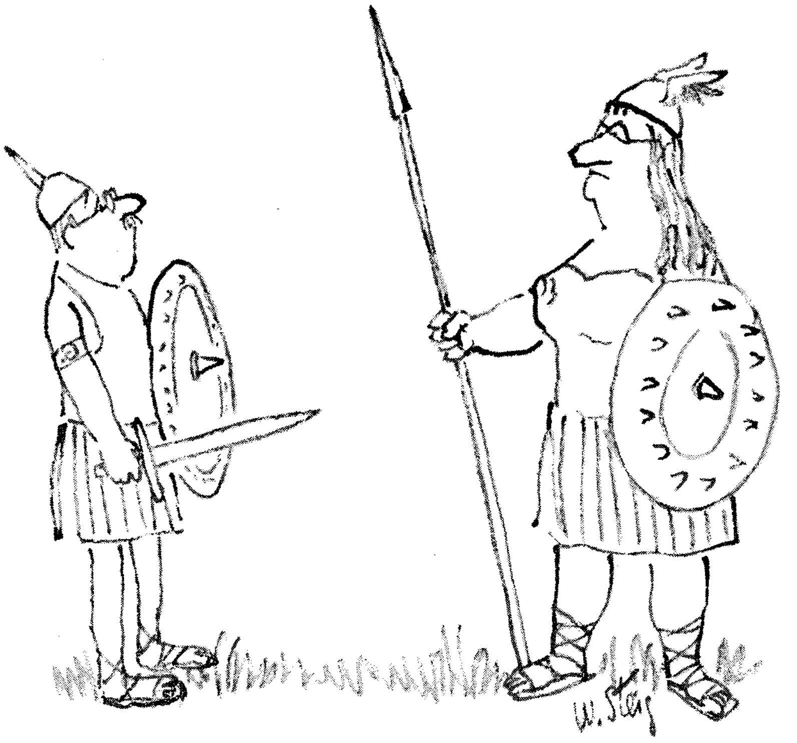
SOMETHING OLD, SOMETHING NEW, SOMETHING BORROWED, SOMETHING BLUE

UNTIL very recently, by far the most conservative organization in big-time professional sports was the National Hockey League. Its president, Clarence S. Campbell, who had been selected by the N.H.L. board of governors in 1946, fully understood that he was expected to run a nice, tight, sedate ship, and that was the way things were run from his offices, in the Sun Life Building in Montreal. In the twenty years following the Second World War, life was so tranquil in the N.H.L. that just about the only innovations were increasing the length of the schedule, instituting a higher waiver price on players, and permitting a larger number of players on a team to dress for a game. It was entirely typical of the N.H.L. that long after major-league baseball, major-league football, and major-league basketball had started working on their expansion programs, in the late nineteen-fifties, major-league hockey continued to sit on its mittens, although it seemed obvious that if any league needed to expand it was the N.H.L. Ever since 1942, it had been composed of only six teams—the Montreal Canadiens, the Toronto Maple Leafs, the Chicago Black Hawks, the Detroit Red Wings, the New York Rangers, and the Boston Bruins—and it was really not very sensible to have the six plod through exhausting seventy-game schedules to determine which two of them would not qualify for the Stanley Cup playoffs for the world championship.

Two years ago, the league stirred at last, and, surprisingly, when it began to move it tossed all inhibition to the winds, like the shy accountant who discovers champagne at the annual office party. Instead of timorously adding one or two new teams and digesting this innovation slowly before moving on to another, as the other professional sports had done, the N.H.L. doubled its size at one stroke, adding six new clubs—the Los Angeles Kings, the Oakland Seals, the Minnesota North Stars, the St. Louis Blues, the Pittsburgh Penguins, and the Philadelphia Flyers. The original architect of this enterprising new policy was Stafford Smythe, president of the Toronto Maple Leafs and the son of Conn Smythe, who founded the Maple Leafs and was perhaps the most influential executive in hockey over the three decades from 1930 to 1960. Whereas the elder Smythe was concerned with making professional hockey not only profitable but as dignified as Ascot (he was not above informing his box-seat clientele that both their dress and manners were slipping and that he expected them all to shape up), his son, who took over in 1962, had much grander ambitions, and they were almost exclusively financial. He found firm allies in two other comparatively young hockey executives—David Molson, of the Montreal Canadiens, and William Jennings, of the New York Rangers—and together they found the perfect springboard for expansion: television. The major American networks had made it clear earlier that they would not be interested in putting on a weekly television program featuring an N.H.L. Game of the Week unless enough new teams were added to give the league a genuine coast-to-coast representation, and with this leverage the young movers pushed through the wholesale-expansion plan and got a contract from the Columbia Broadcasting System. The old N.H.L. member clubs also picked up a nice round two million dollars apiece—the price that each new club paid for its franchise and for twenty players it acquired in an expansion draft.

Over the years, when the best hockey minds had been asked their views on expansion, they had regularly given the same answer: "It's a fine idea, but where are you going to get the players? There aren't enough of major-league calibre to go around as it is." Accordingly, when the six new teams—they were grouped together as the Western Division of the N.H.L.—swung into action, at the start of the 1967-68 season, the general feeling was that it would take them from three to five years to begin to hold their own against the established teams, now lumped together in the Eastern Division. It didn't work out that way. Hockey is a game in which hustle and purpose can do a lot to make up for the absence of sophisticated skills, and the expansion teams, staffed by young minor-leaguers itching to show their stuff, and discards who felt that they had been superannuated prematurely, performed with such spirit that they won far more games against the Eastern League teams than anyone had foreseen. Instead of being colorless schedule-fillers, a number of the new teams quickly achieved personalities of their own, and only one of them, the Oakland Seals, failed to build up strong local support. When all things are taken into consideration, the expansion team that fared best was the St. Louis Blues. This is really quite an understatement, for in their brief career the Blues have been, and continue to be, a success story without precedent in this era of expansion—one long Dickensian tale, in which a gritty and ingenuous Pip or David overcomes, with several outrageous assists from circumstance, the odds stacked against him.

When the Blues started their first season, most experts picked them to finish in fourth or fifth place in the Western Division. In Lynn Patrick, their coach and general manager, they had a



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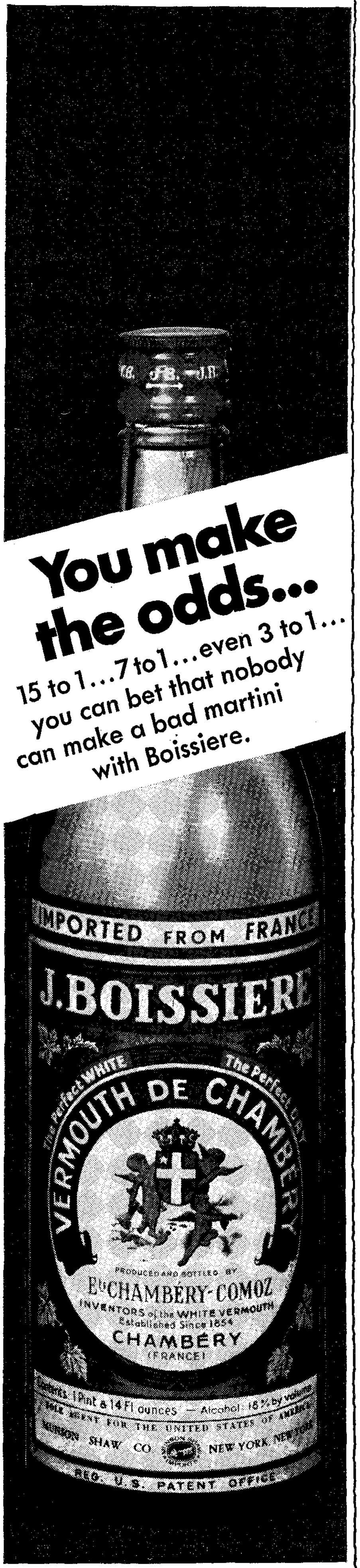
Are Florence Eiseman children nicer than other children, or do they just look that way?



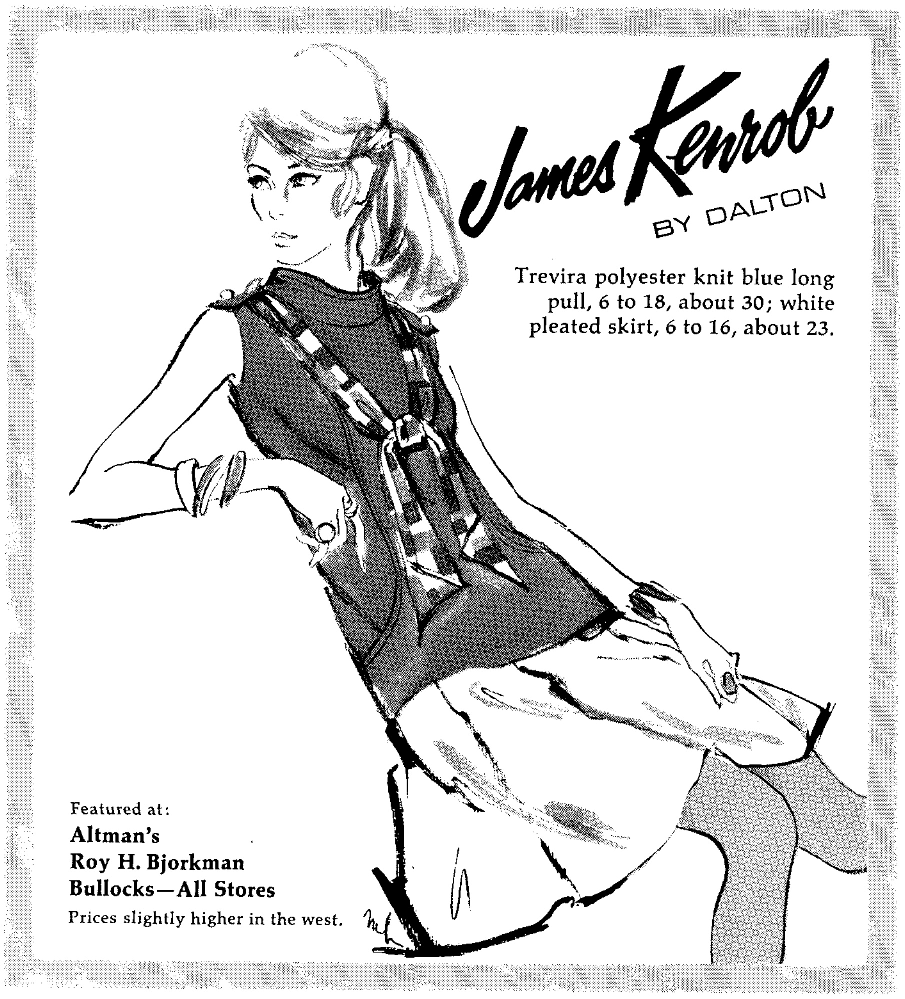
thoroughly grounded hockey man, but except for three players—the former Black Hawk Glenn Hall, a goalie of superlative talent but, at thirty-six, a question mark; Jim Roberts, from the Canadiens; and Al Arbour, a dependable, if elderly, defenseman—their roster was loaded with nonentities. No one was particularly surprised when in late November the Blues, with a record of four wins and two ties against ten losses, moved into last place in their division. At this time, to take some of the load off Patrick, the job of coach was turned over to his young assistant, William Scott (Scotty) Bowman, who had grown up in the Canadiens' organization—the best education a man can get in hockey. Under Bowman, the Blues lost three straight games, won one, and lost another three straight. And then, suddenly, everything began to go right. For example, the team acquired Gordon (Red) Berenson from the Rangers, and he developed almost overnight into the star that the Canadiens had thought he would surely become when he joined them, back in 1962, upon his graduation from the University of Michigan. During his five years with the Canadiens and his subsequent hitch with the Rangers, Berenson, a sturdily built, fast-skating center with excellent natural moves, had distinguished himself chiefly by an inability to put the puck into the net even when the net was wide open. In the 1966-67 season, characteristically, he had played in thirty games for the Rangers and failed to score a single goal. With St. Louis, where Berenson was not only welcomed as a regular but made to feel that he was counted on to be a leader, the confidence that had been seeping out of him year by year began to return—and in an instinct sport like hockey confidence is ninety per cent of the battle. In fifty-five regular-season games with the Blues that year, Berenson scored twenty-two goals and played such superb all-round hockey that he became the first St. Louis idol and was accorded a suitably dashing sobriquet—the Red Baron.

By late January of 1968, Bowman had the Blues moving, and they went on to finish third in their division and thus qualify for the playoffs. In addition to the rehabilitated Berenson, there were eight other new men on the team Bowman put together. Five were youngsters brought up from the Blues' farm club—the Kansas City Blues, of the Central Professional Hockey League—and the three others were veterans picked up on waivers or in trades. The most interesting of the additions was Dickie Moore, who had been a star with Montreal way back in the Maurice Richard era (he had twice led the league in scoring) but was now a slowed-down thirty-seven-year-old who had been out of hockey for two full seasons and had been devoting all his time to a heavy-equipment-leasing company he owned in Montreal, which supplied items like space heaters to construction companies working through the rough Canadian winter. When Bowman got in touch with him, Moore explained that he now weighed two hundred pounds but thought he could get down to one eighty-five. "Let me practice by myself for a month, and I'll see how the weight and everything else works out," he said. "Then, if I think I can help you, I'll come out." Moore came out in December, and showed that he still retained vestiges of his old ability to score important goals. In late December, he left the team for a couple of weeks to take care of pressing business problems in Montreal; then he rejoined the club for the rest of the season. In the playoffs, the old clutch-player scored seven goals and made seven assists.

In all, the Blues were involved in a total of eighteen playoff games, of which eight went into sudden-death overtime. In the semifinal round of the Western Division—a best-four-of-seven series—they met the Philadelphia Flyers, who had finished first in the division, and they pulled out the seventh game, 3-1. (To steady their defense in this crucial game, the Blues called up another ex-Canadien graybeard, Doug Harvey, who had spent the season as the playing coach of their Kansas City farm team.) The final round of the Western Division playoffs, in which the Blues opposed the Minnesota North Stars, also went the full distance. In the seventh game, it looked as if the North Stars had wrapped up the series when they broke a scoreless tie late in the third period, but in the very last moments a spectacular goal by Moore kept the Blues alive, and they went on to a dramatic victory in the second overtime period. Now they were in the Stanley Cup final—up against the lordly Canadiens, who had breezed through their preliminary tests in the Eastern Division. A rout was predicted. As it turned out, the Canadiens did sweep the series in four games, but, strangely, the Blues emerged as heroes. They put up such fierce and sustained resistance that the Canadiens were never able to relax for a moment, were pushed twice into overtime, and were extremely fortunate to pull out each game by a single goal: 3–2, 1–0, 4–3, and 3–2. At the conclusion of the series, a typically overwrought St. Louis fan, Stuart Symington, took the floor of the United States Senate to proclaim that the performance of the Blues constituted a feat equalling the legendary rush of the Boston Braves in 1914, and went on, "St. Louis is now mighty proud of its new champions, a team of character and indomitable courage, a gathering of determined athletes who fill out a worthy triumvirate along with the baseball and football St. Louis Cardinals. No one will ever forget this first year."

BESIDES the "gathering of determined athletes" who had actually done the job, two other important factors contributed to the Blues' success story: a buoying corps of local fans, as irrationally devoted as the "new breed" that rallied round the infant Mets, and an enlightened, generous management. The president and chairman of the board of the Blues is Sidney Salomon, Jr., an insurance man, who in 1959 served as National Finance Chairman for the Kennedy Presidential campaign. A companionable man whose manner is customarily low-keyed, Salomon became very close to his team during the 1967-68 season. After the Stanley Cup final was over, to show them how much their efforts had been appreciated, he flew the players and their wives and children to Florida for a ten-day vacation. This past November, when Berenson went on a rampage one evening in Philadelphia and scored six goals—tying an N.H.L. record—Salomon immediately ordained a Red Berenson Night, at which the star center, who is an outdoors enthusiast, was presented with a station wagon that had a canoe draped across the top. Hockey players, who are just about the last unspoiled athletes, are not used to being treated like this. Which helps to explain why at the midway mark this season, in January, the Blues not only were in first place in the Western Division but had opened up a fourteen-point margin over the nearest club. What is more, the average attendance for their home games this year has zoomed to upward of fourteen thousand, and the number of season-ticket subscribers to nearly nine thousand.

Without question, the most important man in the rise of the Blues has been Coach Bowman. A stocky, long-jawed, thirty-five-year-old Montrealer



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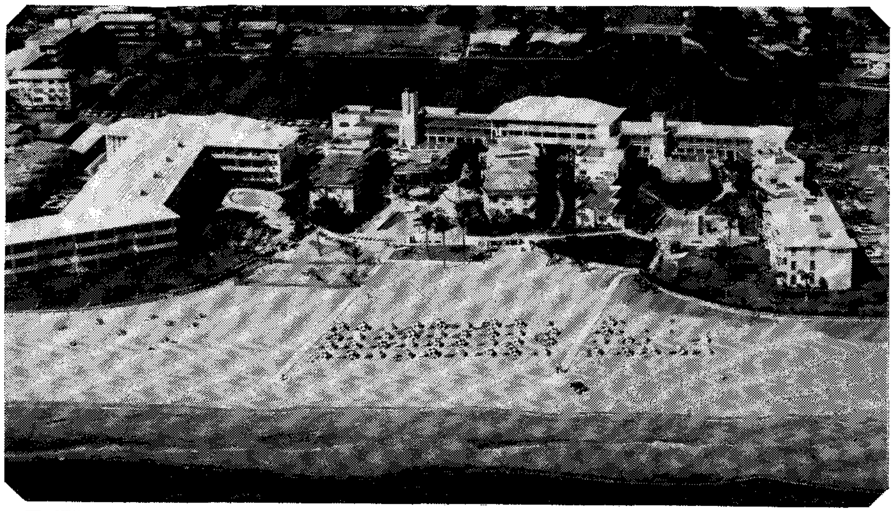

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with something of the look of a rugged Tom Ewell, Bowman at times seems much older than his age and at other times much younger. He can be remote and introspective or he can be ingenuously spontaneous, but his varying moods are probably best regarded as facets of a basic driving intensity. Bowman does not mean to be outthought or outworked by any rival coach, and he ruminates about hockey morning, noon, and night. During a game, he runs his team flexibly and calmly—an ability that is undoubtedly explained by the fact that he started coaching professionally at the improbable age of eighteen. That was in 1952, a year he had begun as a star on the Junior Canadiens, with a luminous career ahead of him; then he suffered a severe head injury and was advised that it would be entirely too risky for him to play again. Frank J. Selke, who was running the Canadiens in those days, gave young Bowman a team of kids in suburban Verdun to coach, and also arranged for him to attend Sir George Williams University, in Montreal. (Like no other sport, hockey takes care of its own—possibly because it is inherently the most dangerous of team sports.) Bowman was gradually moved into the Canadiens' official family, and he remained there for the next fourteen years, scouting, trouble-shooting, and coaching amateur or minor-league affiliates. When the N.H.L. entered upon its expansion program, two new clubs besides St. Louis were interested in landing him. The expansion teams were going to have to be built largely on ancient castaways and inexperienced youngsters, and few people in hockey, it was agreed, knew these peripheral players—their degree of skill, their hang-ups, their potential—as well as Bowman did.

If Bowman had the personnel, St. Louis would no doubt be playing the fire-wagon, head-manning style of hockey the Canadiens play. (Head-manning means getting the puck up rapidly to the open forward nearest to the enemy zone.) However, like the managers of all the other new teams, he has had to emphasize defense. It is the only sound approach when you have just one or two offensive threats on your own team and must try to contain established teams with as many as seven or eight players who have proved their ability to break loose and score. Conversely, an expansion team, having fewer scoring chances, must make the most of them, and to this end the Blues' forward lines are taught to

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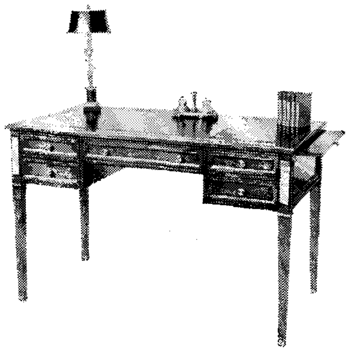

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work for one good shot rather than to fire the puck at the goal from all over—which is what most young players tend to do, on the mistaken theory that if they keep on shooting, something is bound to go in. For his defensemen, Bowman has instituted a kind of on-the-job training program. He likes to pair an old hand, like Arbour or Harvey, with a young one, in the hope that the veteran will be able to transmit to his partner his feeling for diagnosing plays, his instinct for adjustment, and so on. A further word about Harvey, who also serves as an assistant coach for the Blues. He is now forty-four—the oldest man ever to play in the N.H.L., with the single exception of goalie Johnny Bower, of the Leafs, who also is forty-four—but with his crewcut brown hair, scarcely touched by gray, and his snub nose he looks very much the same today as he did when he came up with the Canadiens twenty-one years ago. In 1963, after fourteen seasons with the Canadiens and two more as the playing coach of the Rangers, Harvey dropped down into the minors. Most men, and especially players of Harvey's stature—he was seven times selected as the league's outstanding defenseman—would have found the prospect of expiring in the minors insupportable and called it a career. Harvey didn't. He drifted from Quebec to St. Paul and on to Baltimore, Pittsburgh, and Kansas City before coming to rest with the Blues. In a chat I had with him in St. Louis after a practice session, I asked him why he kept on playing. "Because I'm a hockey player," he answered, in a light, lilting voice. "I like the life of a player. I like the fun that goes with it. And I'm some use here. I can quiet down the kids I play with on defense. I can show them what they're doing wrong while it's still fresh in their mind. If I'm any good, I can teach them how to avoid cheap penalties, maybe a bit of science. Defense, you know, seems to come a little later."

Why was it, I asked him, that before the expansion defensemen had usually retired when they were thirty-two or thirty-three.

"Ah, they knew they had a replacement in the wings who was being groomed to take over," he said. "That made them feel old. It was all in the mind. I look at it different. I'm a hockey player, and I'm going to be one as long as I can."

DICKIE MOORE is back in Montreal running his business this year, but there are still no fewer than nine

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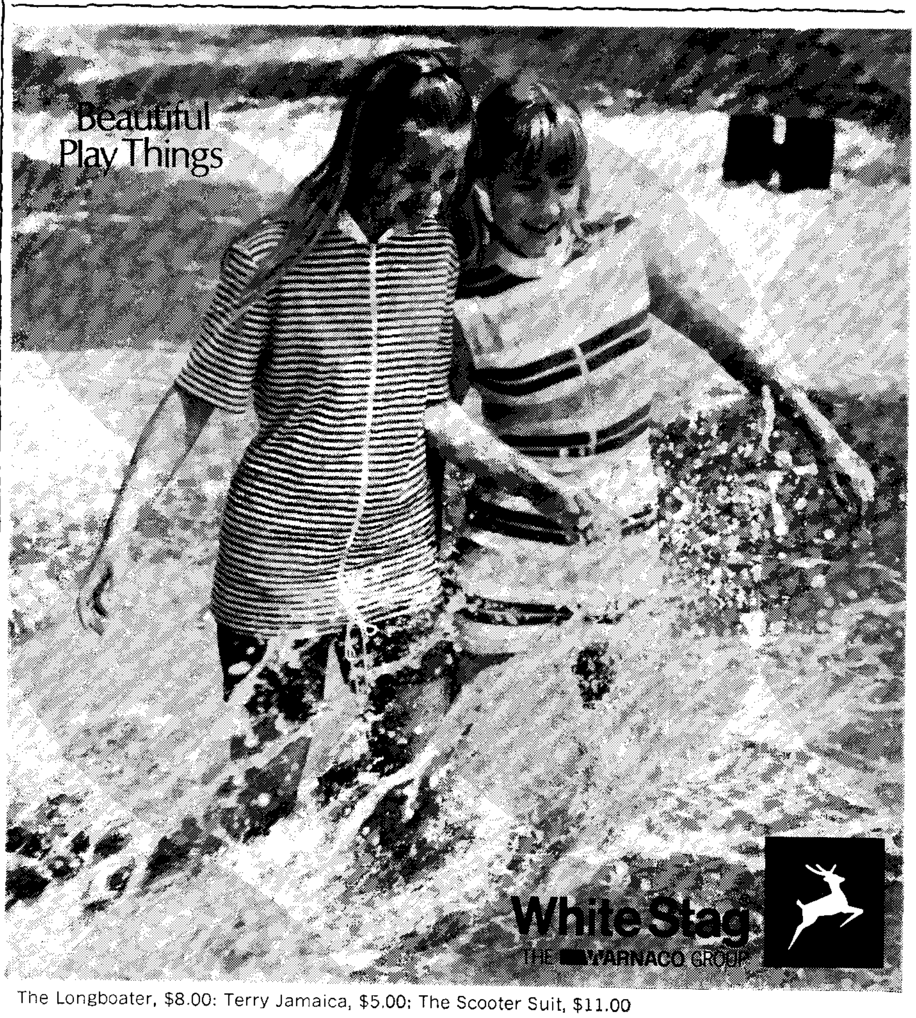

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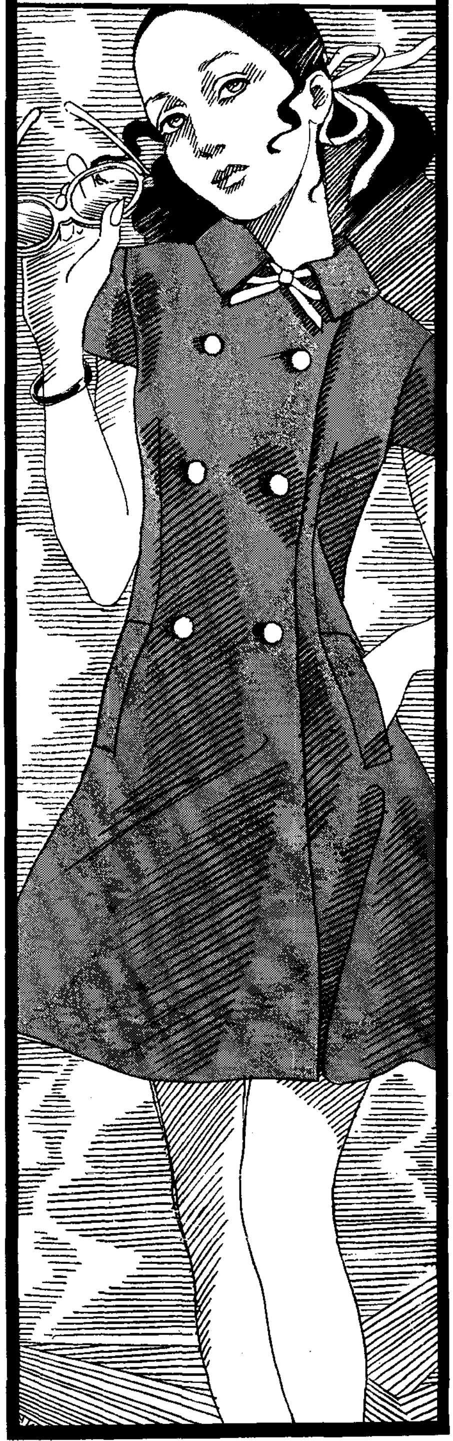

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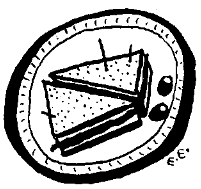
Blues who were formerly in the Canadiens' organization. The most recent arrival is Jacques Plante, who has been alternating with Hall as goalie this season. Plante is now forty, and Hall is only three years younger, but they have both played so magnificently that at midseason they had allowed, between them, just a fraction over two goals per game—the best average in the league. When a goal has twice its normal value, as it does in games between the defense-oriented expansion teams, everything finally comes down to the goalie, and it certainly does in games in which even a good expansion team like the Blues takes on an Eastern Division team that has the power and the depth to outskate it, outmuscle it, out-finesse it, and frequently to outshoot it two to one. In the last analysis, if the Blues have flourished it is because they have received from the start some of the finest goaltending in the fifty-two-year history of the N.H.L. During the 1967-68 season, Hall, who for years had been rated the top goalie in the league, carried the burden, and Seth Martin, who spelled him, stood up very well. During his last years with Chicago, Hall had been forever on the brink of retirement. Each year, he failed to report on time for preseason training, lingering on at his four-hundred-and-seventy-five-acre farm in Stony Plain, Alberta, and coolly maintaining, when the front office tried to lure him back with salary increases, that he would have to finish painting his barn before making up his mind. That last season with Chicago, after he finally did report, he suffered a bad knee injury, which kept him out of action most of the season. The Chicago brass, figuring that the injury might be the straw that *would* force Hall into retirement, and having a promising young replacement in Denis DeJordy, made Hall available to the new teams in a special expansion draft for goalies. The Blues, deciding to gamble, drafted him. They succeeded in signing him, but once again he was late in reporting to training camp. This time, though, the situation was somewhat different. Hall telephoned in from his farm and asked for a few weeks' extension, saying he would report as soon as he had harvested his wheat and barley. Then, when he did arrive, he radiated enthusiasm, and he continued to do so throughout the 1967-68 season and on into this one—his fourteenth in the N.H.L. Counting Stanley Cup playoffs, he has now tended goal in more than nine hundred league games, a record second only to that of the venerable Terry Sawchuk.

Goaltenders are the first to admit that a man has to be kind of crazy to want to play that position, exposing himself to the perils of bombardment as he struggles to prevent the puck—a six-ounce disc of vulcanized rubber an inch thick and three inches in diameter that often travels at speeds of over a hundred miles an hour—from entering a goal six feet wide and four feet high. To be sure, a goalie has some protection going for him. His "tools of ignorance," to use the phrase that some forgotten baseball wit devised to describe a catcher's equipment, consists of a wide-shafted, wide-bladed stick, which "shall not exceed three and one-half inches in width . . . except at the heel, where it must not exceed four and one-half inches;" special skates, with solid steel blades, and with the toe of the shoe reinforced with steel; leather leg pads, ten inches wide, covering the ankles and extending above the knees; the usual hockey pants, which are reinforced with fibre slats; a padded-canvas chest protector that reaches down over a protective steel cup; shoulder pads that are a lighter version of those used in football; cushioned elbow pads; and elbow-length gloves, the stick-hand one of a special synthetic covered with leather and supplemented at the back with an eight-by-sixteen-inch pad for deflecting shots, and the catching-hand one of leather with a pocket of webbing between the thumb and the fingers, much like the webbing of a first-baseman's mitt. And, if he wishes, he may also wear a face mask. (Every goalie devises his own variations on this standard equipment, within the prescribed limits.) The first N.H.L. goalie to wear a mask was Plante. In 1959, when he was beginning his seventh season with the Canadiens and had already collected a broken jaw, two fractured cheekbones, four broken noses, and over two hundred stitches in the line of duty, he had a friend make him a mask of solid Fiberglas. A catcher in baseball and a goalie in lacrosse, Plante quickly became adjusted to the mask and wore it in practice sessions, but Toe Blake, the Montreal coach, would not let him wear it in games. That November, early in the first period of a game against the Rangers, Andy Bathgate blazed a rising shot from fifteen feet out that caught Plante just below the



nose and opened a deep three-inch gash. The game was stopped while Plante was stitched up in the dressing room, and this time he insisted on wearing the mask when he returned to the ice. Blake gave in. Since the Canadiens won that game, 3–1, Plante was permitted to continue wearing the mask, and when the Canadiens went on to win eight more games in a row there was no more talk about it. There was, however, a wide response among goaltenders, and many of them, at all levels of amateur and professional hockey, began experimenting with masks. Today, more than half the N.H.L. goalies never play without one. Plante currently wears an improved version of his first mask. Made of bars of Fiberglas polyester, it is lighter (just over ten ounces) and cooler, since the numerous vents allow air to circulate.

Plante has to his credit one other innovation—a tactical maneuver that has caught on, in a modified way, with many other goalies: he was the first to make a regular practice of leaving the net and skating out a good many yards to get to a loose puck. (Before then, goalies never ventured from the cage.) He started doing this when he was a boy of seventeen, playing junior-league hockey for Quebec City. "It made sense to me," he told me when I talked with him in St. Louis. "We had three poor defensemen on our team. One couldn't turn to the right, one couldn't skate backward, and the third was terribly slow. I decided to come out of the goal—if I was sure I could reach the puck before an opposing player beat me to it—because that way, if I cleared it to a teammate, we'd keep possession." A good-looking man with gray-flecked hair, a longish face, and dark, expressive eyes, Plante likes to do his own thinking, and it matters not at all to him if he hears a different accordion from most of his compatriots. One of eleven children of a Shawinigan Falls, Quebec, machinist, he learned to knit when a boy, for the family could get wool yarn for nothing from relatives who kept sheep, and he still knits his own undershirts. He also learned to cook as a boy, in order to help out in his family's crowded home, and today, in his own uncrowded one (he has a wife and two sons), he likes to take a turn in the kitchen. He also paints landscapes, relaxes over a mixture of beer and tomato juice, and writes sports articles (which he types at the rate of ninety-eight words a minute). He has difficulty sleeping in Toronto because he suffers from asthma, and the air there, being damp, aggravates

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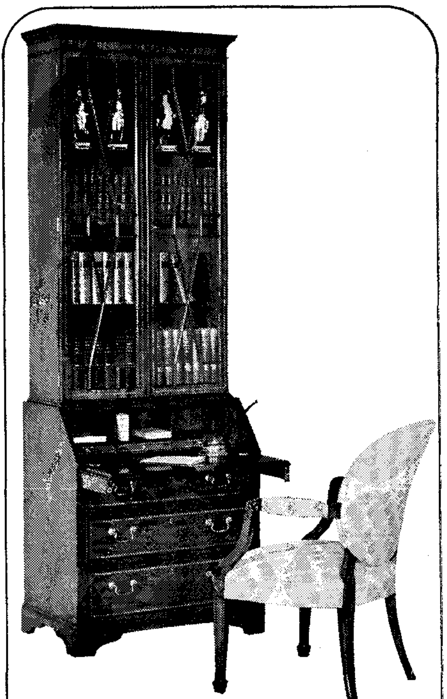
it. The last time I had seen him before our meeting in St. Louis was in December, 1965, in the press box in the Montreal Forum, where he was reporting a Canadiens' game for *Dernière Heure*, a Montreal weekly devoted mainly to sports. Plante had gone into retirement that fall, at thirty-six, after a notable career—ten years with the Canadiens, one year with the Rangers, and a final year spent partly with the Rangers and partly with their Baltimore farm club. As we all understood it then, he had the standard reasons for quitting: he seemed to have lost his wonderful reflexes—or, to put it more bluntly, old age had caught up with him, as it did with most goalies when they hit their middle thirties. We were mistaken. The real reason Plante had given up hockey was to be with his wife, who, after years of worrying about him, had become ill. Early last year, however, she had made a full recovery, and Plante was free to resume his career if he could find a team willing to take a chance on a graying goalie who had been out of action for three full seasons. St. Louis was willing. Martin, Hall's backup man, had retired, and a replacement was needed. The Blues drafted Plante last spring, and this season he has come back to play as brilliantly as he ever did during his heyday with the Canadiens.

Hall, though not as effulgently colorful as Plante, is also a rather substantial person. He is now at the age when the hair starts to retreat and the stomach to advance, and when you see him in street clothes—a widish fellow with a jowly face—you would not take him for an active athlete. When you are up close to him, however, you notice two things: his eyes still have the liveliness of youth, and his face bears many patches of light scar tissue, the residue of hundreds of stitches taken in it over the years. (This season, he has finally started wearing a mask.) The son of an engineer on the Canadian National Railroad, Hall is a member of that sparse breed of men who get along well with people but enjoy the pleasures of solitude just as much. In the summer, he lives on his farm, working it alone or with the help of an old friend called Slip, and on weekends his wife and four children drive over from the family home, in Edmonton, twenty miles away. Hall goes in for mixed farming. "We seem to grow good barley," he told me. "This past summer, we tried raising some cattle. It went all right. We grew our own feed. I was late reporting for training camp—late as usual, I might add—



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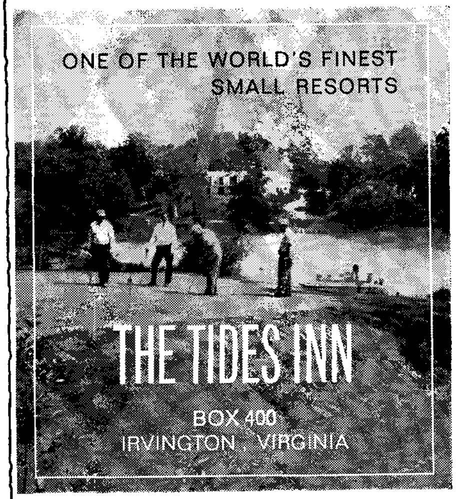

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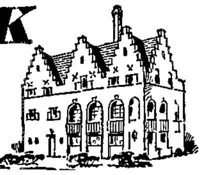

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but this year the trouble was that we'd had a very rainy summer. The wheat was lying wet on the ground and we couldn't thresh it. There's work to farming."

You might think that Hall, the solitary reaper, would be the type of fellow who would approach a little thing like a hockey game phlegmatically, whereas you'd expect Plante, with his artistic bent, to be as taut as a violin string. It's just the other way around. Plante is poised and eager, and Hall has always had trouble keeping his last meal down. Once Hall is on the ice, though, he unwinds and enjoys himself. His style—again, you would expect things to be the other way around—is more gymnastic and flamboyant than Plante's. This is not to imply that Hall is not a scientific, "standup" goalie, for he is. (A non-standup goalie, the less classic type, sprawls on the ice to make his saves, and so, if the puck bounds loose, is in no position to handle a rebound.) It is simply that Hall's approach is to challenge the opposition head on, pitting his reflexes against the attackers'. Let's say that the Blues are playing the Red Wings and that the great Gordon Howe comes roaring in on Hall on a breakaway. In the time it takes to snap one's fingers, Hall, tapping his experience, reminds himself of the moves that Howe is most likely to make. After that, as he leans forward in his crouch, his knees flexed elastically, his stick hand and his glove hand ready to dart, he depends on his eyesight and his hockey sense to ride with Howe's fakes and then to trigger the right reaction when Howe fires. Hall believes that everything hinges on whether or not he gets into his crouch correctly. "When I do, then I'm rolling and twisting with the attack the way I should," he says. "Then there's speed and spring to my moves." The style is a sensational one, and it is hard to think of a goalie who makes as many thrilling kick saves as Hall, or one who can scurry around as fast in those goal-mouth scrambles when the puck is popping all over the place and one shot on goal usually leads to three.

Though Plante's personal magnetism gives his work dramatic overtones, he has an essentially conservative style. He is the scholar as goaltender, the craftsman as goaltender. As he sees it, a goalie who has done his homework conscientiously and has learned the passing patterns of the opposing teams, along with the forte of each individual player, can eliminate the possibility of certain maneuvers and anticipate oth-

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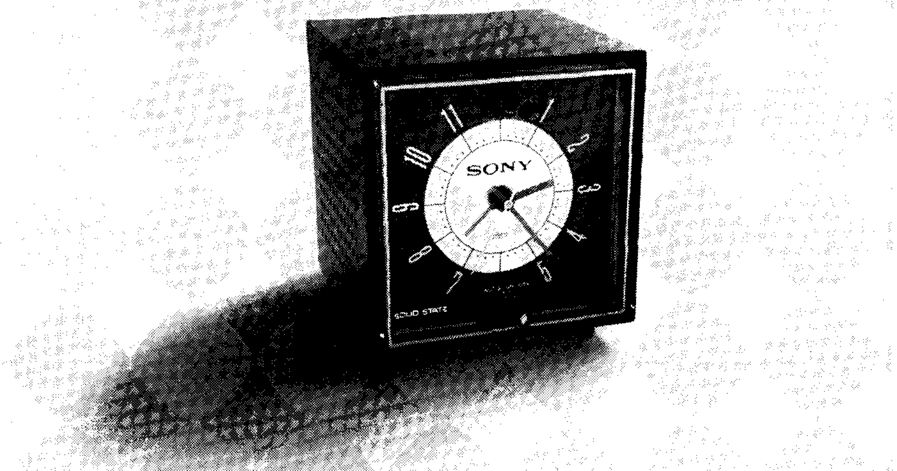

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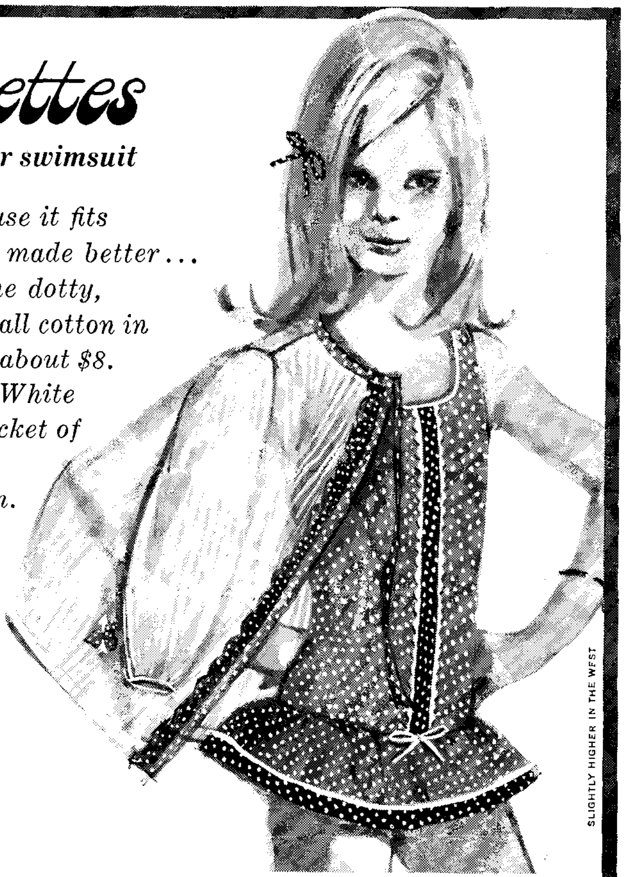

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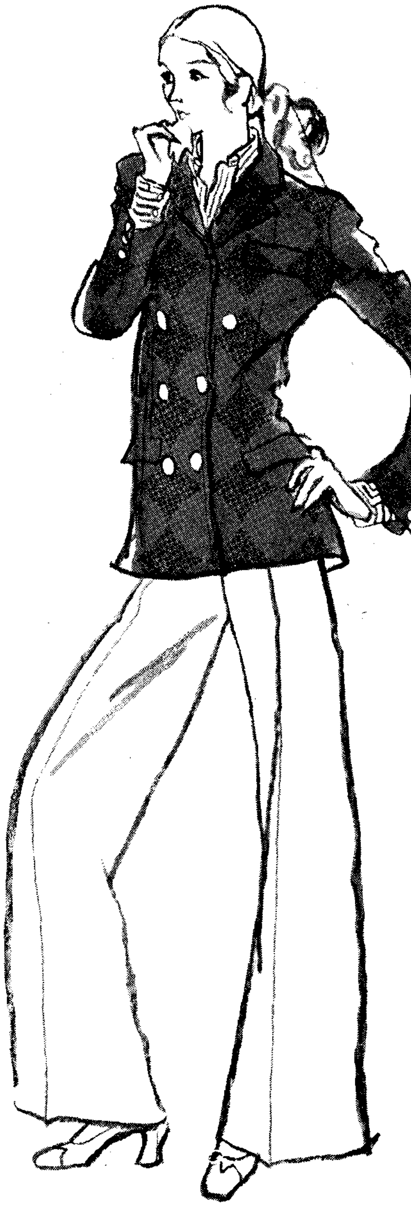

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ers. When these develop, he is thinking ahead of the attacking player and so can position himself in such a way that he is able to block the player's best angle and leave him with only a small corner of the goal to shoot at. If the attacker makes a perfect shot, he will score, but the percentages are against him, and this is what Plante is counting on. No one in the N.H.L. has a dossier of each opponent's weaknesses and strengths comparable to Plante's, and no one is as assiduous in reviewing his entries and keeping them up to date. The orthodox attack does not worry him; the scrabbly attack does—the kind that can wind up with a sudden, floppy backhand shot coming out of a melee, or with the puck ricocheting off a defenseman, or with an explosive slap shot bulleting in from far out when Plante's view of the puck is screened by the players milling around close to the net. In every game, Plante talks continuously to his defensemen, informing them where the open ice is ("Go right," "Go left") and shouting out other helpful instructions, but he is most voluble when he is facing the threat of a screen shot. Then his cries of "Lemme see! Lemme see!" carry a real urgency. At the conclusion of a game, Plante, the hard-working team man, has usually reached a high pitch of emotion, and when he is skating off after a victory on home ice he indulges in a brief histrionic display: he rips off his mask, throws a gleaming smile toward the upper galleries, and raises his stick high above his head in triumph.

There is no question at all in either Plante's mind or in Hall's that the reason they have performed so well for the Blues this season is that Bowman has instituted a system in which they share the goaltending duties just about equally. To give both his senior citizens enough rest and also enough regular work to prevent rustiness, Bowman, when the schedule permits, will have Hall play two games in a row and then bring on Plante for the next two. There are mild variations on this routine. If the Blues are faced with back-to-back games on a weekend, Plante plays one game and Hall the other. And if the Blues are on an extended road trip when this happens, the goalie who is resting is sent on a day ahead to the next city, so that he will be sure of a good night's rest before *his* game. Bowman has also decided that it is wisest if neither goalie plays against his old team: "If the Black Hawks see Hall in the cage or the Canadiens see Plante there, that only gets them up more for the game, and who needs that?"

Though no other club employs two goalies as systematically as St. Louis does, it has been mandatory since the beginning of the 1966-67 season for N.H.L. teams to have a second goalie dressed for each game and ready to take over in the event that anything happens to the starting goalie. Having two goalies around, many teams now use their first-stringer for six or seven games and then give him a breather by bringing on the backup man for a couple of games. Before this regulation was adopted, the common practice was to carry only one goalie. If he was injured, or struck a jittery streak, you brought up a temporary replacement; otherwise the regular goalie was expected to shunt minor injury, staleness, and nerves to the back of his mind and to play every game. (Hall, for example, performed the staggering feat of playing the full schedule of seventy games during each of his first seven seasons in the N.H.L.) There were a few exceptions to this general dependence on one man. Some coaches who had two pretty fair goalies and couldn't decide between them would play each for a stretch of games. (Punch Imlach, the Toronto coach, has also given this kind of periodic relief to Bower, because of his advanced years.) A few winters back, when Gump Worsley and Charley Hodge were splitting the goaltending for Montreal, Blake went as far as to use them both during the same game, shuttling them in and out every five or ten minutes; not surprisingly, the main result of this experiment was that Blake soon had two jumpy goalies on his hands. Bowman has gone to the other extreme. On the nights that Hall is scheduled to work, Plante does not dress for the game, and vice versa. Instead, the off-duty man watches the game from the press box, and a third goalie whom the Blues carry—one of the three twenty-one-year-olds on the Kansas City farm-club roster—dresses for the game as the substitute. The thinking behind this new wrinkle of Bowman's is that the off-duty man is less likely to relax if he is sitting on the bench and sharing his teammates' intense envelopment in the game. Hall and Plante are firmly of the opinion that, especially for old-timers like them, the benefit to be gained from pressure-free evenings in the press box is incalculable.

DURING my visit to St. Louis, the Blues played the Los Angeles Kings one evening, and, with Hall working the game, I had the pleasure of sitting next to Plante in the press box. Before settling down there, I made a tour of the St. Louis Arena, an old structure that cost more than two million dollars to "renew." In the entrance to the main lobby when I arrived, half an hour before game time, a squad of maintenance men was busy brushing off the large doormats. (I mention this because it seemed to me to epitomize the spotless condition of the whole building.) Inside the arena itself—a dazzling upsweep of bright-red and bright-blue stands—I tried out a number of seats, in various spots, and found that, because of the steep rise between rows, each offered an excellent view of the rink. (It's ironic that an old, if carefully renovated, arena should offer splendid facilities for its patrons, while the new Madison Square Garden doesn't, and comes off as a plexus of shlock.) I got to the press box shortly before the opening face-off, and was chatting with Plante when the Blues, in light-blue uniforms with a winged musical note sewn on the jersey, took the ice, to a salvo of cheers and a brisk rendition on the arena organ of "The St. Louis Blues" in a march arrangement that reminded me of Glenn Miller's. Music, I was to find, plays an oddly prominent role in a Blues' home game. At about the three-minute mark of the opening period, the organist, Norm Kramer, a reformed café entertainer, broke into a staccato three-note vamp (G, B, D), then lifted it from the key of G to the key of A flat and on into the key of A; after each three-note series, the spectators yelled "Let's go, Blues!" and this exhortation reverberated off the high, curved wooden ceiling. All this was repeated at frequent intervals during the game. As a sports purist of sorts, who cannot abide the new synthetic touches (such as the organ fanfare followed by the mass shout of "Charge" that has infiltrated baseball), I was embarrassed by my favorable reaction to this chunk of Midwestern corn. I liked one other periodically repeated cheer even more: a vamp of four notes (G, D, E, F sharp) played on the base pedals of the organ and transposed to higher keys as the stands set up rhythmic applause. My mind was somewhat relieved when Plante told me that this new brand of "organ-

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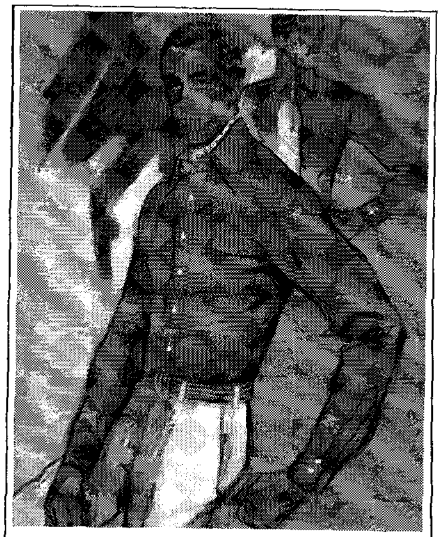

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ized" cheering gives the Blues such an obvious lift that the men who run the Minnesota, Pittsburgh, and Los Angeles clubs have dispatched their organists to St. Louis to scout the technique and bring it back home.

I learned a good deal of hockey from Plante in the course of the game—a 5–0 victory for the Blues. For example, after Harvey had done an especially smooth job of digging the puck out of a pileup and launching a counterattack with a perfect cross-ice pass to a breaking wing, I asked Plante how Harvey, who is not fast, managed to be so effective. "Doug has great peripheral vision and tremendous hockey sense," he told me. "He's as good as anyone in the league at guessing the other fellow's intentions and disguising his own. I love to watch Doug. He knows just when to slow the game down and when to speed it up." The first St. Louis goal came on a partial breakaway by Frank St. Marseille. With only one defenseman to beat, he passed the puck at just the right moment to Gary Sabourin, who had come up fast on the left wing; Sabourin skated in on the goalie and flipped it by him.

After the shouting had died down, I asked Plante where the Kings had made their mistake on that play.

"At the face-off," he said.

I said I didn't remember that there had been a face-off.

"Back at our end," he explained. "They forgot to check St. Marseille then. The puck came back to Roberts. He saw St. Marseille in the clear at center ice and got the puck up to him."

Let me give you just one more example of Plante's graphic memory and his penchant for analysis. In the second period, Berenson scored a beautiful goal. As I saw it, he picked up a loose puck in heavy traffic just inside the Kings' blue line, somehow broke out to the left and into the clear, and then drove a blistering twenty-footer into the right-hand corner of the goal. How, I asked Plante, had Berenson managed to slip away from the Kings' defense like that? "Nine out of ten times the man with the puck will cut to his backhand side," he said. "The way you hold your stick when you're carrying the puck makes that the natural move. The defensemen know this, so they look for it. Berenson is very difficult to check, because he's one of the few men in the league who can cut both ways. On that play, he fooled the defense by faking going to his backhand side and cutting instead to his forehand side." Plante, by the way, made

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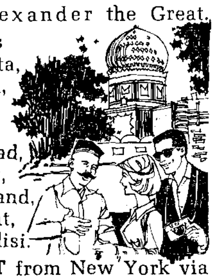

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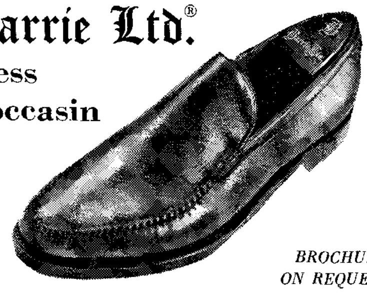

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no comment on Hall's performance until the game was over, when he said, "Glenn was very, very quick, very, very good tonight."

The following night, the Blues faced the powerful Black Hawks in Chicago, and I went along for the game. I had hoped to add to my education by chatting with Hall, the off-duty goalie, in the press box, but he had been excused from making the trip. Though the Hawks won, 3–1, the Blues, I thought, played good, hustling, tight-checking hockey. I said something of the sort to Salomon when I chanced to meet him in the corridor outside the visiting team's dressing room. "Yes, I think we played a very good game," Salomon replied. "If we play that well when we meet the Hawks in St. Louis on Saturday, we'll beat them." I didn't see that happening myself, but then, I thought, not being so closely involved with the team, I could be more objective. Ten minutes later, when Bowman joined us, he said that he was quite satisfied with the Blues' showing, and then *he* added, "We'll take the Hawks Saturday in St. Louis if we play that way. When you've got a home crowd like ours behind you, that makes a difference—always." On Sunday morning (I'd returned to New York on Friday), the first thing I looked for in the paper was the hockey scores. St. Louis 6, Chicago 1. Well, live and learn.

THE rise of the Blues is a phenomenal story. However, sooner or later there is bound to come a time when not every card will turn up right for them, and life will become a little rougher. It is a law of sports. For example, although the Blues hold a twenty-point lead over their nearest rival at this writing, there is no assurance that they will romp through the Western Division playoffs, which begin the week after next. Yet, if I were to make a long-distance guess, I would say that the Blues have built on such a firm foundation that they could well become that rare exception—an expansion team that establishes itself as the peer of the old established teams. Who knows? They might even emerge as the Canadiens of the South.

—HERBERT WARREN WIND

•

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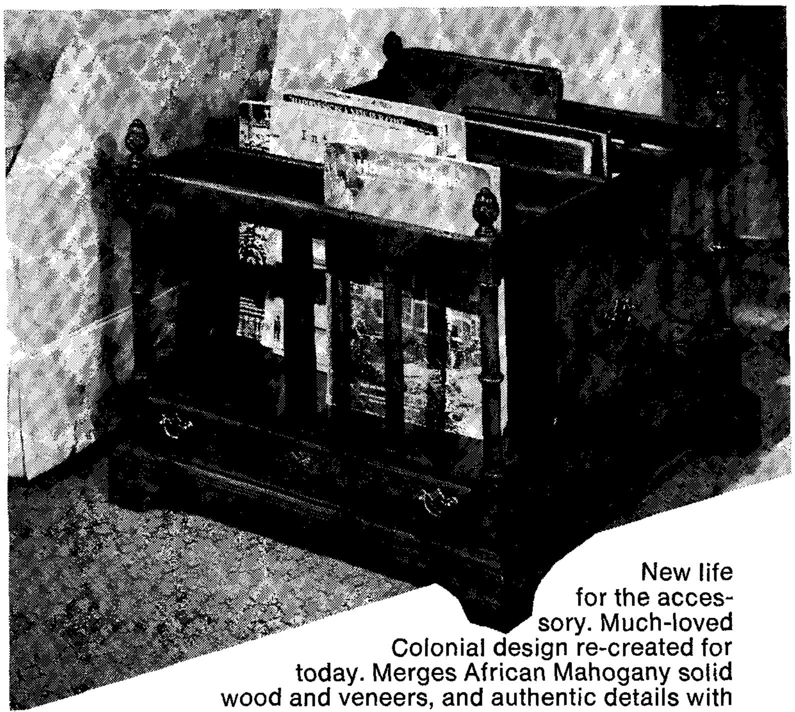

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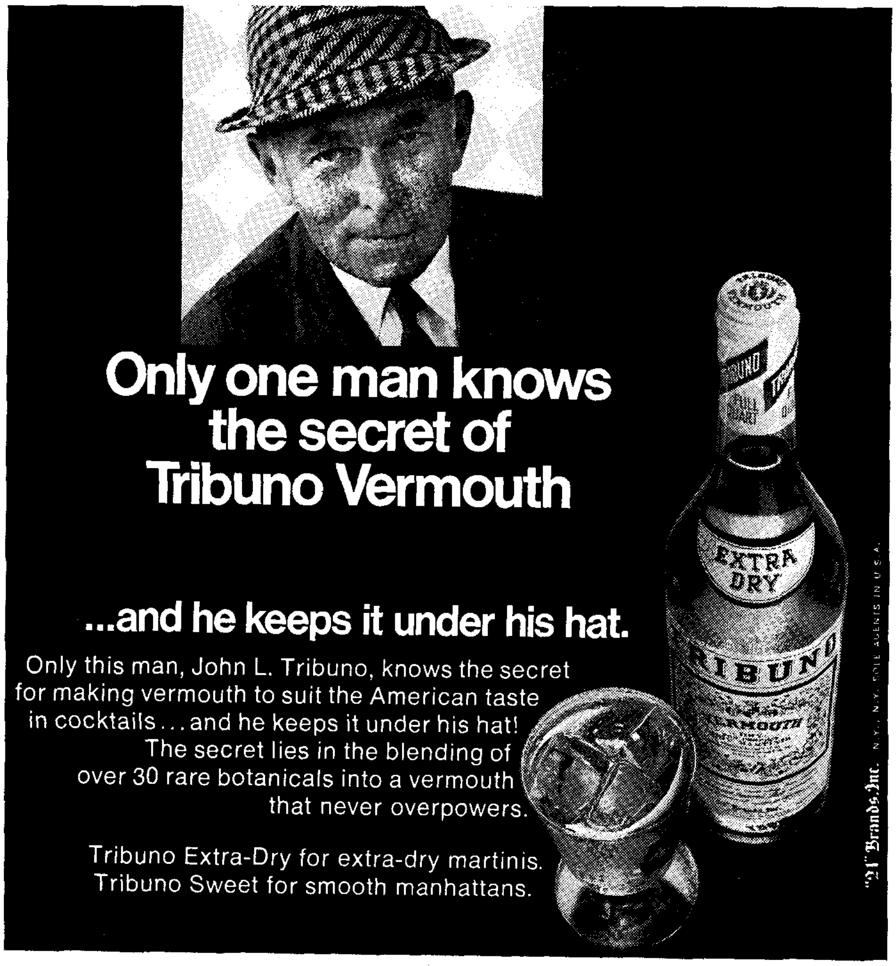

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

School Days, School Days

FROM the advance rave quotes, I gather that many reviewers believe that "If . . ." will be a great success with youth and that it is a masterpiece. One may suspect that in some cases the evaluation is based on the prediction. I think "If . . ." will be a success, but I think it's far from a masterpiece, and I should like to make this distinction, because so many people are beginning to treat "youth" as the ultimate judge—as a collective Tolstoyan clean old peasant. They want to be on the side of youth; they're afraid of youth. (And this is not irrelevant to the subject of "If . . .") If they can be pushed by clever publicity into thinking "youth" will respond to a movie, they are then instrumental in *getting* "youth" to respond to it. Movie companies are using computerized demographic studies and market research to figure out how to promote movies. Here, taken from *Variety*, is the report on the technique adjudged most suitable for "If . . ." by the same new "scientific" group at Paramount Pictures (a subsidiary of Gulf & Western) who worked out how to sell Zeffirelli's "Romeo and Juliet." The report predicted that "If . . ." will repeat its British success in the United States "*if* it is given the same kind of intensive marketing support that made it such a hit in its première engagement in London," and described the key element as "a very extensive screening program for critics, writers, radio and TV commentators, educators, and members of government," continuing, "We went out of our way to pursue every means of reaching the public through newspaper editorials, radio and television panels or discussions, magazine features and lectures before important opinion-making groups. The outpouring of 'breaks' in all communication media was phenomenal and most unusual in that [the film] was treated as a news event away from the usual coverage of motion pictures." It's easy to recognize the standard advertising campaign aimed at the mass audience—the big ads and the appearances of stars and moviemakers on the TV talk shows—but we are still novices when it comes to an advertising campaign that feeds the appetite of the media for something new and exciting, and we may not spot techniques directed at the selective, educated audience. Obviously, these techniques couldn't work if the film didn't have something in it for people to react to, but if it does, the publicity people can build up a general impression of urgent, clamorous response. It's no accident when all those rave reviews come out before a picture has opened; the early reviewers get the taste of triumph as they rush to be the first to jump on the bandwagon. And when this atmosphere of consensus about the importance of a picture is built up, anybody who doesn't go along begins to seem "out of it"—"not with it." "If . . ." has been so well sold that people were discussing it in the *Village Voice* weeks before it opened; that's real marketing, and it means that the whole underground press has been alerted by now. "Youth" will "discover" another movie; in a flash forward, one can already hear the discussions on WBAI. Once this process has begun to work and the publicity has caught on, the film *is* important; people want to see it because they are hearing about it wherever they go. The publicity men have manufactured "news," and the mass media don't want to be scooped and left behind.

The joke about all the rave quotes from the networks and *Cue* and *Life* and the *Ladies' Home Journal* and *Playboy* and *Look* ("I'll be talking about 'If . . .' forever") and the rest is that the hero of "If . . ." is firing a machine gun at everything they represent. They are turning "youth" on to armed revolt, and the market-research people and the press are so eager to sell to "youth" that they'd probably include a machine gun with the admission ticket if it were economically feasible. This may be one of the contradictions in capitalism that Marx did not foresee: the conglomerates that control the mass media are now selling "youth" the violent overthrow of the Establishment for the suicidally simple reason that they can find and develop a demand for it.

"If . . ." deals with a schoolboys' revolt on the model of Jean Vigo's 1933 film "Zero for Conduct." I think it will have psychological appeal here because it's a revolt of the privileged and provides a basically psychological rationale for student revolution. The battle cry is for freedom and nonconformity and an end to stupidity, rigidity, hypocrisy, and cruelty. The violence is thus given a psychological meaning and justification: it's to explode the repressive system, to liberate men from all the dull nastiness that the corrupt school represents. And because this kind of psychological rationale for student revolt is probably close to how students at American high schools and colleges feel, and because hatred and disgust for the old system provide a simpler, more basic justification than political and social and economic issues do, I think they'll respond. Lindsay Anderson, the director of "If . . ." gives the rebels a cause.

"If . . ." may have a potential appeal for young people, but I rather doubt whether it would reach much of an audience without a brilliant selling job. It has a bleak, pseudo-documentary solemnity that is about as attractive to Americans as blood pudding. Anderson's movies—"This Sporting Life" and "If . . ."—draw their considerable power from what one can only assume is unconscious and semiconscious material. Anderson is a major talent (partly because he isn't interested in doing anything minor), but to be successful in the theatre or in movies it is not enough to be talented; one must have a certain *kind* of talent. We may admire sequences in an Anderson film, but his talent really isn't likable, and even his best sequences are often baffling—heavy with multiple meanings that he doesn't appear to think need sorting out. Yet though the material may be staggeringly private, if disguised, the manner of the presentation is coldly realistic and precise; the style is so controlled one might assume the content was, too. At first, and for a considerable stretch, "If . . ." appears to be a clinical exposé of the horrible organized bedlam inflicted on English boys in the name of a gentleman's education. The film is especially fixated on the cruelties that the students perpetrate against each other, and one may suppose that all this lingering attention to scenes of juvenile sadism and flogging and homoeroticism and the allusions to the rot and collapse of the British upper classes are in the service of reform. The detailed (and I think obsessively dwelt-on) material about the school deceives one about where the movie is heading.

In "Zero for Conduct," the schoolmasters and the other adults were presented nonrealistically, the way the derisive, imaginative children perceived them—the principal a bearded dwarf in a top hat (in 1933 the beard meant the opposite of what beards mean now), another school official a tall, skinny spy sneaking around. Though to Americans the film might seem mar-

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vellously innocent and poetic, a charming satiric fantasy, with the black flag of anarchism that a child raises on the roof no more than an emblem of youth's desire for liberty, the film was taken much more seriously in France, and was banned there until after the Liberation. The rebellion of children is, in a sense, the first—the primary—rebellion, and is the model for future rebellions, as the school is children's first experience of an *institution.* Vigo's school was like a prison. (Political rebels—especially the bomb-throwing kind—spent their lives in and out of prisons, and Vigo's father had actually spent part of his childhood in a children's prison.) The words that the child who instigates the revolt speaks to the teacher tormenting him (*"Monsieur le professeur, je vous dis merde!"*), which sound like what every schoolboy on occasion longs to say to his teachers, had a more specifically dangerous meaning in France. Vigo's father, the almost legendary anarchist leader Almereyda, had been one of the instigators of the mutiny of the French Army during the First World War—the only historical example of an army's mutinying in the face of the enemy. The words "*Je vous dis merde*" had been Almereyda's challenge to the government in the headlines of his newspaper, *La Guerre Sociale.* (His name was itself an anagram of "*y a* [*de*] *la merde.*") When "Zero for Conduct" was attacked in France as violent, perverse, and obscene, there was no doubt that, as André Bazin said, "for Vigo the school is nothing less than society itself." Anderson's model for "If . . ." is a key film both aesthetically and politically, and Anderson's school, following the same plan, seems meant as a mirror of society, and his conscious aim in all that stuff about rigidity and sadism and the rot of the upper classes seems to be to demonstrate that our society drives us to violence as the only solution—that it is the only pure act that can come out of all this. Anderson's adults are grotesques, but, unlike Vigo's, they are presented literally, and may even be intended to be taken realistically, as proof of the effects of stultifying traditions. They will probably be taken by most adults in the audience as evidence of conditions that must be improved, and by at least some students as evidence that the only thing to do is blow everyone up—after all, killing them isn't like killing real people, because they don't seem to have any honest emotions. "If . . ." is intended to be a revolutionary epic, and there are so many strong, coldly repellent scenes and such a powerful (even if possibly displaced) sense of anger that sequences that individually fail to move us accumulate steadily until the sheer grinding tendentiousness may make the climax pass for inevitable.

Vigo's vision was "poetic" partly because of its consistency and our instant recognition of its meanings. We responded immediately to the juvenile conspirators, who were not the innocent children seen by adults whose own childhood has become a sentimental memory but, rather, children seen by a director so young and so close in temperament to childhood that they seemed to be children as they saw themselves. The movie could leap along and we could make the connections, and the Surreal touches were intensifications of vision that reawakened our own old feelings. But Anderson's Surreal touches and episodes simply don't work; they just seem to be odd things happening, and one's reaction is "Huh?" I rather doubt whether one can successfully use Surreal distortions in such a humorless, tight style. Vigo, like Buñuel and Godard, could be wildly funny, and could do startling, imaginative things and make them seem perfectly natural. Anderson doesn't have the right tone; he's a scourge, not a poet, and the picture is clogged by all the difficult, ambitious things he attempts and flubs. Yet the visual style provides a kind of unity (despite the changes from color film to black and white, which I assume were the results of accident and economy—I assume that when the light wasn't adequate for using color film, they went on shooting with black and white), and Anderson's tone of cold, seething anger unifies the film, too. But we don't really know—immediately and intuitively—why he is showing us what he is showing us. This kind of picture should hold together emotionally and intellectually much better than it does, yet Anderson precludes such criticism by setting up as the No. 1 target the disgusting, hypocritical headmaster, who is calling for reason when he gets it—*ping!*—right in the middle of the forehead.

The basic inconsistency—the true craziness—of Anderson's vision of youthful revolution is that he is full of bile about youth. Vigo's children were united by the high spirits that were bursting out of repression (they saw one of the teachers, who had kept *his* high spirits, as a clown, and an ally), but Anderson devotes most of his energy to the meanness of the students, and it

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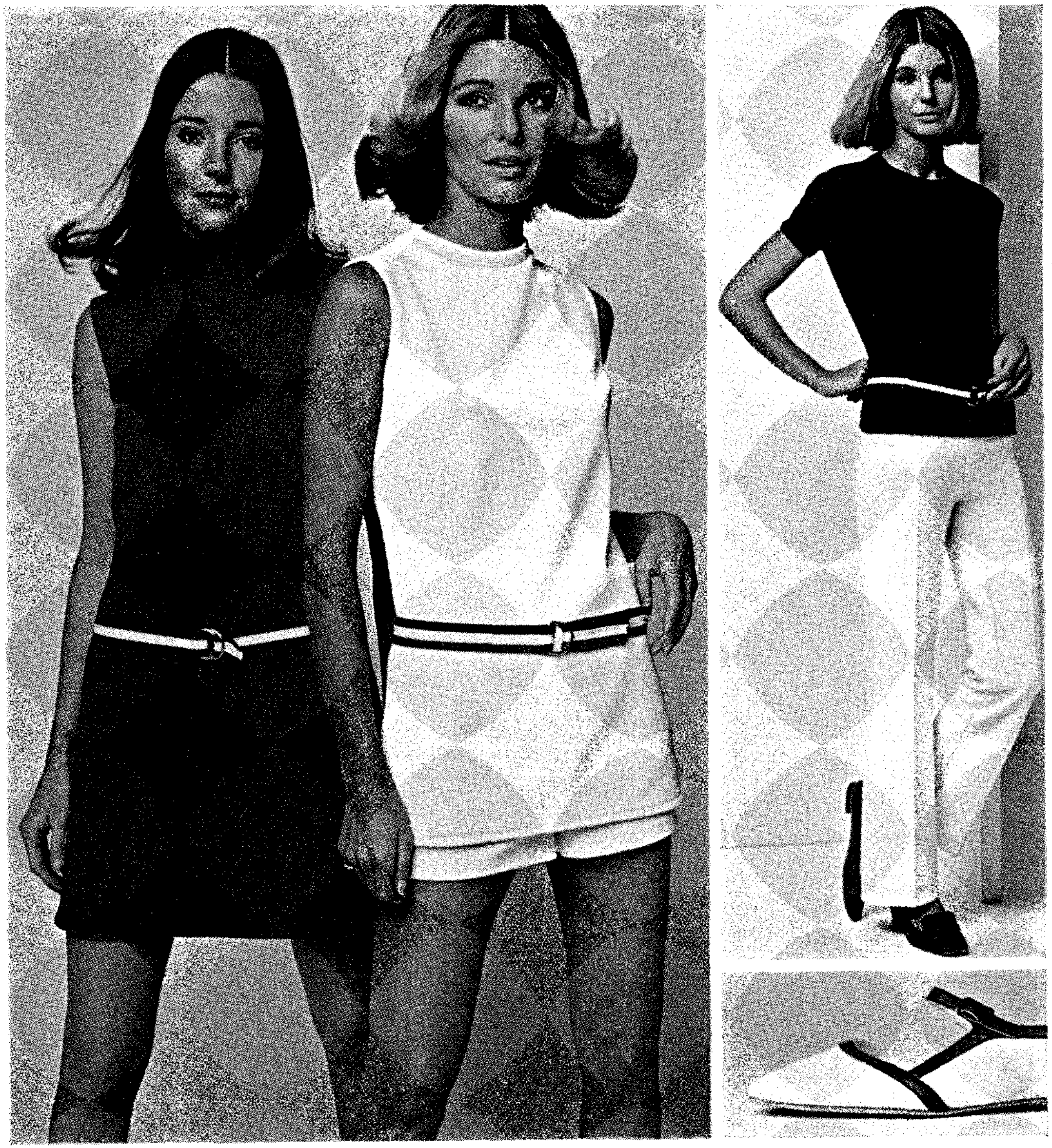

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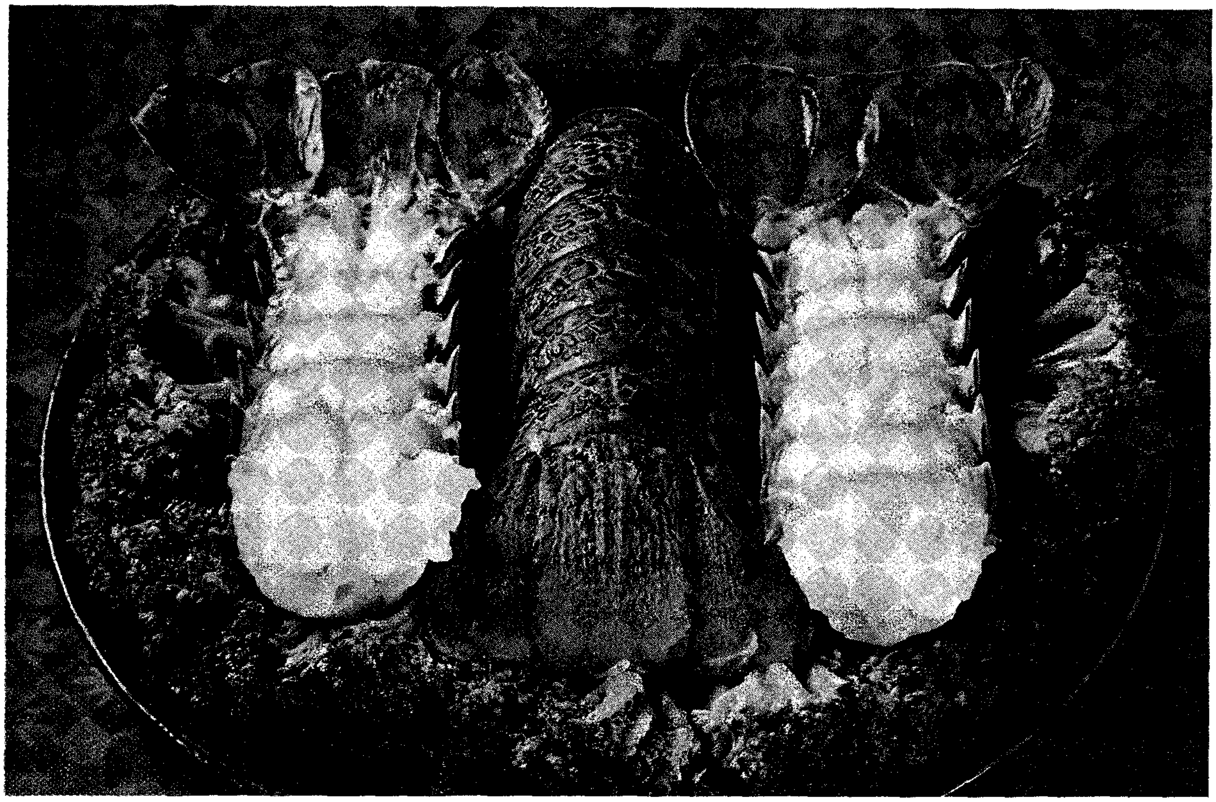

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is really not a rebellion of the young that he shows us but a rebellion of a self-chosen few—three boys (and a girl picked up along the way) who set fire to the school on Speech Day and start sniping at those who flee the fire, including the rest of the young. Anderson's concept of destroying the prison is to kill the inmates. The conspirators are cleaning out the whole mess, apparently—killing everybody, because nobody's fit to live. The last shot is a glamorous, approving closeup of the hero as he fires away, like Robert Taylor aiming at "the Japs" at the end of "Bataan." Anderson has dehumanized the other people as shamefully as Hollywood dehumanized "the Japs" during the war years, and has set up these few as the judges and purifiers of humanity. It's as crazy, in its way, as it would be to make a movie hero of that demented boy at the University of Texas who climbed to the top of a tower and fired at everyone in sight, and yet because these kids *are* students at school and are firing away I think they will be taken as youth driven to clean out the dead wood.

Anderson may think he has made a movie about revolutionary youth and freedom, and I guess that's what David Sherwin thinks he was putting into the script, but though they may think it's there, it isn't. We can read the signals, all right—the poster of Che and the hero's forbidden mustache and his playing the "Missa Luba"—but are we to believe the signals or the style of the film, which is constricted and charged with inconsistent, ambivalent feelings? We could tell what "Zero for Conduct" stood for because the movie was free and liberating, but the material about the revolt *feels* added to "If . . ." because we haven't sensed a movement toward freedom. Anderson is skillful at scenes of sadism, but when he wants to suggest that his nonconformist heroes have some of the joy of life that the others haven't, he becomes as banal as a TV director and shows them speeding lyrically through the green countryside on a stolen motorcycle. And, because one of his arguments against the school is the homoerotic atmosphere, he apparently feels it is necessary to show that his hero has "healthy" appetites—and does so by presenting him in a sexual scrimmage with a girl who is harder and tougher than the boys. The ways in which Anderson tries to illustrate the desire for freedom are so mechanical and carry so little conviction that I think one may conclude that the heroes are shooting because he needs to discharge his rage—which may be closer to why the

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boy in Texas was shooting than it is to a revolution. Anderson seems to have lost sight of what was so apparent in Vigo's view, and what was so funny in it—that school is a *child's* mirror of society. Vigo's vision was a comic metaphor; Anderson's movie has no wings, and his literal-mindedness about the school leads to the climax of shooting up the people in the school. Vigo did not confuse the children's view with "reality." Anderson does, and what makes the film such a can of wriggly worms is that his confusion will probably be the basis of its appeal. It's so convenient for older students to use a child's experience of institutions and to take the school for the Establishment. The conglomerates and the mass media may go on playing their dangerous turning-on games as long as the clowns and academics and liberal institutions, rather than the real centers of power, are the targets.

CONSIDERING the problems of adapting such a distinctive comedy style as Muriel Spark's, and such a special vision as that of her short novel "The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie," to the screen, Jay Presson Allen's adaptation is a good try. Most of the problems are just about insoluble. Miss Brodie (Maggie Smith), the spinster lady in Edinburgh in the thirties, the romantic crackpot who wants to inspire rather than teach the little girls, has become more heroic and embattled, and more bizarre. When Muriel Spark's witty caricature of the teacher is moved to stage and screen and enlarged to be the complete person, she becomes a witty monster. And because she has the comedy lines (by which the author exposed her) to speak, she, of course, plays them for laughs. Instead of being unconsciously outrageous, she is deliberately outrageous, but I doubt whether the role would "play" any other way, and Maggie Smith, with her gift for mimicry and her talent for mannered comedy, makes Jean Brodie very funny—absurdly haughty, full of affectations, and with a jumble shop of a mind. She becomes a mock-heroine (a bit of an Auntie Mame), and we enjoy the funny things she says and does. There probably wouldn't be any play or movie—or much fun, either—if she weren't played as a glorious eccentric, but after we've been invited to fall in love with her, it seems to me we rather resent it when she is cut down and becomes a mocked heroine. We think, Well, after all, she did give those kids more pleasure and excitement than they got from the other teachers. We want to be on her side, and we simply

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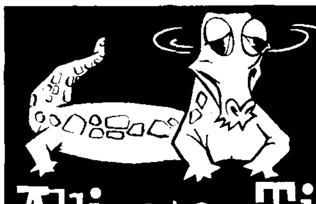

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don't believe all that stuff about her trying to put Jenny into bed with the art instructor, or about Sandy's affair and revenge, and we don't believe that her Fascist fantasies could be so serious. It's a great showy role for an actress, but my guess is that there's no way of interpreting it that would seem right. The distortions that come about when a character in a novel becomes a star turn on the stage or the screen are only part of the problem. The material, literate and charming and good as it is, may be fundamentally unsatisfying (I didn't believe the resolutions in the book, either); but the material is so compelling that, I think, despite the flaws—of book and play and movie—we are always engaged.

There are changes from the book—such as combining Mary McGregor with the girl who went off to Spain, and a melodramatic confrontation scene at the end—that are dismaying, despite the fact that one can see perfectly well why they have been made. And though we expect the movie to lose the reverberations that the teacher and the girls have in each other's lives, what is also lost in the movie, surprisingly (it was present in Mrs. Allen's stage version), is the sense of the girls as a clique. This is probably the fault of Ronald Neame's direction. The movie gives one the sense of filmed theatre—partly, no doubt, because Muriel Spark doesn't provide much *extra*, her defining lines of dialogue and description being almost as concentrated as a dramatist's, and partly because Neame works in such a conventional style. The movie doesn't seem to have any resonance, but the virtue in his conventionality is that he respects the actors and gives them individual opportunities to hold our attention. Celia Johnson has a genuine triumph as Miss Mackay, who in the film becomes Miss Brodie's true adversary; the force of talent transforms the material. The casting in general is superb—unusual care has been taken with the small parts. (The school secretary aroused more memories of school for me than anything else in the movie.) And Robert Stephens, with that oddly bruised voice, makes the art instructor much more believable than he was in the book—where he seemed to come out of the same fantasy world as Miss Brodie's lost lovers. He and Maggie Smith have an intimacy when they talk together in one scene that almost makes their love affair convincing; he is the only character in the film with whom she isn't domineering, and that is as it should be.

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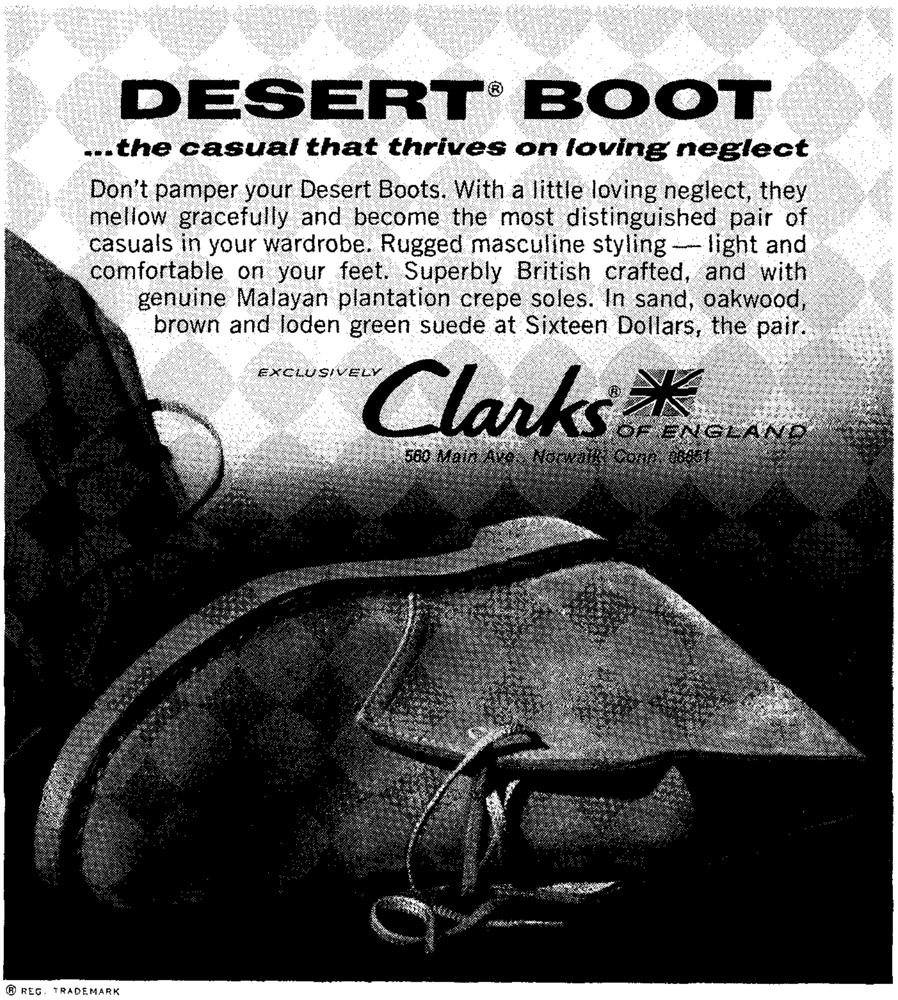

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Dramatic Noise

FROM all the confusion that has beset the musical avant-garde during the past fifty years, there seems to be emerging a new art form. It stems from the work of Edgard Varèse more clearly than it does from any other source. It has nothing to do with music as that art existed between Bach and Richard Strauss. It is an art of sound effects, and it has, in the hands of some of the more skillful of its practitioners, become a very intricate and subtle one. All these practitioners screen out any possible references to, or associations with, the grand tradition of Western music. They do this by utilizing the twelve-tone system, or something approximating it, thus removing all traces of tonality. Then they produce a carefully calculated mélange of noise. I do not use the word "noise" here in a pejorative sense—at least, not in relation to the work of the more able exponents of the new art. Noise has now been immensely elaborated and the distinctions between its various kinds have been clearly delineated. Given the proper circumstances, a noise score can become a rather impressive affair. As I have noted, it has nothing to do with the art of music; it represents, rather, an extremely specialized and highly developed branch of the theatre. At the moment, it is still being used in connection with the symphony orchestra, because the symphony orchestra can produce more varied noises than any other convenient public instrument. But its future is unquestionably in the field of electronic sound.

During last week, the Minnesota Orchestra, under the baton of Stanislaw Skrowaczewski, presented two noise compositions by Polish avant-garde composers, and the contrast between them is instructive. Witold Lutoslawski's Symphony No. 2, which was played on Monday night, did not strike me as very interesting, but Krzysztof Penderecki's "The Passion and Death of Our Lord Jesus Christ According to Saint Luke," which had its New York première Thursday night, turned out to be an impressive and moving composition. Yet the difference in sound technique between Lutoslawski and Penderecki is not great. What made Penderecki's "Passion" a more imposing work was the fact that *his* sound effects were applied to a definite story and heightened the drama of that story in an exciting way. One could hear the events surrounding the kiss of Judas, the cries of the crowd while Jesus was making His way to the Crucifixion, the incident with Pilate, and so on. A running commentary of the most intricately combined noises made these events more real, and sometimes they had an overwhelming power. The inference to be drawn is that the new art of subtle noise is not very effective when it is used in connection with abstract musical forms like the symphony but that it can achieve remarkable results when it is combined with drama. There have, of course, been many examples of this art turned to dramatic purposes; Ginastera's "Don Rodrigo" is one. But I have rarely heard the art applied more effectively than Penderecki has applied it in this work. By the way, I must state, to avoid confusion, that I did not attend the performance but did attend the dress rehearsal, which took place on Thursday afternoon.

ON Thursday night, I attended a new production of "Il Trovatore" at the Metropolitan Opera House. There are performances now and then that remind one that the Metropolitan's claim to being the world's greatest opera house is justified, and this was one of them. I don't think that I can remember a finer "Il Trovatore" in all my operatic experience. This admiring statement does not apply to the scenery and costumes, by Attilio Colonnello, which I thought unduly fussy and overlavish. The opera opened with the curtain up, disclosing what looked like a Moorish junk yard, with six guards guarding the junk, their spears or halberds held at rest. There was a momentary vision high up on the backdrop depicting the burning at the stake of Azucena's mother—a gratuitous bit, I thought. Later, from time to time, the scenery became more attractive. The costumes were universally heavy and thick, and though I didn't like them much, I must admit that they had the advantage of making all the male characters look equally fat, thus disguising the ones who were fat in reality. But the things that made this per-

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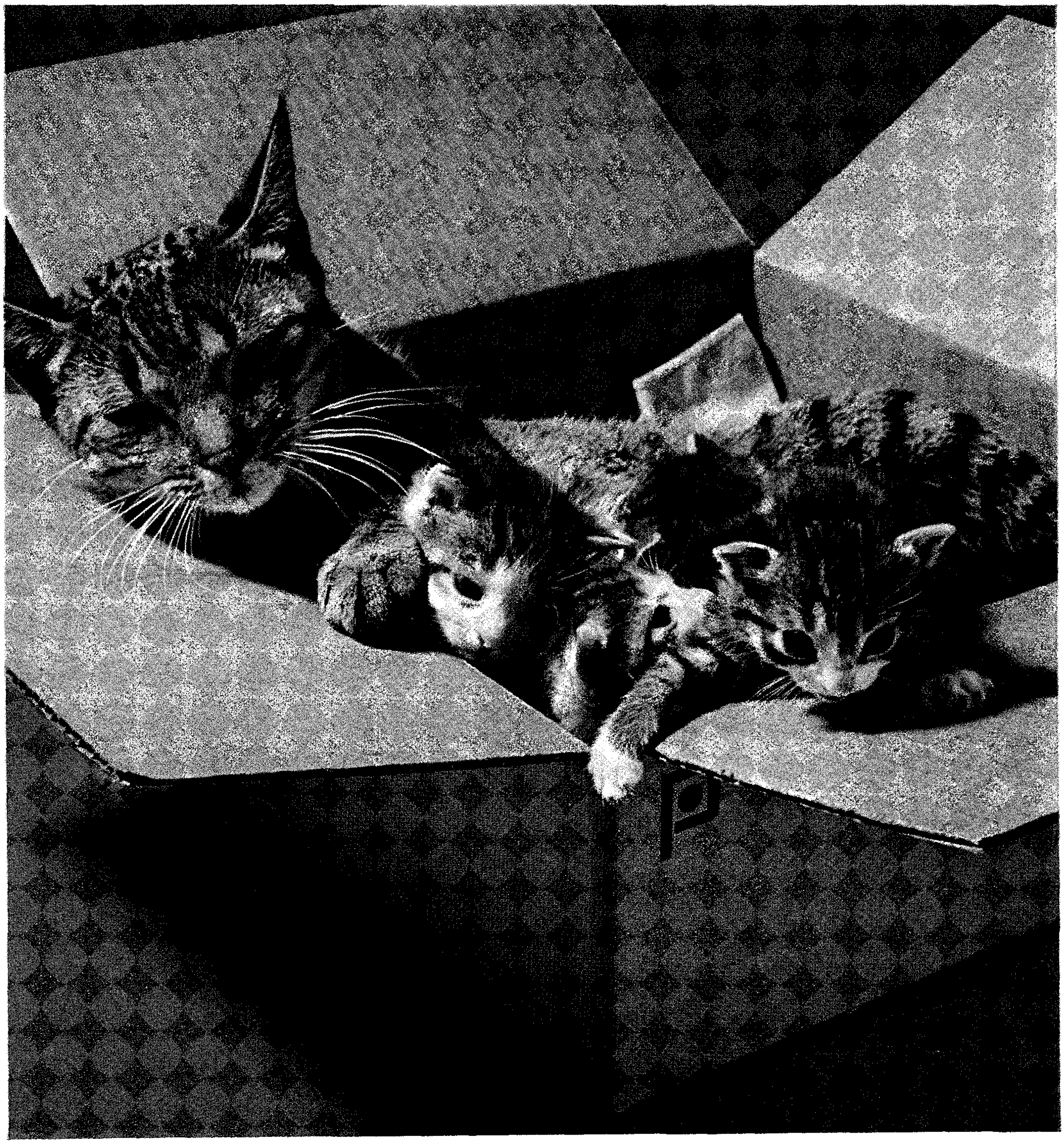

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formance memorable were the cast (among the finest ones that the Met has fielded in the last thirty years, and mostly American) and the conducting of Zubin Mehta, which kept the music going at a vigorous pace throughout the evening. (Mr. Mehta's first act was so vigorous that it was a bit hurried; later, things assumed a more normal flow.) For some reason, two notes were struck by the anvils of the anvil chorus, and this led to harmonic confusion after its first phrases. Leontyne Price's Leonora is the most beautifully sung and the most heartfelt that I have ever encountered. The Manrico was Placido Domingo, long familiar to audiences at the New York City Opera, who gave a magnificent interpretation of the role, making his entrance in Act II, Scene 2, à la Douglas Fairbanks by dashing onstage, sword in hand, from a height at the side of the proscenium. Mr. Domingo is not quite as powerful a singer as Franco Corelli, but he is in the same league and he is a much more polished artist. His singing was everywhere tasteful and dramatically moving. Sherrill Milnes, another former New York City Opera singer, was the Count di Luna, and though he pressed unnecessarily now and then on notes of his upper register, any opera buff must admit that he is the best singer in this role the Met has had in decades, not excluding the much admired Leonard Warren. His stage bearing is imposing, and the quality of his voice, whether soft and meditative or loud and commanding, is always thrilling. Grace Bumbry was the Azucena. She acted with great conviction, and her voice, which is comparatively light, despite its rich lower register, was another jewel in a jewel-studded production. Even the minor roles were done with special vocal grace. These included the Inez of Carlotta Ordassy, the Ferrando of John Macurdy, the Ruiz of Charles Anthony, and bit parts by Hal Roberts and Luis Forero.

LAST Wednesday evening, I went to see the Joffrey Ballet at the City Center. There was a new work on the program, but the thing that struck me most forcibly about this young troupe was its reserves of excellent dancers. In spite of the recent death of Maximiliano Zomosa and the loss of Robert Blankshine and Lisa Bradley, the ranks have been closed and the company seems to be as strong as ever. The new work, "Animus," is an abstract ballet done within an arrange-

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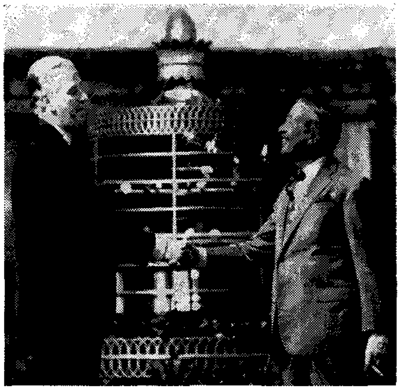

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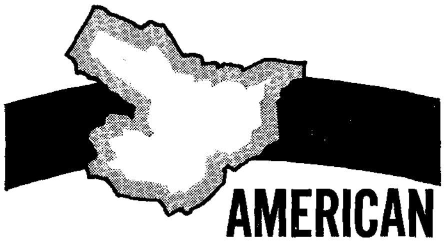

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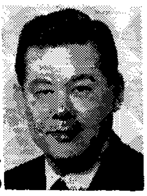

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ment of pipes before a curious mirror-like backdrop, apparently of something like aluminum foil, which reflects the movements in front of it in a hazy sort of way. The music, for solo trombone and tape, is by Jacob Druckman. The piece gave some opportunities for smooth, lyric dancing by Christian Holder and Dermot Burke. Otherwise, all I could understand was that three women were engaged in making two men unhappy. "Animus" was preceded by "A Light Fantastic," with the Gerald Arpino choreography, the Benjamin Britten score, the humorous bits by Trinette Singleton, Mr. Holder, and Erika Goodman, and some remarkable athleticism by Mr. Burke. The last number of the evening was the familiar "Cakewalk."

SOME time ago, Mr. Bing, defending his policy of "museum" opera, made a statement in the press, asking rhetorically (or so it seemed), "What have they discovered over there?," meaning at the New York City Opera. Well, they have discovered, among other things, several quite durable American operas, including "The Ballad of Baby Doe," "Susannah," "Lizzie Borden," and "The Crucible." All these have had repeated hearings not only at the State Theatre and the City Center but by other opera companies as well. None of them are exactly comparable to "Tristan and Isolde" or "Il Trovatore," but they are all viable operas with convincing drama, melodic distinction, and good writing for the voice. And what has Mr. Bing discovered? We must, to be sure, give him credit for "Vanessa" and "The Last Savage," though neither has been repeated often. Maybe Mr. Bing doesn't associate with the right American composers. In any case, "The Ballad of Baby Doe" turned up at the State Theatre last Friday night, and I was again struck by the skill of Douglas Moore's operatic writing and the remarkable dramatic instincts of the late John Latouche, who wrote the libretto. Most of the cast was familiar, but the two principal parts were taken by Anne Elgar and Chester Ludgin. For those who love this modest opera, nobody will ever replace Beverly Sills and Walter Cassel in these roles, but a noble try was made, even though Miss Elgar had trouble with her high notes, and Mr. Ludgin's enunciation was often incomprehensible (possibly because of the acoustics of the State Theatre). There was a conductor new to this score, Gustav Meier, and he did his part expertly. Altogether, "Baby

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—WINTHROP SARGEANT

JAZZ

New York Notes

FEBRUARY 16TH: A poor day. Word has come through that Pee Wee Russell died yesterday in Alexandria, Virginia, at the age of sixty-two. Most lives are uphill, but Russell's was almost perpendicular. He was a shy man trapped in a sausage body and a clown's face. He sidled rather than walked, and his deep voice seemed to back out of him, producing long, subterranean utterances that were either unintelligible or very funny. And when he tried to escape into alcohol he became mortally trapped. His style—the knotted, chalumeau phrases, the crazy-legs leaps over the abyss, the unique *why?* tone, the shining use of notes that less imaginative musicians had discarded as untoward—was, paradoxically, his final snare and his glory. People laughed at it. It was considered eccentric, and because eccentricity, the kindest form of defiance, baffles people, they laugh. But those who didn't laugh understood that Russell, behind his Surrealistic front (his magnificent face resembled C. Aubrey Smith's with the Empire removed), had discovered some of the secrets of life and that his improvisations were generally successful attempts to tell those secrets in a new, funny, gentle way. To be sure, he never revealed anything *out*right, probably because he enjoyed making his listeners work as hard as he did. (His late and devoted wife, Mary, once opened an interview with a journalist by saying, affably, "Pee Wee can be an s.o.b., you know.") And when, late in life, and at Mary's goading, he took up painting, the results were an astonishing visual extension of his aural circumlocutions. Russell embossed his sound on the world, and his wife knew it when she told him, to his delight, that his playing embarrassed her.

FEBRUARY 18TH: Russell's homemade sublimity had a lot in common with the machine-tooled sublimity of the Modern Jazz Quartet, which appeared tonight at the Metropolitan Museum as part of the Museum's vapid "Harlem on My Mind" exhibit. Russell's musical life was an endless experiment, and so, in its ethereal way, is the M.J.Q.'s. More than that, both groups (Russell often seemed to split up and go off in several directions at once) were dedicated to the no-nonsense hu-

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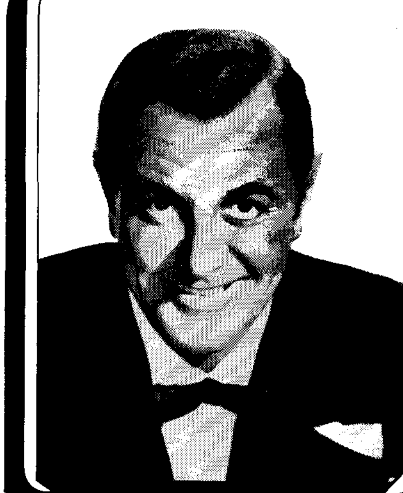
maneness of the blues, which, from breath to breath, can pamper or blister the listener. The most remarkable thing about the Quartet in recent years—aside from the fact that the long association of its members has bred not indifference but steady musical growth—has been the gradual coming to the fore of John Lewis's piano playing. (Like Russell, Lewis is classically shy.) His longer and more frequent solos now have a ringing, engraved assurance that matches Milt Jackson's much praised inventiveness and that, in turn, moves Percy Heath and Connie Kay to impassioned efforts. Lewis attractively championed himself tonight, particularly in "Three Little Feelings," in which he constructed a solo full of his customary blue-pearl, upper-register single notes and of brand-new dissonant chords that obliquely reached climax after climax, each a little nobler than the last. The Quartet's dozen numbers included all the material that appears in its first and excellent release for the Beatles' Apple Records ("Exposure," "The Jasmine Tree," "The Blue Necklace," "Three Little Feelings"), in which Lewis is again politely paramount (Apple ST 3353, and dig the record's labels).

FEBRUARY 19TH: Jazz singing, like poetry, is not a set art but an accidental one, which probably explains why nobody has come up with a satisfactory definition of it. Jazz singers tend to have jerry-built voices, an intuitive rhythmic intelligence, a scary sense of intonation, and a freedom with melismatics that blows two-syllable words up into five and deflates three-syllable ones to a vowel. These characteristics are kept in balance by the one gift all jazz singers share—honest-John emotion and the ability to transmit it. Anita O'Day, who opened a six-week stay at the Half Note last night, is the uncommon reverse. She is a jazz singer by calculation and design. Each husky, sandblown note is placed exactly behind, on, or in front of the beat, the syllables are expanded or contracted with millimetric care, she wavers her pitch for effect. She steers the listener's ear every inch of the way and she also transfixes his eye. Each inflection, beat, and tone is underlined with a movement: ankles delicately crossed and uncrossed, a rotating left shoulder, a punctuating akimbo elbow, a slow turn, ending with her head jutted forward and her hands horizontal at her sides, or her head in sudden profile and her legs planted jauntily apart. She

TONY MARTIN



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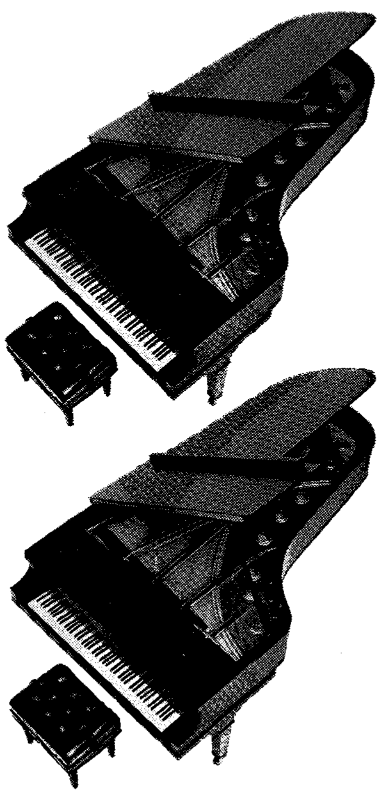

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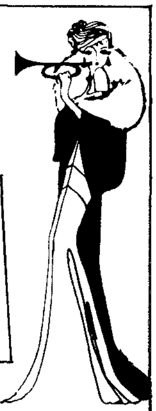

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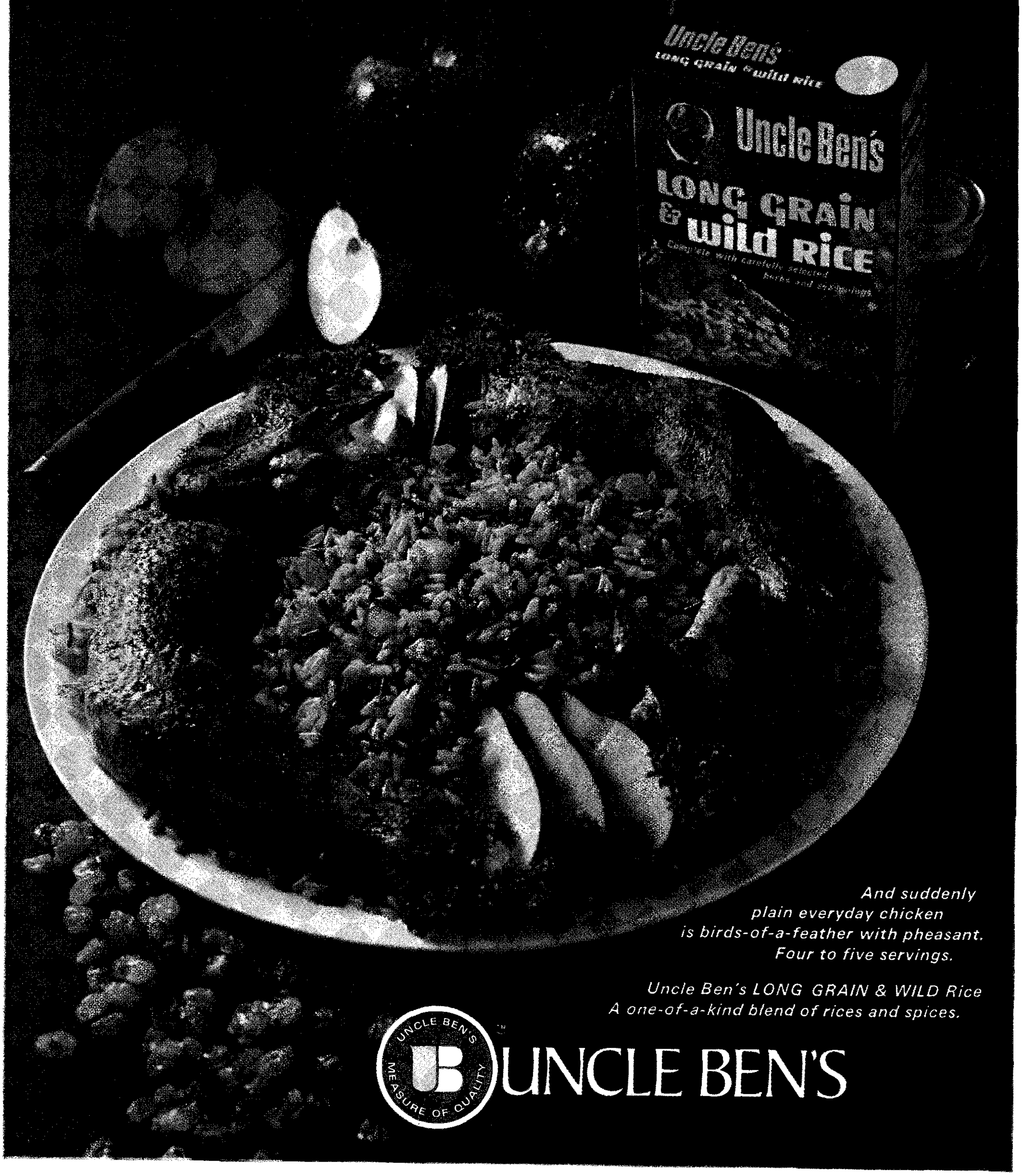
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is a stunning performer who starts where Pearl Bailey's great hands stop. But the total effect can be unsettling. Again and again her perfections bring her to the edge of self-parody, and one longs for the slight slip, the disguised faltering that would make the human being inside the mannerisms and motions and invariably beautiful clothes real. Roy Eldridge and his quintet shared the bill with Miss O'Day, and in "Let Me Off Uptown," their old grandstanding duet from the Gene Krupa days, they got together to see if they could raise some goosepimples. They did.

FEBRUARY 27TH: The current edition of George Wein's Newport Jazz Festival All-Stars—Ruby Braff, Red Norvo, Wein, Barney Kessel and/or Tal Farlow, Larry Ridley, and Don Lamond—is winding up its second two-week stint in two months at Plaza 9. Unlike earlier Wein groups, which often had a stale-bread Dixieland flavor, this is a sleek swing band that uses good materials outfitted in handsome head arrangements. It is also a triumphant crazy quilt whose strikingly dissimilar parts are in steady, jostling harmony. Braff's monolithic eloquence is lightened by Norvo's pinpoint embroidery (his notes seem to ascend in visible crystalline clusters when he plays); Farlow's silver lines are blown about by Kessel's heavy southwest winds; Wein, in his good Stacy-Hines-Waller manner, showers emotion everywhere; and Ridley and Lamond float Norvo, relax Braff, and restrain the guitarists, who, though they are Charlie Christian's boys, tend to use a dozen notes where one would do. Russell, who often played with Wein, would have relished such fast company. (Happily, Atlantic recorded the group for the first time today.)

MARCH 1ST: One of the least necessary misfortunes of the past twenty years has been the almost unnoticed disappearance of jazz dancing. It was a comic, graceful, ingenious art, but it went out the back door just as television, its perfect medium, was coming in the front. (The mysteriously beloved "modern" dance seen everywhere on television serves just one purpose: ersatz filler.) But thanks to the heroic efforts of the late Marshall Stearns, we've had brilliant glimpses in the past decade of such tap dancers as Bunny Briggs and Baby Laurence, Groundhog, Honi Coles and Cholly Atkins, Pete Nugent, and Chuck

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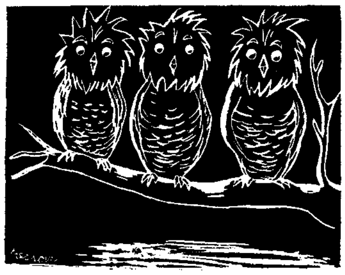

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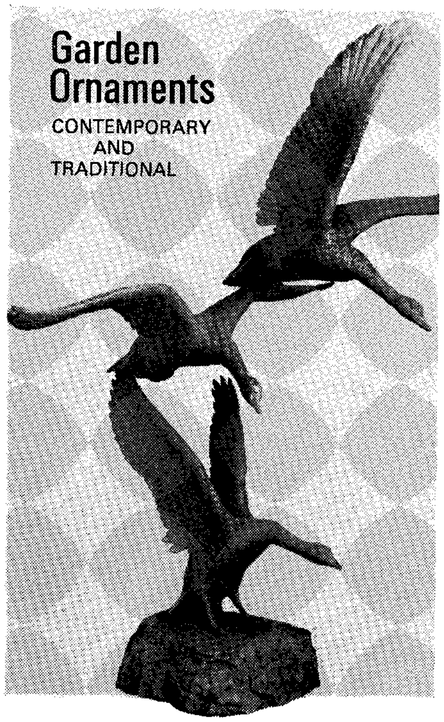

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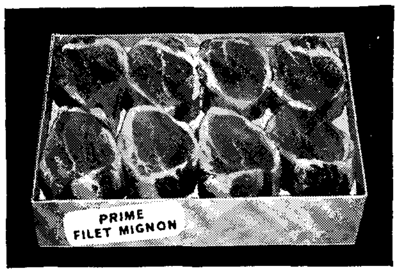

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Green, as well as of the marvellous Savoy Ballroom dancers—Al Minns and Leon James. Indeed, Minns and James have appeared twice this winter at Town Hall, in January and this afternoon. It was a genial, dishevelled affair. The wrong recordings were played, numbers petered out before they got started, Minns' and James' comments backed and filled, and an eight-child "Company," made up of Minns' and James' children, provided brave, cluttered counterpoint. But there were exhilarating moments, when the two men—Minns is heavyset air and James a needle—did a cakewalk full of high knees and akimbo arms and supercilious looks; a dance called "Peckin'," in which they henned and roostered around the stage, their heads darting rapidly back and forth, their knees bent and knocking, their arms drunken wings; a soft-shoe composed of shooting legs and arms swimming through feathers; a Lindy Hop in which Minns picked up James and swung him around as though he were a child; and (Minns only) a celebration of Snakehips Tucker, whose slippery undulations suggested spaghetti sliding off a fork. An hour-long Minns-and-James television show, with live music and a brisk, brief commentary, would be consummate. *Allons*, networks!

MARCH 2ND: George Wein has stubbornly offered the proposition in his various festivals—made up of concerts never shorter than three hours and often presenting five, six, and even seven groups—that all audiences are created stoical. Not so. It is not just a matter of ossifying extremities; no listener, however avid, alert, and admiring, can *hear* after three hours. But Wein was at it again tonight, in the first of eight welcome Sunday-evening jazz concerts at the Fillmore East. We heard the Billy Taylor trio; the All-Stars, who were formidable (Farlow and Kessel were irresistible in a duet in "Topsy," and so was Braff in a medium blues, plunger-muted in the first chorus and tightly muted and really pedalling in the last); the Herbie Hancock sextet, whose members believe that if you can't get it out in the first solo chorus maybe you will in the fourteenth; Thelonious Monk's quartet, uneasily augmented by Ray Copeland and Benny Green; and Clark Terry's big rehearsal band, which included Ernie Wilkins, Clark Terry, Lou Tabackin, Clark Terry, Don Friedman, Clark Terry, Steve Little, and Clark Terry. The show lasted well over four hours and was put on in cavernous darkness, il-

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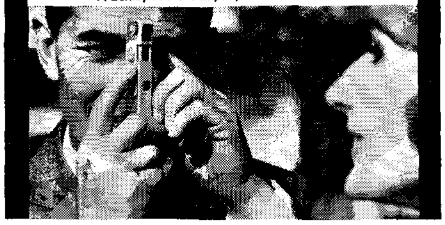

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luminated largely by the Joshua Light Show, whose "Fantasia" abstractions numbed the eye and distracted the ear. —WHITNEY BALLIETT

ROCK, ETC.

Changes

WHEN I saw Big Brother and the Holding Company at the Fillmore East last August, Janis Joplin put on the most exalting, exhausting concert I have ever been privileged to see, hear, and feel. Euphoric from Bill Graham's champagne, she sang four encores, and the audience, standing on the seats, wouldn't go home. Finally, she came back onstage. "I love you, honey," she said, gasping, "but I just got nothing left." Someday, we were sure, it would really be true—someday soon, if she kept giving like that. I didn't know if I wanted the responsibility of taking; I felt a little like a vampire. From now on, I decided, after two encores I stop clapping.

Then Janis quit Big Brother. Everyone who cared about her—which means just about every rock fan—had seen it coming for some time. After all, she was a star, way out of everyone else's class—writers had even stopped comparing her to Grace Slick. And, even for a star, her ego was sizable. Besides, the band wasn't good enough, or so most of the fans and critics thought. I wasn't sure. The group was a good foil for Janis; better musicians might have tried to compete. And its members were (or, rather, appeared to be) fun-loving hippies who teased Janis out of her suffering, made it part of a greater happiness: joyous blues. (For an idea of the effect, if you've never seen Big Brother perform, imagine the early Beatles backing up Mick Jagger during his "What a Shame" phase.) Still, audiences came to see Janis, not the group, and that fact made it hard to hold on to the myth of all-part-of-one-great-thing San Francisco communalism. It also strained relations a bit. So Janis left to form her own backup band, which would be, from the start and without misunderstandings, a backup band. We worried: Will Success Spoil Janis? Will she become overconfident, lazy, mechanical? Did Big Brother perhaps give her more than we realized? Will she lose it—*it*—without them? The first test came a couple of weeks ago, when Janis returned to the Fillmore East for a two-night engagement with her as yet unnamed new group. The night before she arrived, a friend of mine, also a rock reviewer, had a nightmare: the concert was a flop, Janis kept walking down the aisles futilely begging the audience to respond. When I went to the Fillmore, I felt as if I were going to watch my best friend put herself on the line: I hoped she would do well, but I knew *I'd* like her anyway.

The show I saw wasn't a flop. And though it wasn't great, either, at this point the deficiencies can be attributed to growing pains. Janis has apparently decided to stop killing herself or to experiment with new styles—probably both. Her performance was very low-keyed, but she wasn't letting down; she was consciously striving for a cooler, subtler delivery that would contain her energy without diluting it. It worked pretty well. What was missing was a sense of authority; Janis did not know exactly where she was going, and she was not completely at home with her band or (this may be just projection) sure the audience would accept her. The (white) band is straight Memphis soul, and its arrangements are excellent, though I found the horns a bit obtrusive—the trumpet player kept upstaging Janis, and a few times actually drowned her out. (Real Memphis musicians would never do that.) Perhaps the most telling commentary on the performance was that the highlights were Janis's staples—"Piece of My Heart" and (especially) "Ball and Chain," subdued but given new inflections by the band and by Janis herself. But I was also impressed by her renditions of a couple of Nick Gravenites songs and the Chantels' "Maybe." The Joshua Light Show, which usually provides a mediocre background to Fillmore concerts, added some great visual effects. One innovation was to put Janis's face on closed-circuit TV and project it, greatly enlarged, on the screen in back of the stage, so that we could watch her changing expression as she sang. And during one song huge, multicolored phallic projections were hurled at her head in time to the beat. Very nice.

Oh, yes. The audience loved Janis. A kid climbed up on the stage and gave her flowers. If the law of conservation of energy has any validity, for the next year or so she can earn her standing ovation just by showing up. —ELLEN WILLIS

•

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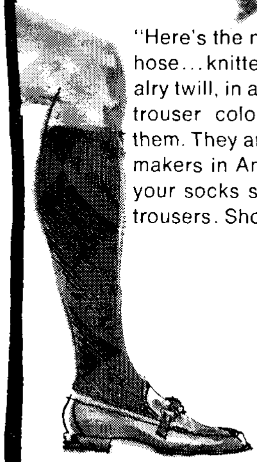

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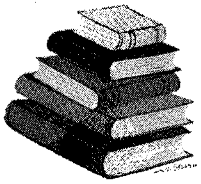
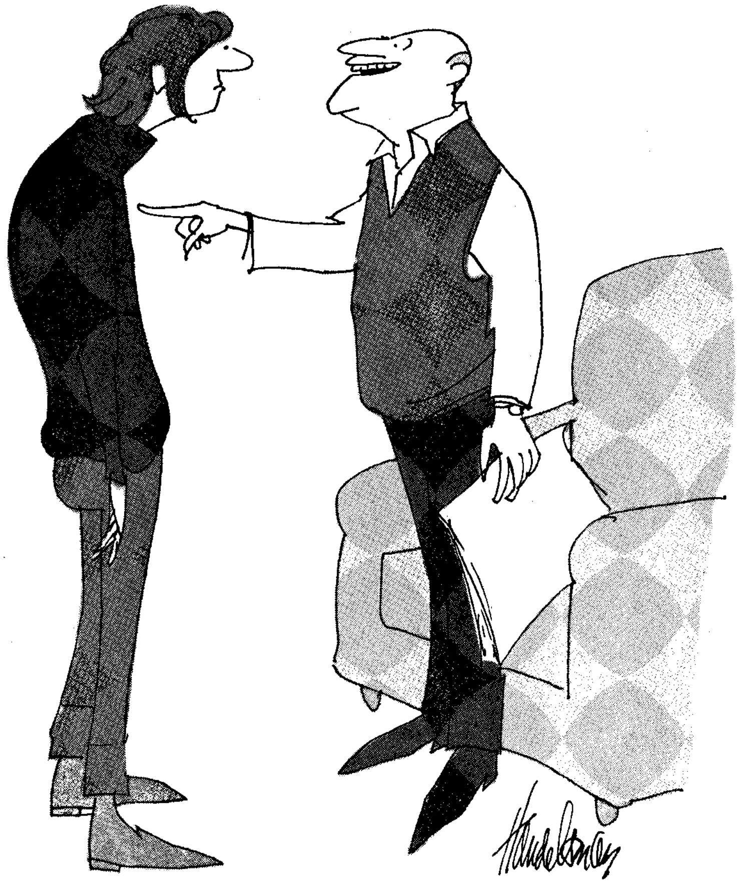
BOOKS

Albertine Disparue



MOST men can detect in themselves a potential desperado, but the concept of the female criminal seems paradoxical. Laws enforce a stability whose ultimate domestic unit is the woman herself; her physiology and psychology turn on the cultivation of inner space, while the man's role calls for the conquest of outer space, for thrust and adventure, for arrowing forms of outward assertion as various as rape and theology, as admirable as scientific exploration and as deplorable as war. The most common form of female criminality—prostitution—is, however masked in toughness, at heart an act of submission, and keeps the peace. True, the insect world (not to mention the world of literary criticism) offers striking instances of female enlargement and predation, but the unhappy history of the male praying mantis confirms that the seminal contribution to the generative process, though not negligible, is momentary and helps account for the primordial willingness of men to undergo risk. Granted that among the highest of the primates sexual instincts androgenously overlap, enough polarity remains so that we approach two autobiographical novels by a repeatedly jailed woman, billed on the dust jackets as "a female Genet," with the expectation of something monstrous, delicious, and revelatory.

Albertine Sarrazin appears in her photograph as a curly-haired, big-eyed, unblinking street Arab with a wry tuck of intelligence in the corner of her mouth. The bleak jacket notes state that she was born in Algiers in 1937, and that she was an orphan. She ran away from her foster home at the age of fifteen, was placed in reform school, escaped to Paris, "drifted into a life of theft and prostitution," and spent the next nine years either in jail or in hiding. In prison she wrote two novels, "La Cavale" and "L'Astragale," whose publication in Paris in 1965 made her famous and secured her parole. For two years she "lived quietly with her husband Julien in the south of France," and then died, after a kidney operation, a week before her thirtieth birthday. A female Genet she was not. These two novels, published simultaneously by Grove Press as "The Runaway" and "Astragal," are not in Genet's class, either as literary creation or as self-proclamation. Though she refers to her prison guards as "angels" and invokes "St. Duty" and "St. Java," Mme. Sarrazin shows none of Genet's mythmaking power or of the Satanic philosophy that conceives of prison as an inverted Heaven whose inhabitants swirl in violent rhythms controlled by the Deitylike onanist fantasizing in his cell. This order of originality is well beyond the very young woman who has, she tells us, "only my ball-point to pull me out of the *merde* and the despair." Whereas Genet celebrates the brutal, homosexual microcosm of prison as his chosen universe, Mme. Sarrazin describes nothing but daily dreariness and dreams only of escape.



"Ah! But I haven't any values, so the joke is on you, Smarty."

"The Runaway" is a very long piece of scarcely disguised autobiography. Its English title inadequately translates the complex associations of "*cavale*," a literary word for "mare," from which has been derived the slang verb "*cavaler*," meaning "to run, to decamp, to take a powder." The translator, Charles Lam Markmann, confronted with a slangy and idiomatic text, has responded with sprinklings of faintly obsolete and off-key terms, like "yack" (for "talk") and "mitts" (for "hands") and "nut" and "noodle" (for "head"), impossible medleys like "What vision froze the guy in his tracks?," and bizarre inspirations like "I Colgate the pearly whites," to signify tooth-brushing. In fairness, nothing deteriorates quicker in passage than slang, and there is little to suggest that the original French text is very finely nuanced. The first four hundred pages are really quite dull: the housekeeping details of prison cells, a lot of tape-recorder dialogue, a hope to escape and mount the *cavale* that never comes to anything, a succession of cellmates indistinguishable except that some smell worse than others. There are patches of vivid description:

> Sometimes I like to squat on the laundry steps, where the rivulets of soap and dirty water gather in a moldy coldness; motionless, slightly bent over, my head leaning toward my shoulder, I open my mouth a little and feel the breeze vibrating through my cheeks, like a cool breath of air through a harmonica; and, a little higher up, the sun explodes lightly on my eyelids and roots me in the earth, through the rotting stones and the bubbles of laundry water; sudden joy pours out of the sky and swirls round my legs, while without changing position I move forward, with a slight effort, as against a tide.

The details of note-smuggling (in candy, via vagina, from mouth to mouth during kisses) are surprising, and there are some interesting psychological touches, as when Anick, the fastidious and reclusive heroine, takes it upon herself to delouse a

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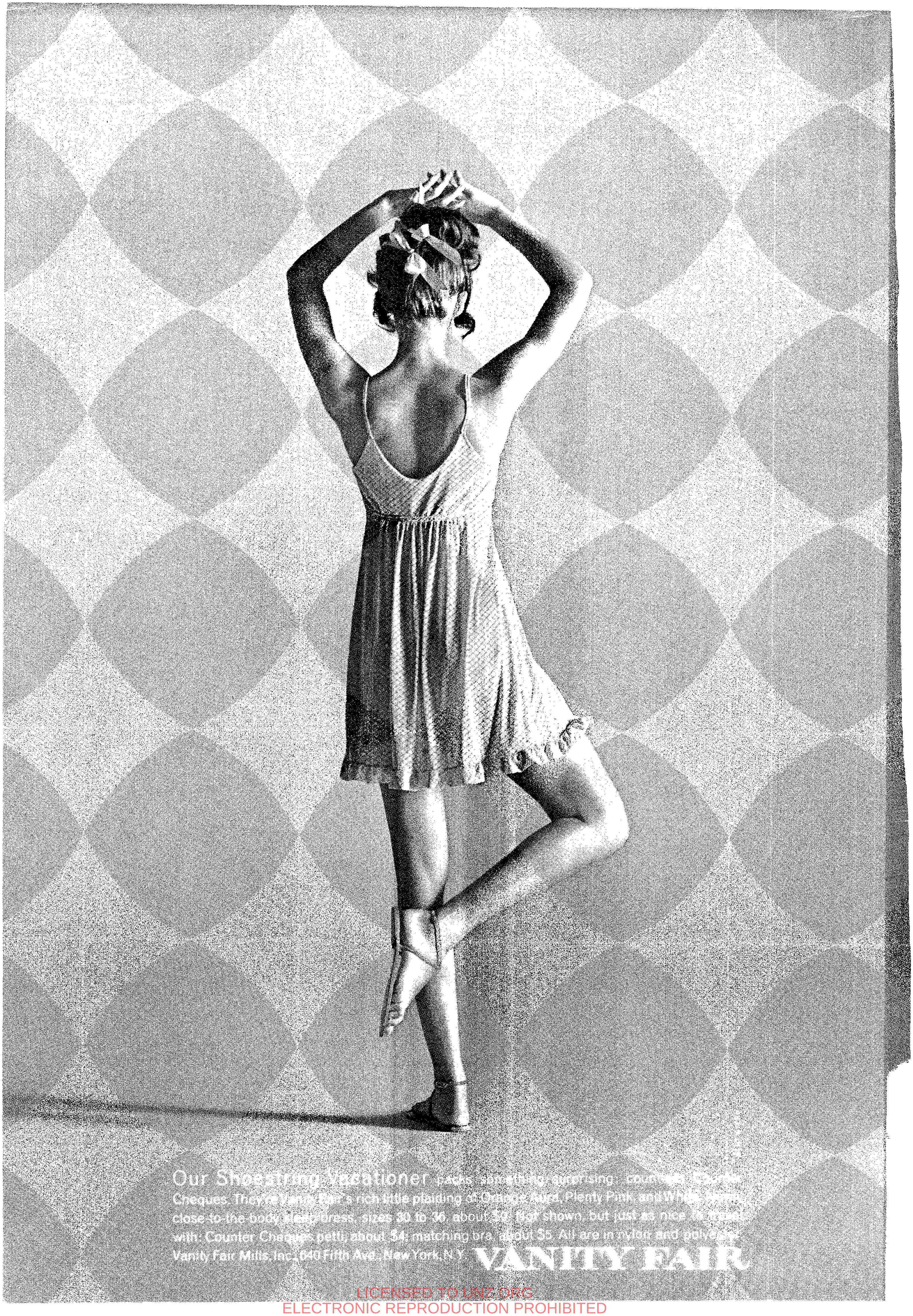

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VANITY FAIR

senile fellow-inmate. But it all comes upon the reader haphazard, worse organized than even a sociologist would do it—the objectified diary of a precocious girl who detests jail yet is unable to stay out of it, whose self-perception is barely emerged from the chaos of self-pity, whose principal activities are stamp-cadging and daydreaming, whose days ebb by amid conversations like:

> "What kind of soap do you think we'll get this week? Cadum? Palmolive?"
>
> "I wonder what view of Paris there'll be in the biscuit boxes."

To be sure, this unstinted dreariness has a mimetic effect of sorts; we become as eager to escape the book as its narrator is to escape prison.

Anick begins her story well after the middle; she is a hardened jailbird when we meet her. The turning point of her life—her falling in love with a man called Zizi during an interval of freedom, and her concomitant conversion from lesbianism—is past, and it figures in the present tense of this novel as a constant pining for him and a futile scheming to rejoin him in the life of burglary they once led. He is in another part of the prison. On his initiative, they get married, winning the privilege of meeting once a week, with glass between them. They can kiss only in the police wagon taking them to and from the interrogations preparatory to their trial. Their final sentence is severe. Zizi is more cautious than Anick, and discourages her hopes of escape. The end of the book, if I understand it, shows her joining him in resignation—"another stroke through the calendar is not so bad. Slowly the mercury is getting down to zero, and from zero you make a fresh start"—and the transformation of her *cavale*, her "runaway mare," into the interior escape of imagination. The secret action of this book, as of Proust's masterpiece, is the act of its own writing; what Mme. Sarrazin has described, with steadily growing conscious intent, is the process of what we on the outside would call her "rehabilitation." In the last hundred pages, the writing grows cleaner, the imagery more complex, the plot more active. Her lawyer emerges from the shadows and becomes a character. And she herself gains access to the defiant child she once was: "I try to recapture the basic savor that I found in the hole [the isolation cell] during my adolescence. . . . I had my shoulder to the wheel of hardships, I made frightening bets against myself; I fasted, I burned myself, I pricked myself. . . . The hole was a vice, as much a vice as being tattooed or mas-

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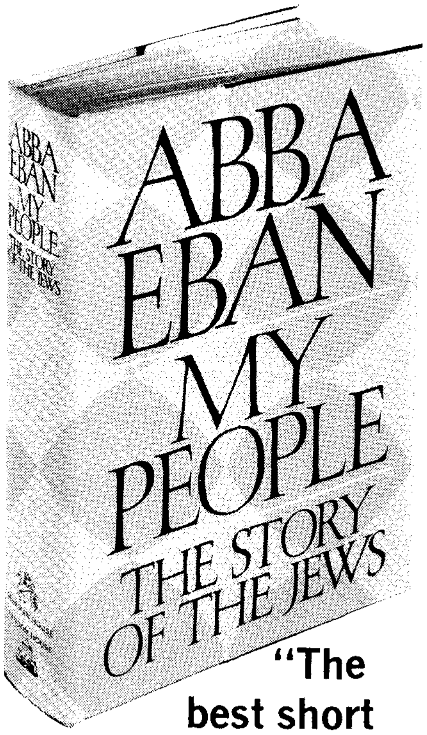

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turbating, a vice that I wanted to savor while I had the chance, and, if possible, to learn to like." She tells her lawyer, "I've been asocial ever since I was born." Earlier in the book she has tersely referred to her "mother," in puzzling variance with the dust jacket's claim that she is an orphan; now she cries out, "I'm a bastard, no one's child." Though at times she prays "Let my fury never abate. Let me always keep intact my wrong, my hurtful ways," an essential perspective has been gained, and an essential peace. "Zi, my love, one day the cycle of days and nights will stop torturing us and turn kind to us again. . . . The hateful blanket in which I roll myself up will vanish like the cold, and I will gorge myself on sun." The monotonous texture of the bulk of the book yields to heartfelt exclamations, glimpses of the past, a poetry of "this golden coma of prison where *nothing makes a mark*." The process of rehabilitation merges with the process of learning how to write.

THE second novel also, femininely, embodies a process—the process of healing. "Astragal" ("anklebone") begins with the drop from the prison wall whereby Anne, a less slangy Anick, escapes and shatters her ankle, and ends with her walking back toward prison, "hardly limping at all." In the months between, she has met Julien (the name of Albertine Sarrazin's actual husband), has been sheltered by him in a series of hideouts, has supported herself by prostitution while he is in jail, and has broken her emotional ties with Rolande, her last female lover. These months of freedom and rescue and healing are, then, the pivotal idyll remembered in "Runaway." The writing is in every sense happier, and Patsy Southgate's translation, comparatively uncluttered by lingo, keeps pace with the quick scenes, the nice ease of prose:

> An arm went around my shoulders, another slid under my knees, I was lifted up, carried away; the man's face of a moment ago was very close, above mine, moving across the sky and the tree branches. He carried me firmly and gently, I was out of the mud and I was moving, in his arms, between the sky and the earth.

With her new virtuosity, Mme. Sarrazin has no trouble in making the injured foot both a symbolic presence—"I had a new heart in my leg, still irregular, responding inordinately to the other"—and a convincingly painful "stew of shattered bones and flesh." Though not a sensual writer compared to Violette Leduc or to Colette, she

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can strike off a fresh phrase quick with the life of the moment. When she and Julien are together, "the ground is under our feet like an island;" of her outgrown lesbianism she simply says, "Rolande was the night light, the daylight is here, I turn it off." And she can detect, in the classic manner of French analysis of the sentiments, small motions within herself, such as the "cruel ill will" with which she invites Jean, an unloved protector, to zip up her dress as she goes to meet Julien, so Jean will "sniff at my new skin" and "realize that I was . . . happy; and that he didn't, that he never could, have anything to do with it." True, the depths within herself are still out of reach; her recourse to streetwalking seems screened in the telling, her alcoholism can be deduced from the text but is unacknowledged by it, the will toward self-destruction is never disentangled from her wild will toward freedom, and a certain innocent egotism flattens the other characters, including and especially her hero, Julien.

These two books, for all their developing skill, exist less as literature than as life, as the record of a life that against crippling odds fought through to expression and, in its last two years, success—"she lived quietly with her husband Julien in the south of France." While the novels of Genet insist that the male criminal dwells in a world apart, with a morality and rationale of its own, Albertine Sarrazin's world is not readily distinguishable from that of respectable women: a world of momentary but keenly felt pleasures—a cigarette, a sunbath, a bowl of fruit on a linen tablecloth—in which the chief enemy is boredom rather than (as with men) defeat, in which a prevalent stoicism is qualified by fits of panic, in which a monogamous passion is qualified by phases, almost absent-minded, of wantonness, in which powerful impulses, with a reckless lightness amazing to a male, override conventions. The laws Albertine Sarrazin broke were not, one feels, real to her; only the policemen and warders were real. At the end of "Astragal," arrest arrives with lyric suddenness, in a courteous flurry:

> I grab my bag, I open the door, I put the key outside; on the landing a man is standing, not very big, looking cheerful and gratified:
>
> "Hello, Anne," he says to me. "I've been looking for you for a long time, did you know that? Come on, let's get going, I'll follow you. And don't try to run away, O.K.?"
>
> I smile, Julien will see us go by, he'll

Julie Andrews' "son" had to wear rags to school.

It's hard to go to school when you must go on an empty stomach, with torn clothes and wearing someone else's worn out shoes. It's even harder to return home to a relative's shack of a house where you and your family must live and watch your father's chronic asthma worsen because he can't afford to lose the 50c a day he earns.

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BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

SOMEWHERE BEYOND REPROACH, by Tim Jeal (McGraw-Hill). A powerful, passionate plot. Although Dinah deserted Harry ten years earlier to marry his closest friend, he is as much in love with her as ever. His image of her remains undimmed after success in business, innumerable affairs, and six years' retreat in darkest Africa. (O wondrous romantic gestures! Are they still made?) He determines to get her back in order to preserve his sanity, and stealthily sets out to besiege her quiet life, using her young son and her now crippled husband, Mark. When, after an unimaginably complicated series of events, Dinah is again his for the asking, Harry finds reality more banal than fantasy. Sadly, Mr. Jeal's style is irritatingly simpleminded; we crave a few subordinate clauses.

SEVERAL PERCEPTIONS, by Angela Carter (Simon & Schuster). Joseph Harker joins the ranks of the morbidly sensitive heroes who, wearied by nightmare imaginings, try to commit suicide. Happily, Miss Carter is talented and funny. Joseph's neighbors are similarly caricatured—gimpy Miss Blossom, the ugly fellow-lodger who saves his life; Kay Kyte, a bicycle-riding free spirit; Viv, a generous guitarist on the dole, who lives, impeccably, "like a man in a solid gold hat;" and Viv's mother, a friendly, spongy prostitute. The tangible net thrown over these fantasies is a city that must be Bristol, where decayed nobility, like kitchen smells, haunts the flaking crescents, rusty railings, and chipped stone pineapples. Paradoxically, this architectural debris and the creatures who thrive on it bring Joseph back to life.

GENERAL

SECONDARY WORLDS, by W. H. Auden (Random House). With these four miraculously sensible essays W. H. Auden inaugurated the T. S. Eliot memorial lectures at Canterbury. A secondary world is defined as one created by the poet, dissatisfied with given phenomena. Mr. Auden discusses, with immense affection, the Icelandic sagas, seeing them as works of the primary world, where the historian predominates. He examines the unique secondary world of opera, and the problems he encountered while working on librettos for Stravinsky and Henze; in "The Martyr as Dramatic Hero" he discusses Charles Williams' play "Thomas Cranmer." The last essay, "Words and the Word," is the most deeply felt. More profitable than a search for homogeneity in this collection is an appreciation of the integrity, the deep religious feeling, and the occasionally crusty humor it reveals. Clearly, Mr. Auden holds to his tenets; each of the stern denunciations of ephemeral and *engagé* writing, the courageous exhortations to the artist in the age of science, is written with absolute sincerity.

A PEACE POLICY FOR EUROPE, by Willy Brandt, translated from the German by Joel Carmichael (Holt, Rinehart & Winston). The Vice Chancellor and Foreign Minister of West Germany suggests what his country can do in the world, given the practical and legal limitations on her freedom in foreign affairs. Brandt's foreign policy is creative. Some of his big recommendations are no surprise—letting England into the Common Market, for one. But his subtle originality shows when he puts forward the small, precise, immediate steps that he thinks West Germany can take in helping to achieve worldwide goals (East-West détente) and specifically German purposes (eventual reunification). Brandt writes well. To his diplomatic virtues—shrewdness, tact, patience—he joins the virtues of kindness, loyalty, and hope.

NOTE: Doubleday has published Joseph Wechsberg's "The Voices," an account of last year's invasion of Czechoslovakia. Much of the book originally appeared in *The New Yorker*. . . . Richard Wilbur's "Walking to Sleep: New Poems and Translations," parts of which were first printed in this magazine, has been published by Harcourt, Brace & World.

•

Dina Merrill, the radiant young actress whose film and television credits cover a whole page, is a Best-Dressed Actress (she was elevated to the Fashion Hall of Fame in 1066) and has earned various other titles such as Woman of the Year.—*Baltimore Sun.*

And, more recently, Old Woman of the Year.

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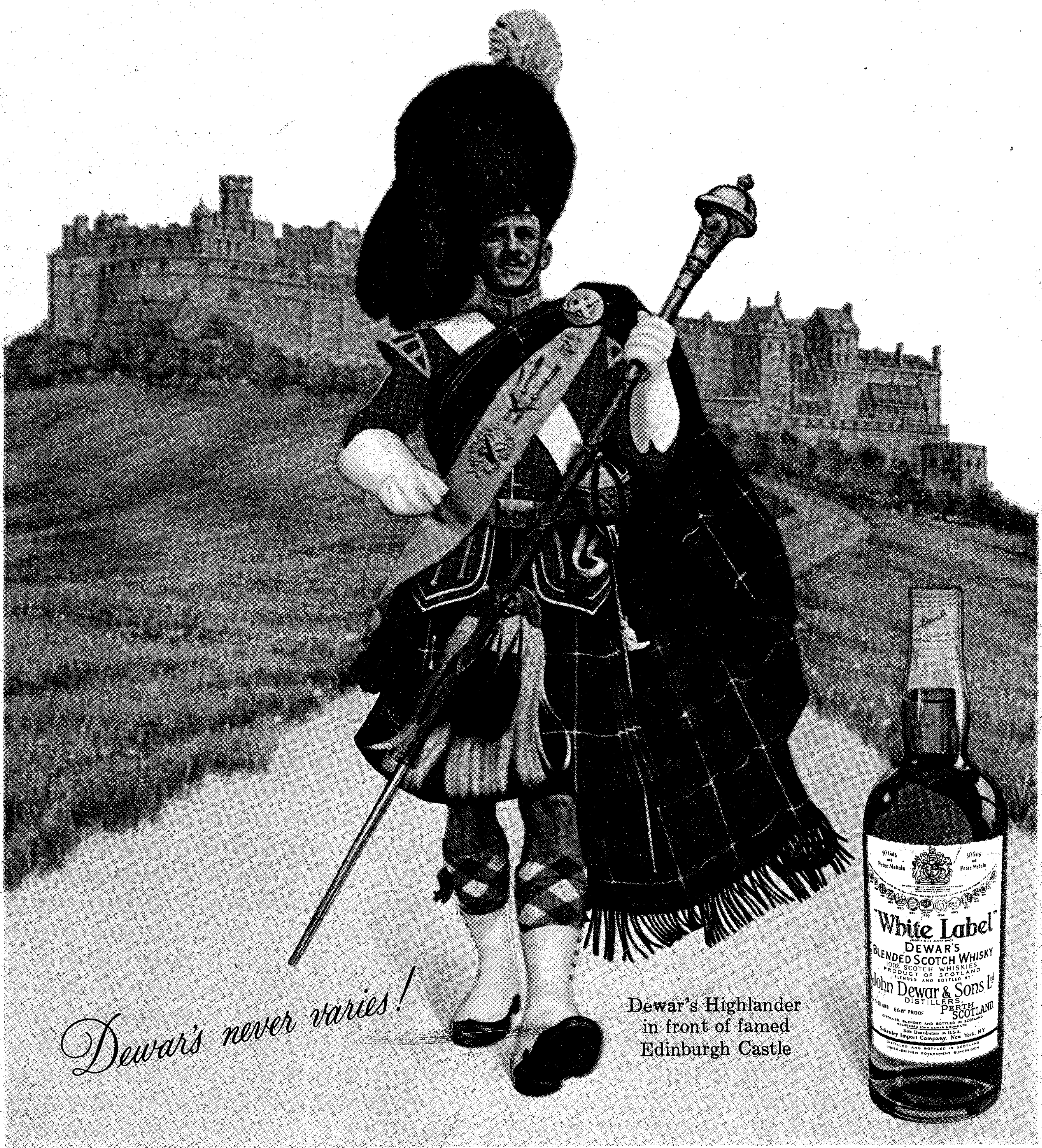
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